

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

SELF-CONCEIT.

A GROUP of little girls, with their sun-bonnets in their hand, and their satchels flung down on the piazza, sat enjoying the shade in front of Mr. Mitchell's house. "I am sure such a thing as a prize was never known before at the academy," said Grace Mitchell. "Sister Kate says father was made trustee the first winter it was established, and she has never heard of such a thing: however, it makes no difference to me. I thought, the other day when I was reading Murad the Unlucky, that I was just like him. I always have bad luck; and I should as soon think of undertaking a voyage to the moon, as trying to get the prize."

"And you would succeed in one as well as in the other," said the sharp voice of Adeline Mallard.

Grace was the first to laugh at this speech, which almost any other girl would have resented.

"I am sincerely obliged to Miss Mallard for her good opinion of me," returned she; "but, as there might be a choice in her case between the two undertakings, I should

be happy to know from her own lips, whether she intends to be considered as a competitor for the prize."

"Why should I not? I have not had an imperfect recitation for two months." The sharp tone was changed, this time, into one of vaunting.

"First and foremost, then, Miss Adeline Mallard, who *confidently expects* the prize. Who next?" called Grace. "Tiny, don't hide your diminished head: expectations fail sometimes."

"I shall *try*," answered Clementina Putnam, "but not with any confident hopes of success; and, as Addie has given a sort of pledge for her right to aspire to it, I'll give mine. I missed, day before yesterday."

"And you, Hatty?"

"I'll try, too. It will do no harm to try, you know."

"You too, Amy?"

"Oh, no! I am altogether too incorrect a scholar to have any thoughts about the prize." And the color mounted to Amy Harrod's gentle face at the mention of such a thing.

"Oh, Amy!" screamed three of the others in concert. "You must!" "You shall!" "You ought!"

Amy still sat blushing among them; and, when the chorus had subsided, she said, "Now don't ask me, girls. I should like the prize, but it will be useless for me to try to gain it. I always study as much as I can; and I don't think I should study any more for the sake of a prize. And then, when I think I have learned a lesson, the words go from my mind, and I am not always able to recall them when I ought; so, of what use would it be?"

"I wish I could give you a little confidence in your-

self, Amy. I know some people," added Grace, with a half-glance at Adeline, "who could spare enough for half-a-dozen like yourself."

"There ! I had almost forgotten my mother's errand," exclaimed Tiny. "I must go."

The little party rose almost instantly, and, after a "good-bye," separated ; Tiny, Hatty, and Adeline going down the street, while Grace held Amy Harrod a moment longer. "*Do try,*" dear Amy, she pleaded earnestly.

"I would, Grace, but that it will be of no use."

"I shall go home with you then, and ask your mother if she will not use her powers of persuasion with you."

And Grace tied on her bonnet, and followed Amy out of the gate, and down a pretty little green lane beside the house.

"That Adeline Mallard !" burst forth Grace after a few minutes' silence. "I shall want to pinch her if she gets the prize."

"Why, Grace !" replied Amy, reprovingly. "If you do not want it yourself, why should you not be willing that she should have it ?"

"Because she is such a piece of conceit ; and she will have more than ever, if she is successful."

"But consider what you would be, if you were one of the best scholars in school ; and Mr. Dana was telling you so, constantly, and holding you up as an example to the whole school."

"I am never likely to be placed in such a position ; and I am glad of it, if I must be as conceited as she."

They soon reached Mrs. Harrod's, and Grace followed

Amy up stairs to her mother's chamber, with the freedom of an old acquaintance. She hastily answered Mrs. Harrod's greeting, and began: "Now, Mrs. Harrod, I suppose Amy has told you about the prize Mr. Dana is going to give for scholarship."

"Yes," replied the lady, smiling, "and what then?"

"Only that Amy says it is useless for her to try to get it, and all her friends disagree with her; and I have come home with her on purpose to ask you to urge her to try."

"It would gratify me very much to have Amy win it," said her mother, "because it would show me that she had been persevering enough to overcome two difficulties, which now stand in the way, and which will be a source of trouble, I fear, to her in after-life, if they are not remedied,—her undue want of confidence, and a defective memory."

"There! there! your mother *will* urge you," cried Grace.

Amy's eyes turned appealingly towards Mrs. Harrod. "O mother! you don't know" — she began, but Mrs. Harrod interrupted her.

"I know, my child, that I am no judge of your relative rank in school; but it will do you good to try, and it would please me: but still you have your free choice."

"Oh! do promise," again besought Grace.

"No, I cannot promise. I must have to-night to think of it, because it is a very hopeless case; and I will tell you to-morrow morning."

"Your tea-bell, Mrs. Harrod! mother will surely say I need to be tied with a long rope, so that she may pull me in at meal-times. Good night, Amy; and be sure that

every one else thinks your chance for the prize is good, if you do not."

"She is a warm-hearted child," said Mrs. Harrod, as Grace ran off; "but I often wonder, Amy, how it is that she is so much attached to you, whose tastes and dispositions are so entirely different."

Mrs. Harrod said no more to Amy about the prize. It was her habit to indicate to her daughter the course which she thought right, and leave the choice to her. And very rarely did Amy fail to comply with her mother's wishes. She would have acquiesced in this case immediately; but the undertaking seemed too great for her.

"Let me see," thought Adeline Mallard, that night after she went to bed. "I shall not have to study much to win the prize. Julia Gray is the only girl I fear in composition; but then I know twice as much arithmetic as she does. Then there's Tiny Putnam, who writes such a beautiful hand, and has such a memory for dates; but then she never knows how to spell. Amy Harrod won't try. Agnes Dexter is very quick at figures, but she can hardly parse a simple sentence in grammar; and then Hatty Burchell, Fanny Lynde, Carrie Fanning, and Susy Conant, are well enough in their way; but I am not afraid of them." With this comforting assurance, Adeline fell asleep.

She woke as the clock struck six. "Oh dear!" thought she, "what shall I do? I expected to have plenty of time to study my geography lesson this morning; for I scarcely looked at it last night, I wanted so much to hear cousin Charlotte talk."

Amy Harrod's evening thoughts had been in strong

contrast to Adeline's. "I will certainly try," she said to herself, as she closed her eyes; "for, as mother and Hatty Burchell both say, it can do no harm; and I shall please mother in the effort, even though it will be unsuccessful."

Five o'clock found Amy dressed, with her book in her hand. The geography lesson was hard. It was on the map of South America, and various puzzling names were to be fixed in her mind. But whatever Amy resolved to do, was thoroughly done; so she never heeded the songs of the birds, which seemed to call upon every living thing to come forth and rejoice with them, but studied the lesson diligently over and over again; till, when the bell rang for breakfast at half-past six, the hard names were almost as familiar as those of the neighboring towns.

Mrs. Harrod always heard Amy's lesson before she went to school; and this morning, when she returned the book to the little girl, she smiled, and said, "This is a very good lesson: does it go towards the prize?"

"Yes, but it is only *one*; and the names may escape me when I come to the recitation."

Mrs. Harrod only replied, "Little by little the bird builds her nest. I do not expect you will be successful in the end, Amy; but the means will do you good."

Amy walked quietly up the lane, repeating her lesson as she went; till quick feet came pattering down, and Grace Mitchell threw herself into her friend's arms, exclaiming, "I could not wait to see you at school; I had to come and meet you. Have you decided?"

"Yes; as you wished me to decide."

The delight of Grace was unbounded; so much so, that, in her wild demonstrations, her dress caught upon

the thorns of a trailing vine, and sustained a severe rent, which, she assured Amy, she should bring to her to mend, as it was caused entirely by joy on her account.

She did not fail, on reaching school, to tell her companions of Amy's decision; but she did not see, as two or three did, the expression of contempt that crossed Adeline's face; or the half-muttered "Amy Harrod, indeed!" that accompanied it, or her indignation would have known no bounds.

When the class was called, Adeline had a slight misgiving; but she trusted to a very quick memory to supply the want of faithful application. She answered three times correctly; but, at the fourth, a question which had passed two or three before her turn came, passed her likewise, and was answered correctly by Amy Harrod. She had rather any girl in the school should have done so than Amy; but it was of no use to lament it. After all, it was but one lesson, she thought to herself. Amy Harrod thought the same; but in what a different sense!

Mr. Dana gave out the subject of a composition, which was to be given in that day week. Amy's face was one of blank dismay. Adeline's lighted up in an instant; and when some one, after school, asked her if she did not think it a difficult subject, she "wondered" how any one could think so: she could write a dozen pages. Amy walked slowly home, revolving it in her mind; and for two days, in all her leisure moments, it was in her thoughts. But no ideas presented themselves, and on the third day she was in despair; but, just as the tears of hopelessness were filling her eyes, a slight circumstance suggested, all at once, a train of thought so simple,

so appropriate, she was surprised not to have reached it before. It was not suffered to escape, and was at once written down, so that she might improve and revise it at leisure. This was a great relief; and the lessons for that day were said better than ever, from the confidence that her efforts had given her.

A higher mark than she had ever obtained before was placed against her composition; while Adeline had a lower mark than usual, though still higher than Amy's, in consequence of having neglected to write hers until it was too late to revise it carefully.

"This won't do," thought Adeline, as she went home that day. "Julia Gray had two more marks than I for her composition; Tiny Putnam and Hatty Burchell just as many; and Amy Harrod only one less. I must not be too sure of the prize." Accordingly, her books were studied more diligently than ever; her writing-book showed a wonderful improvement; and her composition on the second week had three marks more than on the first. Grace, who kept a record of the marks of the principal candidates, was in despair.

"Addie fifty-five, Tiny fifty-three, Julia fifty, Hatty forty-six, and you only forty-five, Amy," she said sorrowfully, at the end of the second week.

"I said it would do no good, Grace; but never mind. I find already that the hard study has been of great benefit to me."

It should have been before stated, that the term of trial was twenty weeks. When five of these had passed, Adeline had ten more marks than Amy, and just as many as Tiny; but on the sixth week, Adeline did not appear at school. She was sick during the whole week.

"Now, Amy, you can get more than she," cried Grace.

Amy's indignant "for shame" silenced her.

The seventh and eighth week passed, and still Adeline was unable to come to school; but some one reported on the Saturday of the latter, that she would come on Monday.

Amy called all the competitors together in recess, and told them that she did not think it was right to take advantage of Adeline's sickness to gain the prize; and that no doubt, if they mentioned the thing to Mr. Dana, he would permit them to give up their marks for the last three weeks, and would either shorten the time of trial to seventeen weeks, or add three more to the end of the term.

The girls stared at Amy in astonishment.

"Why, Amy Harrod! you must be distracted," said Agnes Dexter. Amy only smiled.

"You are right, Amy," said Tiny at last; "and you are the best girl that ever lived, for thinking of it. I am willing to give up my marks; but then it is less for me to do than for any one, for I had just as many as Adeline the last time she was here. I call it real generosity in Amy."

Amy's face was crimson.

"Well," sighed Hatty, "I'll agree to it;" and all the others, some with more, and some with less reluctance, determined to relinquish the marks, if Mr. Dana was willing; but declared that, as it had been Amy's proposition, she must ask his leave.

Amy promised, notwithstanding her diffidence; and walking up to the desk, after the school was dismissed,

she laid the plan before her teacher, modestly saying nothing of her own agency in the affair.

"It is a singular request," he replied. "Are you all willing?"

"Yes, sir, all."

"I did not know Adeline was such a favorite."

"That made no difference, sir. It would have been only fair to have done so, whoever the person might have been."

"And may I ask who proposed it?"

"I did," faltered Amy, with a blushing face.

"I might have supposed so. My dear child," he continued, taking Amy by the hand, "I have taught school for twelve years, and have never been so much gratified in their whole course as by this generous proposition. I will not be outdone by you, and will shorten the term to seventeen weeks, and give the prize at the time I first intended; but, if there should be a similar occurrence again, I must lengthen the time."

He shook Amy's hand warmly; and she went, with a light heart, to report her success to her companions.

ED.

(To be continued.)

HARVESTS OF SNOW AND ICE IN ITALY.

THE ice-trade has lately become very important to the United States. The enterprising people of the Northern States have been able to send ships to almost every port of the world, loaded with the products of winter; and thus render the cold and storm of that dreary

season a source of profit to themselves. The people of hot countries could hardly exist without these cooling substances. Throughout the Southern States they are in constant use, and also in the warm countries of Europe.

But in the south of Italy it is not ice, but snow, that is employed in all cases. The quantity that is consumed annually, particularly when the summer proves long and unusually hot, is prodigious. In the low country, even in their coldest winters, snow never lies upon the ground; but in the Apennines, that run all through the peninsula, they have an exhaustless magazine of that precious substance. A few of the loftiest mountains of that great chain have snow on their summits all the year round, and even glaciers in some of their deep crevices; but, generally speaking, the snow disappears from the ridges of the Apennines towards the end of May; and, were not art and precaution employed, it could not be made available to man at the season he most wants it.

The Neapolitans, therefore, dig deep wells or caverns high up in the mountain's sides, or sometimes make use of natural caves among the rocks. Into these, at the proper season, when they can procure it in broad, thick, purely white layers, they throw the snow to be preserved. The snow is well pressed together; and, when the chasm is full, or nearly so, they throw in a quantity of straw, dried leaves, and branches of trees, to keep the external air from the snow, and then shut up the mouth of the well or cavern, which is sometimes, though not always, inclosed by a small, rude, stone building.

These snow-caves are mostly on the northern face of the mountain. By paying proper attention to their

exposition and the points of the compass, — by taking advantage of thick trees that in summer afford a cool, dense shade, or of a deep, narrow rift in the rocks where the sun never penetrates, — these depots may be safely placed as low down the mountain as the snow falls and lies. This is an advantage of no mean value, as the labor and expense of carriage are reduced; the material being nearer market, and more easily accessible.

When the snow does fall in any quantity on the lower and inhabited ridges of the mountains, it gives occasion to great joy and festivity among the peasants, who troop from all parts to collect it, and carry it off to a safe snow-cave. A traveller once witnessed a curious and enlivening scene of the sort. He was travelling from Naples towards Apulia, and was crossing the first, or lower ridge of the Apennines, between the towns of Il Cardinale, and Monte Forte, and Avellino, when, suddenly, a sharp snow-storm came on, which soon covered the ground with a thick, white mantle.

As soon as the flakes began to fall quickly and compactly, all the country people set up a joyful shout; and, presently, men, women, and children all ran out with rakes, shovels, baskets, hand-barrows, rush-mats, and every thing available that they could seize at the moment to collect the falling treasure. The Israelites in the desert could hardly have shown more joyous feelings at the fall of their manna. They sang — they shouted — they laughed — they kept up a constant fire of jokes, not forgetting, however, to gather in the snow all the while. There was none of that pleasant sport which we call snowballing; the material and their time, on such an occasion, were too precious to be lost or wasted.

Balls, to be sure, were made, and of an enormous size; but these the children carefully rolled along the mountain's side, to throw into the snow-caves.

They were all evidently foretasting the refreshment and delight to be procured from this gift of winter during the scorching heats of summer, and the suffocating airs of the sirocco; not overlooking, in all probability, the gains to be derived from selling their over-stock of snow to their neighbors in the hot, thirsty plain of the Terra di Lavoro. As the travellers went by, the groups of busy peasants, men and boys, shouted out to them, "Here, sirs, is a fine harvest! this is a fine harvest!"

To supply the city of Naples, one of the largest capitals of Europe, which has a population of 400,000 souls, — all snow-consumers, — a very extensive mountain range is put in requisition. From the Apennines, and from all the nearer branches and ramifications of those mountains, snow, during the summer months, is constantly being brought into the city by land and by sea; always, however, by sea when practicable, as, by that mode of conveyance, it is kept cleaner; loses less by melting, and costs less for carriage. Hundreds of men and boys are employed exclusively in this business.

A mountain that contributes very materially to the supply of the capital is Monte Sant' Angelo, the loftiest point of the bold promontory that separates the Bay of Naples from the Bay of Salerno. This mountain, which towers majestically immediately behind the town and seaport of Castellamare, near the end of the Neapolitan Bay, is only about twelve miles from Naples itself. On account of the short distance, and the advantage of

an easy water-carriage, the snow is there harvested with great industry and care; and Monte Sant' Angelo is well provided with such caves and chasms as we have described.

Some of these contain, singly, an immense heap of snow; but, prodigious as the quantity may be, it rapidly disappears before the labors of the workmen, who, with iron-spiked poles and shovels, dig into it much after the fashion of men working in salt mines. These labors, for a very obvious reason, — when, in the day-time, Fahrenheit's thermometer often marks 96° or 100° in the sun, — are nearly all performed during the cool of the evening and night. Long strings of mules, each like a little caravan, ascend the mountain to the snow-caves.

There they are loaded with the snow broken into large lumps, and secured from the external atmosphere as well as may be; and then, with all the speed that can be managed with heavy burdens, and on steep, precipitous, and, in parts, very dangerous roads, they descend to the wharfs, where large, roomy boats are in readiness to receive their loads. As soon as the very perishable cargo of one of these boats is completed, and covered over with straw, dry leaves, and tarpauling, it pushes off direct for Naples. The time of their departure is from eleven or twelve o'clock at night, to one or two in the morning. They are all furnished with a mast and sails, which may be useful to them on their return; but, as there is seldom a breath of wind on a summer's night in this bay, they are of little use in going to Naples, and the sailors are obliged to pull the boats with oars and long sweeps.

This labor, from the clumsy, bad construction of the

vessels, and the dead weight thrown into them, is excessively severe, particularly when they are delayed in starting, and threatened with the heat of the rising sun before they can reach the port of Naples. Fire ought to be brought to the aid of snow. A small steamboat might tow over a line of these vessels without any uncertainty as to time. During the summer nights, at the town of Castellamare, the trampling of the mules from the mountain, the cries and songs of the muleteers, the putting off the snow-boats, and the shouts of the mariners, the roll of whose heavy oars are heard far across the bay, are scarcely ever interrupted for five minutes at a time.

When the snow-boats arrive in the port of Naples, they are quickly unloaded by a number of porters, regularly appointed to that service. These fellows, who are very active and very strong, though their principal food is bread, olives, garlic, and other vegetables, with now and then a good dish of maccaroni, run with their loads of snow from the water-side to a large, cool building, erected on purpose to receive it. To this general depot the retail dealers come to furnish themselves from all parts of the vast town; and there is scarcely a street in Naples, however miserable it may be, but has its snow-shops. By an old law of the country, these shops are never allowed to be shut up during the hot weather, either by night or by day; or, if the owner closes the door or absents himself, he must leave some one in the shop ready to serve, should snow be called for; and there is no time when it is not called for, for snow is to them both medicine and nourishment. It is taken alone, or mixed with syrups and drugs, and is applied out-

wardly for headaches, sprains, and many other complaints. The quantity consumed is enormous. Snow, indeed, may be called the best physician of the poor Neapolitans, who do not often consult any other. — *Schoolmate.*

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A LITTLE girl was alone in her chamber, preparing for the night's rest. The moon shone so brightly into the room, that no other light was needed; and Ninette stopped to look out upon the quiet fields and the starry sky, before she lay down. She remembered who made those bright spheres, and remembered, too, that she had not thanked him for his care, nor asked his blessing; but she resisted the impulse that bade her pray, and went to sleep without a word of prayer on her lips, or in her heart. Perhaps it was not strange; for she had spent the day ill, — and a guilty heart cannot bear to come into the presence of perfect holiness. If Ninette had been sorry for her sin, she would have longed to ask forgiveness of God; but she was not. She had been unkind and disobedient; had done her work carelessly; and then cried and fretted because she had to do it over again. She had been idle about her lessons, and disrespectful to those who had the care of her. She had grieved her friends much; and one who loved her dearly, and wished her to be a child of God, was even then praying, with tears of anguish, that she might not die in her sin, but live another day, that she might repent.

Ninette had not been long in bed, and was sleeping quietly (for God is very merciful; and as he maketh his sun to shine on the just and the unjust, so he sendeth sleep to the evil and the good), — she had not slept long, when two beings, not of earth, appeared at the bedside. One was a child, beautiful as a residence in heaven could make her; the other, older and graver, seemed like a companion or guardian. They stood, looking in silence upon the sleeper. At length the child-angel spoke: —

“She will do better to-morrow; she must.”

“Shall she have any to-morrow?” asked the other spirit. “She has abused the blessings God has given her, and stained her soul with sin. Is it just that she should live? Look!”

A dark figure glided into the apartment, evidently well known to both the spirits; for, though neither spoke, a shade came over the radiance of the seraph's brow, and the child-angel bent over the sleeper, as if to shield her from danger. The new-comer was Death.

“I have come for her,” said he, in a soft, sweet tone; for Death is one of God's angels, though men sometimes fear him.

“Not now; oh, not now!” pleaded the child of heaven.

“Will it not be better that I should take her?” said the gentle spirit of death. “She will only stain her soul yet more, and lead those younger than herself into sin. Is it well to let her live to do this?”

“She does not know what she is doing,” answered the child-angel. “She does not feel how deeply she wrongs her own soul, nor how fearfully she is disobeying

and displeasing God. She does not know the awful fate of the sinner, else she could not do thus. Do not take her now ! She could not dwell with the angels, for she is not fit to be among them ; and what would become of her ? Let her learn to do right first, that she may be in heaven with me."

" Will she be more fit for heaven when she has sinned more deeply ? " asked Death. " She will not listen to words of truth. Perhaps, if I take her now into the presence of the Father and the holy Jesus, she may see and love their purity, and, feeling how deeply she has sinned, repent of her errors ; but, every day she lives on earth, she hardens her heart more and more. Let me do my office, then ! " He stretched forth his hand, but the child-angel caught it.

" Oh, no, no ! I will stay beside her, and watch her ; I will whisper to her of heaven and God ; I will strengthen her to drive away the evil spirits that tempt her ; I will strive to lead her to the Father, in penitence and love. She must not die thus, without one word of prayer. O Death ! thou gentle spirit, well-beloved of the Father ! be like him, merciful, and spare her at least one day more ! "

All this time the other spirit had been silent ; but, at these pleading words, the seraph turned to Death, and quietly said, " We will wait ; " and Death bowed his head, and disappeared.

" And for her sake, then, you leave, for a while, the glorious company of angels ? " pursued the seraph, addressing the child-angel. " For her sake you come to earth, and witness its sorrows and sins ? "

" The Father is ever with his children, " answered

the spirit of the child; "and if I can but lead this, my erring sister, to him, how great will be my joy! I will stay."

"Be it so," replied the seraph: "in due time I will recall thee."

Ninette slept on, unconscious that Death had been near her; that an angel's prayers had saved her life; and that the same angel, though invisible, was near her yet. When she arose the next morning, she had almost forgotten that she had done wrong the day before. She was running down stairs, when a kind voice called her:

"Come here, and I will fasten your dress, my love. And have you said your prayers this morning, and thanked God for giving you another day to live?"

Ninette would have been sullen perhaps; but a voice seemed to say, "Go back, and thank him; ask him to help you to be good." So she went back to her chamber, little thinking that an angel was by her side; and she repeated her prayer and hymn, though I fear she did not care so much as she ought, to be kept from sin. When she came pleasantly to her lessons, her teacher was glad to see her in so happy a mood; but she did not suspect, more than Ninette herself, that a heavenly spirit was whispering to the child's heart. During that day, and many others, the child-angel watched her earthly sister; and, sometimes, Ninette listened and obeyed; sometimes she resisted the pleading in her heart, and went on in her sullen, disobedient way.

The story cannot be finished; for the days of Ninette's earthly trial are not yet over. The child-angel is by her side yet, to encourage and to help; and God has thus far granted the nightly petition, to spare her

yet one more day. But it will not always be so: the day will come when the bright and loving angel will be recalled from the mission of affection; and the time will come when Death will not yield to any pleading, — but will take the soul, either repentant and forgiven, or sinful and condemned, into that other world, of which we only know that the sinful and the pure may no longer be together; but, while the latter dwell with God in unclouded light and joy, the former are cast into darkness and sorrow.

God's bright angels are watching over all of us, striving to aid us to do right, and to shield us from wrong. Let us listen to the heavenly voice in our hearts, that we may go joyfully when the kind angel of death shall come to us. A. A.

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 6. — THE PATIENCE OF JESUS.

WE have told you many times, that in Jesus all the attributes of the Father were manifested; or, as the hymn says, —

“ All the Father's goodness shone
In the conduct of his Son.”

We read in the Bible of the long-suffering of God, and we know that he is patient with our sins and follies; but, when Jesus came, he showed us *how* patient, *how* long-suffering, was the Almighty.

Jesus had patience with the unbelief of the Jews.

He wrought his mighty miracles among them; he restored sight, hearing, and life, and still they doubted and questioned, and sought to kill. But he had patience with them; and from their midst he gathered slowly, and one by one, his few followers.

But with even these, who were nearest to him, and who had caught most of his divine spirit, there was need of patience. He found himself often misunderstood. His followers expected a temporal kingdom, and not a spiritual one. Peter denied him; Thomas was faithless and unbelieving. Yet, while he rebuked them, he bore with their sin and with their ignorance. Even in his last agony in the garden, when he took with him his three most devoted followers, and found them sleeping when he bade them watch, the mild rebuke, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" was turned into the patient and calm words, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

He was patient under the indignities of the scourge and buffet, and the mockery of the crown of thorns and purple robe. Patiently he toiled up Calvary, bearing the heavy cross; and patiently he heard the taunts and reproaches of the multitude who witnessed his sufferings.

He bade us be perfect, as our Father in heaven was perfect. He has shown us in his life the patience of the Father; and it is for all, even for little children, to try to imitate him.

Trials of patience are of daily and hourly occurrence. Your schoolmate is angry with you without a cause: be patient with him; bear his reproaches calmly. It rains perhaps, and you cannot go on some pleasant excursion: here is an opportunity for you to exercise patience. Do not fret and grumble, but turn to some

other employment. A favorite toy has been broken by accident: still another occasion for patience. Perhaps you are sick, — your head aches very much, — you are hot and uncomfortable, — you do not like to lie down or sit up, — you do not wish to hear even a pleasant story, or the sound of your mother's voice; but, if you will remember with what patience the blessed Saviour bore the agonies of the cross, it will be easier for you to bear your pain. If you remember that our Father sends sickness upon us, and that perhaps he sends it to strengthen our patience, you will bear well the pain in your head; and you will try not to fret and be cross to those who are doing all they can to ease your weary and restless feelings.

Again, you may not be sick yourself, but your brother or sister may be so. You sit by the bed, and perhaps think it is very unreasonable and foolish for him or her to want the pillow shaken up so often, and to be so particular as to where it shall be placed. But you could not have a better opportunity to exercise patience. Perhaps, too, you can teach it to the sick person, if he is old enough, by whispering of the All-patient, and of the love of a Father, who never sends any thing upon us but for our good.

Try, children, if it is only for one day; and, if you try one day, you will want to try every day to be *patient*. Let no opportunity slip by without being improved, and you will see how much occasion there is for it in this world, and be sensible of its true value.

ED.

THE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

SPEAK *kindly* to that poor old man ;
 Pick up his fallen cane ;
 And place it gently in his hand,
 That he may walk again.
 His bundle, too, replace with care,
 Beneath his trembling arm :
 Brave all the taunts that you may hear,
 To give his life a charm.

A braver deed than scorners boast
 Will be your triumph then ;
 A braver deed than annals tell
 Of some distinguished men.
 Yes, leave that thoughtless, sneering crowd ;
Dare to be good and kind ;
 Then let them laugh as laugh they may, —
 Pass on ; but never mind.

Pass on ; but think once more of him,
 The wreck that you have seen ;
 How once, a happy boy like you,
 He sported on the green ;
 A cloudless sky above his head,
 The future bright and fair,
 And friends all watching o'er his couch,
 To breathe affection's prayer.

But, oh, the change ! He wanders now,
 Forsaken, lone, and sad :
 Thrice blessed is the task of those
 Who strive to make him glad.

Speak kindly to that poor old man;
Pick up his fallen cane;
For that will ease his burdened heart,
And make him smile again.

Selected.

MORE ABOUT THE HONEY-BEE.

I SUPPOSE I might talk to my readers about this family for weeks and months, and still leave a great many interesting things unsaid. The truth is, the more we study the habits of the little creatures, the more we learn about them. I find that those who have watched their movements most minutely, and have contributed most to the fund of knowledge about them, failed to get hold of many curious facts, relating to their habits, which subsequent naturalists have ascertained. And so it is with ants. It takes a great while to learn all there is to be known about them. By the way, I have a family of ants in a bell-glass, standing on my writing-desk, and I have been watching them for some six months. I am going to tell you about them, one of these days. But I don't know that they will thank me to mix them up with the bees. So, I will let them go for the present, and tell you a little more of what has been gleaned respecting the bee-family, still making use of the materials brought together by the editor of the "Student."

The workers are the smallest bees of the family. These build the cells, take care of the young, collect the honey, and perform all the labor; and upon them depends the prosperity of the colony. Truly they may be called

"workers;" for no better example of industry and perseverance can be found.

"They sally forth before the rising of the sun, and return when evening twilight has cast her sombre mantle over the face of nature, laden with sweets, which, but for this industrious insect, would be lost on the desert air. Man is here taught a lesson that should never be forgotten. The improvident and lazy may here learn truths that would lead them to fortune and prosperity."

Each association of workers is divided into three classes of laborers, — the *wax-workers*, *nursing-bees*, and *honey-gatherers*; yet there is no difference in the organic construction of these bees. The individuals of each class can also perform the labor of either of the other divisions. This arrangement seems most admirably adapted to harmony in the hive, and the most effectual application of labor.

The nursing-bees take care of the young, and assist in building the cells. The wax-workers supply the wax from which the comb is made. Wax is made from honey. The bees swallow as much honey as their stomachs will contain, after which they remain quiet for several hours. During this period, they hang in a cluster of festoons, crossing each other in all directions.

They suspend themselves by fixing the claws of the fore-legs of one to the hind-legs of the other. While in this position, the honey which the bees have eaten undergoes a chemical change, and the wax is formed in thin scales under the rings of their bodies, making these rings look as if edged with white.

After remaining in this position fifteen or twenty hours, a single bee comes from one of the central fes-

toons, selects a suitable place, driving the other bees away, to form a space of about an inch in diameter, and commences the foundation of comb, by 'depositing the scales of wax which adhere to his body.

As soon as one bee has deposited his scales of wax, another takes its place. This one is followed, in turn, by another; and so on, each adding to the wall, till all have contributed to its enlargement.

But, before all have deposited their wax, the nursing-bees come to the wall, and, after examining it carefully, begin to scoop it out and form cells. As more wax is needed, those wax-workers which have not removed their scales add new materials to the block, and thus enable the nursing-bees to carry on their work.

The workers have a honey-bag, expressly to hold the honey which they gather from the flowers, &c. It will contain about half a drop. Their bodies are covered with a hairy down. Sometimes the bees appear orange, yellow, or white, which is caused by the dust, or powder, that is collected in the flowers they have visited.

The bee wipes off this dust with the brushes of its legs, and, collecting and kneading it, forms it into two little masses. Here appears another admirable contrivance. In the middle of the hind pair of legs are spoon-like cavities, or baskets, surrounded by strong and thickly set hairs. Into these baskets the pollen, which has been kneaded into little pellets, is carefully packed, and thus conveyed to the hive.

Some bees may be seen entering the hive with red pellets, others with yellow ones, and some with white ones. This is explained by the fact, that, whatever kind of flower the bee begins to collect pollen from in the

morning, the same kind only is visited during the day by that bee.

These pellets, seen thus attached to the legs of the bees, form the bee-bread, — a substance on which the young bees are fed. It is not wax, as some suppose: the wax is formed from honey, as described above.

When the bees return to the hive thus laden with pollen and propolis, an interesting scene of active industry takes place within their little home. Some of their companions unload them; some pile up the propolis in heaps on the floor of the hive; others hasten to convey it to its place of destination.

A kind of cement is made by mixing wax with the propolis, which is used for strengthening the weaker parts of the cells, and to plaster up all openings which they wish closed. Sometimes a snail gets into a hive. The bees soon learn that they cannot sting him, so they go to work, and plaster up the opening to the shell, or cement it fast to the board, thus confining him a prisoner for life.

There is something very interesting in the shape of the cells: they all have six sides. Were they squares, or triangles, or circles, they would not fit as closely together; consequently there would be a waste of room. Formerly, the ship-biscuits required for a long voyage occupied much space, and a great loss of room was the result of their being made round; but now they are made six-sided, the form of the bee's cell, and no space is lost.

During very hot weather, bees ventilate their hives. This task is performed by arranging themselves in files along the bottom of the hive. Those outside place their heads toward the entrance, and those within in an oppo-

site direction. When thus stationed, they flap their wings so rapidly that we cannot see that they have any wings at all. This rapid motion drives a current of air into the hive, to keep the honey and comb cool. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

THE YOUNG MUSICAL GENIUS.

A lady in the West, whom we heartily thank for it as well as for her kind words of encouragement, has sent us the following story for the "Child's Friend." We have no doubt that it will be interesting to our readers, especially since it has the charm of being perfectly true:—

THERE is, in the town where I now reside, a little boy of six summers, whom God has endowed with wonderful genius. His father and mother were both musicians, and from infancy he listened to the sweet notes of the piano and flute; with the latter, his father often diverted him while a mere baby. But, when only three years old, that dear father was taken from him by death; and it was then first discovered that his soul was full of music. He would beg to hear some favorite air, that, played upon his father's flute, had soothed his infantile griefs; and one day, when the sad repeated tale that he could not hear it again fell upon his ear, he turned to the piano, and played it correctly himself, to the astonishment of his mother. From that time his genius developed itself more and more, giving to the heart of his bereaved parent a strange feeling of awe mingled with delight. She never made but one attempt to teach him, and then his reply convinced her that all efforts at present would be fruitless; placing his hands upon his head, he said, "O

mother ! you hurt me so." And thus he remains wholly ignorant of the science of music ; does not know a note, or what notes mean at all ; and yet plays in a faultless manner upon the piano, the violin, and violoncello. He composes as he plays. He cannot write, therefore has never committed any of his compositions to paper ; neither does he seem to remember them, but each time the playing is impromptu. His great gift, like that of Mendelsshon, is Harmony. In musical phraseology, he is a natural counterpointist ; and so lively are his musical faculties, that he will compose an accompaniment to the most difficult pieces of music, while he is listening to them for the first time, without the least hesitancy or apparent effort.

And now, children, let me tell you some anecdotes of him, that will show you he is no less interesting in character than in talent. One day, soon after the violoncello had been given him, and before he had become quite familiar with the huge thing, which it took all the strength of his slender arms and fingers to manage, he was trying to find some particular chord, and after several failures, succeeded, when he ran to his mother with much apparent joy, exclaiming, "I have found it," "I have found it." She inquired "how?" he replied, "I asked God, and he taught me."

At another time his conscientiousness manifested itself by the following incident. His mother had told him he must not ask children to give him their playthings. He was making a visit to some little boys ; and, seeing a very pretty papier-maché box, was overcome, I suppose, by the temptation, and asked them to give it to him. They did it very readily, receiving permission from their mother,

in his presence, to do so. But the poor little boy was ill at ease : he remembered he had disobeyed his mother, and he went home with a heavy load at his heart ; and still he could not get quite sufficient courage to confess to his mother, so the box remained in his pocket for some hours. At length he timidly drew it forth, giving it to his little sister, whom he dearly loves and always remembers with a generous affection when he receives any thing that can be shared with her. His mother observed it, and inquired where he got it ; he replied, " The little boys that I went to see this morning gave it to me ; " but his face was a mirror in which his mother saw that all was not right. She led him into another room, and there questioned him kindly and seriously until he confessed his fault, weeping bitterly, and assuring her it should be the last time he would disregard her commands. Without waiting to be reminded of his duty, he knelt down and prayed his Heavenly Father to forgive him. Neither was his sorrow evanescent ; for, many days after, he remembered and grieved over his disobedience.

The friends of his mother advised her not long since to give a concert with him, to aid her limited means of support. When she told him about it, he exclaimed, with much delight, " Can I earn money for you, mother ? then I will ! " and his loving heart was gratified ; for she gave the concert, and so much pleased were the audience with his performance, that she was induced to repeat it. His mother almost resolved that she would not bring him before the public, after it was suggested to her, so fearful was she of the slightest injury to his character ; but, after one trial, it was evident that vanity had as yet no place in his heart. His simple, childlike manner, and rapt en-

thusiasm, lighting up his countenance with a heavenly glow while he played, together with a perfect unconsciousness that he was doing any thing at all remarkable, won the admiration of all who saw and heard him.

He may at some not very distant day be taken to the Eastern cities by his mother, and there be again before the public, as her frail health makes the labor of teaching (her present occupation) too great for her longer continuance, unless unavoidable.

Should any who read this sketch ever hear of little Edward Lilly, the child of genius, they may then remember it is the same sweet boy I have here described.

E. K. W.

Lancaster, Ohio.

EVENING HYMN.

GENTLY fall the shadows o'er us ;
Slowly fades the light away ;
O'er the hills which rise before us,
Come the beams of parting day.

While the evening star is shining
Brightly in the darkening west,
Father, on thy love reclining,
We would seek our peaceful rest ;

Blessing thee for joy and sorrow
Thou hast in our pathway strewn ;
Praying, on each coming morrow,
Thou wilt keep us still thine own ;

And, amid the cares that blind us,
Gathering round us, every day,
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THE HOUSE FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

“‘AND the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it.’ I do not understand this, mother; I never heard of a house that was washed away by the rain.”

“I have, my dear. Did not you hear your father say that the freshet in Vermont had washed away several houses? So much rain had fallen into the rivers, in addition to the snow which had melted and run into them, that they overflowed their banks, and overturned and carried along every thing in their way.”

“But the Bible says the *rain*, mother.”

“Do you know what the climate of Judea was?”

“No, mother.”

“Christ always drew his illustrations from something which he had just seen, and was familiar to his disciples, or from something which was before them all. Judea is a very warm country, in which rain falls only at particular seasons, and then it comes in torrents, — torrents of which we can form no idea, and which resemble hurricanes. Judea is a very hilly and sandy country, too, abounding in little brooks, which in the rainy seasons swell to such a size as to rush over their channels, and dash down the steep hill-sides with much strength and swiftness.”

“I should think no one would build his house so near to one of these streams as to be in danger of being swept away.”

"So *we* should think; but, if we had a rainy season every year, we should become accustomed to it, and think little of the danger. You know towns are built now over the very places which were overwhelmed by eruptions of Vesuvius. I said just now that the soil was sandy; and probably a person who built a house was obliged to dig very many feet before he found a rocky foundation for his dwelling; and, in that excessively warm climate, it is likely that few people who built a house by their own personal labor, as must have been the case with many of the peasants of Judea, were willing to bestow the toil required to dig down to the rocks, which were so far beneath the surface. They contented themselves with digging in the sand."

"But then they might have placed their houses away from the mountain-streams."

"No; for, in all countries like Judea, water is not always to be obtained. You remember that in the time of Ahab there was a drought of three years' duration; and people built their houses near the water-courses, where water might be easily obtained. You may notice in the Bible how often mention is made of wells and springs; and, when the land had been divided among the Israelites, Caleb gave his daughter, as an especial blessing, springs of water."

"How could grass and food grow in so dry a land?"

"Here, again, Judea resembles many other countries of the East. Copious dews fall by night sufficient for the growth of vegetation, but of course not sufficient to supply man and beast. The rainy season had probably just passed; and Christ, as he stood on some commanding hill-side, might have seen the ruins of a house which had

been swept away by the floods, and perhaps also one which stood erect amid the surrounding desolation; and from these two pictures he drew his figure."

"Thank you for your explanation. I understand it now perfectly."

"Do you understand the application? Why is a person who hears and does the sayings of Christ like a man who built his house upon a rock, and he who hears and does them not like one who built on the sand?"

"I think I know, but I cannot put it in words. Will you do it for me?"

"Christ is often called our rock, our foundation, because he taught the only true religion in the world, and because we can attain the highest goodness only by believing on him, just as the strongest house can be built only on a rock. A person who follows Christ's teachings, who loves, trusts, and believes in him, builds his spiritual house — his character — on a rock; he builds it as Christ has told him to build it, by faith and love. Another person reads the Bible, and thinks it is enough if he is a pretty good man, if he is honest, and keeps the sabbath, and now and then gives something to the poor; but he builds his house upon the sand. He has heard Christ's sayings, but does not do them; for Christ declares, "No man cometh to the Father but by me;" and he is contented with following his own ideas of right, instead of being guided by Christ.

"By and by the floods will come. Some great adversity will befall them both. The man who built his house on a rock will stand firm, and preserve his character through all his trials; while he whose house is on the sand will murmur and complain and repine, and

that fair character upon which he prided himself will be gone.

“Or the floods may be those of worldly prosperity. He whose house is on a rock will use that prosperity as God intended. He will use his wealth, his influence, to make others happy. The other will be made proud, selfish, uncharitable, by his riches; and the floods of prosperity will sweep away the house upon the sand.

“But sooner or later a flood must come, if neither that of prosperity nor adversity pours upon them, which will beat more violently against their houses than any other can. Death must come to them both. Now, how firm is the rocky foundation! The man has trusted in the Saviour, and he feels that he will support him in the hour of death, and will open “the kingdom of Heaven to all true believers.” And he dies calm and tranquil in this hope. But oh! how insecure is the foundation of sand! The man tosses on his uneasy pillow, viewing, with the clearer light which streams through the half-opened gates of another world, all his past actions. And how do deeds and motives, which before he thought were pure, grow stained in this light! and with a dreadful uncertainty before him, he gives up this mortal life.

“My dear child, have you understood me? If so, let it be your earnest endeavor to build upon the living rock. You are not too young to begin. The house upon the rock is strengthened, and not, like earthly houses, weakened by time; and the Apostle Paul says that every man’s work shall be made manifest, — whether he builds upon gold, silver, precious stones, &c., or upon Jesus Christ, the only true foundation, and that the fire shall try every man’s work; and, if any man’s work abide, he shall receive a reward.”

ED.

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ED.

WILLIE AND HIS BROTHERS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

WILLIE'S KIND FRIENDS.

WHEN Willie was old enough to talk and run about, his parents took him to reside at his grandmother's. She lived in a pleasant house, with a nice yard to play in. He had a kind good uncle there also, and an aunt who was very fond of him; and they used to do all in their power to amuse him, and make him happy. His aunt taught him to dance, when she played on the piano, and would lend him her pencil and paper to draw pictures, which he was very fond of doing. They also taught him pretty hymns and stories. His grandmother interested herself in all his childish sports, and she was always ready to make him paper dolls, rabbits, and houses: she thought there never *was* such a baby as *Willie*; and his mother, at length, began to fear he would be quite spoiled.

As he grew older, he became very obedient. His father's study opened into his mother's room, and there were many nice, delicate instruments and valuable books scattered about, which he did not wish handled or touched. Willie was taught by his father not to meddle with any thing in this room; and often, when he went into it, he would place his little hands behind him, go up to the bright, shining instruments, and say, "Willie, no touch, — Willie *look*." His father would feel perfectly safe in going away, and leaving the door of his study open.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE JOSEPH.

When Willie was about two years old, the cook, who lived in his grandmother's kitchen, and whose name was Margaret, brought her little son, who was a few months older than Willie, to pass a week with her. She was a very good woman, who was obliged to work hard to earn money enough to pay another woman for taking care of her little boy, and to earn clothes for herself and him. His father was dead.

Willie's grandmother observed that little Joe was a very still and obedient boy; and she told Margaret she might keep him all winter, and he could be a playmate for Willie, who was growing selfish from not having any one to share his toys and nice things, and she wanted Willie to learn to give up to others. Children, as well as grown people, are always happiest when they contribute to the happiness and comfort of others. You may be sure Margaret was very glad to have her little boy with her. He was very stout and strong, and had always taken care of himself; and he seemed much older than Willie.

Willie could not say Joe, and he called him "Doe, Doe." He was an excellent little boy. It was a great treat to him to go up in Willie's mother's room, and play with the horses, and roller carts, the blocks and tin soldiers, the books, pictures, and other playthings which had been given Willie by his kind friends; but I am sorry to say Willie would often refuse to let Joe play with what he wished for; and, if he took up the cart, Willie would say, "No, no, Doe, Doe; *Willie* want dat."

Then Joe would take up another plaything, when Willie would want *that* also. Joe would put it down immediately; for Margaret had taught him that the playthings were all Willie's, and that he must not take them without leave.

Willie's parents were grieved to see how selfish and overbearing their little boy was becoming; and they tried very hard to overcome it, and make him understand that he must be *generous* and *kind* to his little playmate, and be willing to share every thing with him.

One day Willie's father came out from the city, and brought two little wheelbarrows, exactly alike, for the boys; and they were very happy, every pleasant day trotting about the yard with their loads of stones or chips in the little barrows. For the most part they were very good friends; for good little Joe never quarrelled, and was ever ready to give up. Little children are always dearly loved; and God, too, is pleased, when they are gentle, kind, and loving to each other.

In the spring, Joe went away, and carried his wheelbarrow with him. A kind friend of Margaret's offered to take him, and bring him up for his own son; and as he lived in the next town, where she could see him often, she gave him up, knowing they would take kind good care of him, and do more for him than *she* ever could. Willie often wished little Joe back again; but he went sometimes to see him, and carried him a cake or little pie; but, as he soon after had a little baby brother, he did not miss him quite so much.

(To be continued.)

SUCH CAPITAL FUN.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

No need to explain that title to you, boys. You all know what it means; for you have doubtless often met your mother's grave rebuking glance, as she listened to some questionable exploit of yours, with — "But, mother, it was such capital fun!"

Nothing pleases me better than to see children pursue their sports with that hearty good-will which is in itself a sure pledge of health and happiness. I love to linger on the hill-side that overlooks our village common, and watch the outpouring of the restless denizens of that busy hive, the school-house; and I fancy that I can even give a very correct guess as to the nature of those important topics that hold the different groups in such close confabulation for a few moments, ere, with a "whoop and hurrah!" hats flying and sun-bonnets hanging by the string, they are off to the given places of rendezvous, — "the Frog Pond," "the Bridge," "the Spruce Ledge," "the Maple-shaded Spring," or a game of ball on the common.

But it must be confessed that in their eagerness for sport, and not unfrequently out of sheer thoughtlessness, boys, ay and girls too, sometimes carry their love of fun too far, until it is followed by consequences of which they little dreamed. They would do well to bear in mind the fable of "the Boys and the Frogs," and remember that what is sport to them may be death to others.

It is very certain that Ed Maltby did not remember this when he joined some half-dozen of his school-mates,

one Saturday afternoon, at their usual gathering-place, beneath the great mottled buttonwood that overhangs the rustic bridge above the small stream that goes singing through the village.

This was a favorite place with the youngsters; for, from the shady end of the old bridge, they could fling down their hook and lines to tempt the silly roach that now and then dart out from beneath the deep shadow of the bridge; and near by is the church, with its flight of broad stone steps, from the top of which they practise their boldest leaps; and, beyond that, the well-trodden play-ground. Some two or three of the group there had been up the stream on a fishing expedition (for it had been a holyday); and now, with their fish-poles set up against the old tree, they lay stretched upon the green sward, with their hats by their sides, recounting their remarkable exploits up the river, and how they should certainly, "and no mistake about it," have hooked the "big trout" that had so long reigned in sovereign state over the "Deep Hole" in Squire Morris's meadow, "if it had not been for that mud-turtle, who must take it into his head to slump off the end of an old log into the water, just in time to frighten the trout."

It was strange what a charmed life that fish bore. He must certainly have been under the special protection of the kelpies; for not a boy in the whole school, large enough to fling a line, but boasted that he had been, at least as much as once, just on the point of jerking him from the water, when some unfortunate accident occurred to deprive him of his prize. Perhaps, if the trout himself had been questioned, and could have made himself intelligible, he would have told quite a different story.

At length, these gentlemen of the fishing-rod took up their implements, and departed to their respective homes; leaving Fred Marston, Seth Seyton, and Ed Maltby, still lingering in the shade. The two first were natives of the city, but boarders with Mr. Rich, the teacher; and the latter being the doctor's son, of course they had more time to loiter away here than the sons of the village farmers.

After a good-natured dispute as to the respective merit of their knives, — each of which, if one might credit the word, or rather the judgment, of the owner, was equal to any bit of steel ever tempered by Andrew Ferrara, of famous memory, — Fred Marston said, with a yawn, —

“What's the use in sitting here, ‘like three crows upon a cold stone.’ Let's be off, boys!”

“Where to?” “Which way?” cried Seth, rising, and sending a small, flat stone skimming across the surface of the water, dipping now and then like swallows on the wing.

“I don't care. Suppose we go down to the meadows, and see what luck old Pete Smith has had with his muskrat traps. I guess he will be down there himself by this time.”

“Agreed!” cried the others, and off they scampered towards the meadows, — a wet, marshy tract of land, about a mile west of the village, through the centre of which ran the little river of which we have spoken, and which, as if tired of the example of industry it had set the villagers in passing before their eyes, here suddenly relaxed its pace, and went drowsily along, like an over-wearied child to its couch, its winding steps hardly visi-

ble above the rank spring grass. But this was not always the case; for, when the south winds and spring rains melted the snow-drifts hidden amid the hills, and sent countless little extempore brooks tumbling down their sides to add their mite to its waters, then it swelled out and assumed the airs of a conqueror, overran these same green meadows, and curled its waves in very pride, when some ignorant stranger exclaimed, "What a pretty lake!" Ay, that same sleepy-looking river has as many tricks about it as the big trout himself, or any of the boys that tried to catch him. Even at the time of which we speak, the last week in May, the boys found it rather treacherous ground. To be sure, Squire Miller had cut, here and there, a ditch through his share; but there was still plenty of water standing between the bogs, and some mud, too, as Seth Seyton's shoes could witness.

But this they did not mind; for, finding the trap empty, upon a hint from Fred, which was received with a shout of laughter, they retraced their steps to the green lane which opened upon the meadows; and, taking a well-grown gosling which some pitiless farmer had recently deprived of life, they bore it back and placed it in the empty trap.

"There, now," said Fred, as he nicely adjusted the trap, "I'd give forty great apples to see old Pete when he raises that trap."

"So would I, the good-for-nothing old fellow. Only the other day he told me I did not know a muskrat from a woodchuck," cried Seth, "and, just because he thought Mr. Rich was listening, went on a long rigmarole about the different species. He was to bring the next one he

caught to Mr. Rich, to show him some mark or other ; and he will find it a new species, with a vengeance, I'm thinking."

Leaving the meadows, the boys kept on into the woods beyond, where they loitered around in search of suitable saplings for fishing-rods, until the coming twilight warned them to hasten home. They had reached the bars that led into the lane, when, as they were clambering over them, they heard a peevish, irritable voice, calling out from a pasture to the right, something after this fashion : —

"There, git along with ye ! Haint ye had all day to eat in, without staying to munch every spire of grass that grows on the way home ? Go along, you old snail ; go 'long, Crumple, I say !"

"It's uncle Sam Brown after his cows," cried Ed. "Down behind this clump of bushes, boys, and let's *appear* to him as he comes through the bars. It will be such capital fun to hear him scold, and see him run."

Uncle Sam was as cross-grained and gnarly as — as that old apple-tree yonder, ay, and as sour, too, as its apples, always fretting about something ; one of those people that cannot bear to be looked at and hold their peace. Of boys he had a perfect horror, or assumed to have, often wondering what upon earth they were made for ; and it must be admitted that they trod down his grass, cut down his saplings for canes or fishing-rods, or tumbled a rail from his fence, with far less compunction of conscience than they would have felt had they belonged to any one else ; for they argued that the old fellow might as well scold for something as for nothing. Moreover, his dress, which was shabby in the extreme, — more like that of a beggar than a well-to-do farmer, — together with the

odd way he had of personifying and fretting at every thing which did not happen to suit him, made him quite a source of merriment to the boys, especially the strangers who came, from time to time, to board with Mr. Rich.

Therefore, Fred and Seth needed no urging to fall in with Ed's plan, and, skulking behind a clump of cedars, waited until the falling of the bars, and the old man's "Git along, you old plague," accompanied by a heavy thwack, from the stick he carried in his hand, upon the back of the last straggler of the herd, as she stretched back her long neck after a tempting bite of grass near the bars, assured them that the time for action had arrived. Then, with their caps drawn over their faces, and their jackets turned wrong side out to display the white bindings, they sprang out with a loud *whoop*, and instantly darted into the woods on the right, and concealed themselves behind the trunk of a great oak-tree. As the old man had stood with his back to them, and his head bent down, in the act of raising a bar, when they sprang out, they felt sure that he did not see them, or, if he did, that he did not recognize them; and it was with difficulty they could restrain their shouts, as, from their covert, they saw him stand for a moment in utter astonishment, staring that way and this, while one of his cows went bounding and bellowing down the lane, and the others cleared the low fence and went scampering over the meadows; and then suddenly make a dive after them, screaming at the top of his voice, —

"Whoa! whoa! you Brindle, there. Koof! koof! koof! Whoa, Spot, whoa!" But the cows paid no regard to the voice of entreaty or rebuke; and on the old man went, scolding himself out of breath, and hopping

from bog to bog as fast as his old rheumatic limbs would carry him, until at length he tumbled head-foremost into a deep ditch. It was with some difficulty that he finally succeeded in dragging himself out; and, with his clothes thoroughly saturated with water, and plastered with mud, trembling with anger and exhaustion, he set off at a more moderate pace after his unruly cows, — who, about tired of their race, at length consented to turn their heads homeward; but not until long after the boys had preceded him, laughing heartily over the sport they had had.

They met at school the next morning, and there was many a laughing allusion made between them, about “new species of muskrats, buffalo-hunts,” &c.; but it never once occurred to them that their thoughtless trick could be followed by any serious consequences; therefore, when Ed Maltby heard his father mention, at the dinner table that day, that he had been called to visit uncle Sam Brown, who had been seized by a violent fever, and express a doubt as to his recovery, his heart sank within him.

“Why, I am sure I saw the old man pass here last evening,” observed his mother, in reply to her husband’s remarks.

“Just so; he went after his cows, and it seems that, just as they were coming through the bars, they took fright at something (the old man will have it that it was a trick of some boys; but I cannot think any boys would be so wicked as to scare an old man’s cattle), and led him a wild-goose chase all over the meadows, until he finally fell into a ditch head-foremost, — no bad thing if he had changed his clothes at once, but he neglected to do this; and so, between his fretting and ducking, he has got that which will carry him to the grave, I fear.”

It was well the doctor did not glance at his son's face while he was speaking. Poor Ed! when his father mentioned the old man's suspicion, his face grew red as a peony; and, feeling as if another mouthful of the steak upon his plate would choke him, he left the table, and hurried back to school to tell Fred and Seth the result of their fun. They fully shared his distress, for they were by no means bad-hearted boys, — and three soberer faces are seldom seen in a school-room than were theirs that afternoon. They even felt no disposition to laugh that night at old Pete Smith's stuttering account of the trick some one had played upon him, when Mr. Rich called to him as he passed the gate, and inquired after his success in trapping.

As the days went on, and the doctor still continued to shake his head and look very grave every time uncle Sam's name was mentioned, Ed Maltby's distress increased. He could not help feeling, that, if the old man died, he should be a murderer. It was in vain the other boys assumed their full share of the guilt; he could not forget that he alone suggested the plot, and he longed to go to his father and confess the whole truth; only, like most people when they are conscious they have done wrong, he did not know how to *begin*. It so happened that his father very unexpectedly made a beginning for him by saying, one day, in reply to Ed's timid inquiry after the old man, —

“Better, boy, better. I begin to think he will live it through; and, by the by, I am glad to see that you can think about anybody but yourself. It is a proof that you are outgrowing your careless, thoughtless habits, and will be a man one of these days. And I am glad

you remember old Sam," he added, laying his hand on the trembling boy's head, "because there is little love lost between him and you boys, I believe."

"O father! father! I shall never forget him, never be happy again if he dies!" cried Ed, bursting into tears.

"Whew! what now?" said the doctor, gazing for a second on his son's crimsoning face. "By my honor, boy," he said, sternly, "I believe you know something of this affair of the old man's cows. Tell me the truth, Edward, the whole truth; for nothing else will suffice."

"I will, father. Whatever punishment you may think I deserve, I cannot suffer more than I have for three or four days past," sobbed Ed.

"Capital fun!" exclaimed the doctor, when Ed had told him the whole affair. "Do you know, if that old man had died, you would have almost deserved capital punishment?" Then, seeing the suffering expressed in the boy's face, he added, in a kinder tone, "You have done right in not attempting to shift the blame off from your shoulders on to Fred and Seth. They are city boys, and did not know so well as you what would be the result of your scheme. Pat Corcoran has driven uncle Sam's cows to pasture since he has been sick; but henceforth, until the old man is able to do it himself, this shall be your task; and, with what you have already suffered, I trust it will teach you to beware how you pursue your sport at the expense of other people's comfort or convenience."

And we are happy to say that Ed Maltby never forgot the lesson. — *Friend of Youth.*

PUZZLES.

WE are disappointed in having no answer to *Prairie Bird's* Charade, especially since we know most of our young readers must have guessed it. The answer is *Blue Bell*.

Answer to the scriptural rebus in the June number, *Samaria*.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES.

1	$99\frac{2}{9}$
2	$99 - \frac{2}{9}$
3	$\frac{99}{99}$
4	$\frac{29}{9} + 9$
5	$99 - \frac{2}{9}$
6	$9 + 9 - 9 \div 9$
7	$9 + 9 + 9 \div 9$
8	$\frac{99}{9} - 9$, or $\frac{2}{9} + \frac{2}{9}$
9	$9 + 9 + \frac{2}{9}$
10	$9 + 9 - \frac{2}{9}$

NAMES OF PLACES IN NEW YORK STATE, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A boy's name, and a weight.
 2. The name of a color.
 3. The name of an animal.
 4. A girl's name, and a Roman garment.
 5. A fastening, and a harbor.
 6. An animal, and the shallow part of a stream.
- What are the names of these places?

Youth's Cabinet.

THE BREAD-FRUIT.

THE bread-fruit tree, in its glorious prime, is a grand and towering object, forming the same feature in a Marquesan landscape that the patriarchal elm does in New England scenery. The latter tree is not a little resembles in height, in the wide spread of its stalwart branches, and its venerable and imposing aspect. The leaves of the bread-fruit are of great size, and their edges are cut and scalloped as fantastically as those of a lady's lace collar. As they annually tend towards decay, they almost rival, in the brilliant variety of their gradually changing hues, the fleeting shades of the expiring dolphins. The autumnal tints of our American forests, glorious as they are, sink into nothing in comparison with this tree.

The leaf, in one particular stage, when nearly all the prismatic colors are blended on its surface, is often converted by the natives into a superb and striking head-dress. The principle fibre traversing its length, being split open a convenient distance, and the elastic sides of the aperture pressed apart, the head is inserted between them, the leaf drooping on one side, with its forward half turned jauntily up on the brows, and the remaining part spreading laterally behind the ears. The fruit somewhat resembles in magnitude and general appearance one of our citron-melons of ordinary size; but, unlike the citron, it has no sectional lines drawn along the outside.

Its surface is dotted all over with little conical promi-

nences, looking not unlike the knobs on an antiquated church-door. The rind is perhaps an eighth of an inch in thickness; and denuded of this, at the time when it is in the greatest perfection, the fruit presents a beautiful globe of white pulp, the whole of which may be eaten, with the exception of a slender core, which is easily removed. The bread-fruit, however, is never used, and is indeed altogether unfit to be eaten, until submitted in one form or other to the action of fire; and, as the native method of striking a light for this purpose is singular, a short account of it will be interesting.

A straight, dry, and partly-decayed stick of the *habiscus*, about six feet in length, and half as many inches in diameter, with a smaller bit of wood, not more than a foot long, and scarcely an inch wide, is as invariably to be met with in every house, as a box of lucifer-matches in the corner of a kitchen-cupboard at home. The islander, placing the larger stick obliquely against some object, with one end elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, mounts astride of it, like an urchin about to gallop off upon a cane; and then, grasping the smaller one firmly in both hands, he rubs its pointed end slowly up and down the extent of a few inches on the principal stick, until at last he makes a narrow groove in the wood, with an abrupt termination at the point furthest from him, where all the dusty particles which the friction creates are accumulated in a little heap.

At first he goes to work quite leisurely, but gradually quickens his pace, and, waxing warm in the employment, drives the stick furiously along the smoking channel, plying his hands to and fro with amazing rapidity, the perspiration starting from every pore. As he approaches

the climax of his effort, he pants and gasps for breath, and his eyes almost start from their sockets with the violence of his exertions. This is the critical stage of the operation; all his previous labors are vain, if he cannot sustain the rapidity of the movement until the reluctant spark is produced.

Suddenly he stops, and becomes perfectly motionless. His hands still retain their hold of the smaller stick, which is pressed convulsively against the further end of the channel among the fine powder there accumulated, as if he had just pierced through some little viper that was wriggling and struggling to escape from his clutches. The next moment a delicate wreath of smoke curls spirally into the air, the heap of dusty particles glows with fire, and he, almost breathless, dismounts from his steed.

After the fire is prepared, any number of the freshly-plucked fruit, when in a particular state of greenness, is placed among the embers, in the same way that you would roast a potato. After the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, the green rind embrowns and cracks, showing through the fissures in its sides the milk-white interior. As soon as it cools, the rind drops off; and you then have the soft, round pulp in its purest and most delicious state. Thus eaten, it has a mild and pleasing flavor. Sometimes, after having been roasted in the fire, the natives snatch it briskly from the embers, and, permitting it to slip out of the yielding rind into a vessel of cold water, stir up the mixture, which they call "bo-a-sho."

There is one form in which this fruit is occasionally served, that renders it a dish fit for a king. As soon as it is taken from the fire, the exterior is removed, the

core extracted, and the remaining part is placed in a sort of shallow stone mortar, and briskly worked with a pestle of the same substance. While one person is performing this operation, another takes a ripe cocoa-nut, and, breaking it in halves, which they also do very cleverly, proceeds to grate the juicy meat into fine particles. This is done by means of a piece of mother-of-pearl shell, lashed firmly to the extreme end of a heavy stick, with its straight side accurately notched, like a saw.

The stick is sometimes a grotesquely-formed limb of a tree, with three or four branches twisting from its body like so many shapeless legs, and sustaining it two or three feet from the ground. The native, first placing a calabash beneath the nose, as it were, of his curious-looking log-steed, for the purpose of receiving the grated fragments as they fall, mounts astride of it as if it were a hobby-horse; and, twirling the inside of one of his hemispheres of cocoa-nut around the sharp teeth of the mother-of-pearl shell, the pure white meat falls in snowy showers into the receptacle provided.

Having obtained a quantity sufficient for his purpose, he places it in a bag made of the net-like fibrous substance attached to all cocoa-nut trees, and compressing it over the bread-fruit, which, being now sufficiently pounded, is put into a wooden bowl, extracts a thick, creamy milk. The delicious liquid soon bubbles round the fruit, and leaves it at last just peeping above its surface. This preparation is called "kokoo," and a most luscious preparation it is. But the great staple articles of food into which the bread-fruit is converted by these natives are known respectively by the names of "amar" and "poe-poe."

At certain seasons of the year, when the fruit of the hundred groves of the valley has reached its maturity, and hangs in golden spheres from every branch, the islanders assemble in harvest-groups, and garner in the abundance which surrounds them. The trees are stripped of their nodding burdens, which, easily freed from the rind and core, are gathered together in capacious wooden vessels, where the pulpy fruit is soon worked by a stone pestle, vigorously applied, into a blended mass of a doughy consistency, called by the natives "tuato." This is then divided into separate parcels, which, after being made up into stout packages, enveloped in successive folds of leaves, and bound round with thongs of bark, are stored away in large receptacles hollowed in the earth, from whence they are drawn as occasion may require.

In this condition the "tuato" sometimes remains for years, and even is thought to improve by age. Before it is fit to be eaten, however, it has to undergo an additional process. A primitive oven is scooped in the ground; and, its bottom being loosely covered with stones, a large fire is kindled within it. As soon as the requisite degree of heat is attained, the embers are removed; and, the surface of the stones being covered with thick layers of leaves, one of the large packages of "tuato" is deposited upon them, and overspread with another layer of leaves. The whole is then quickly heaped up with earth, and forms a sloping mound.

The "tuato" thus baked is called "amar;" the action of the oven having converted it into an amber-colored, caky substance, a little tart, but not at all disagreeable to the taste. By another and final process, the "amar" is changed into "poe-poe." This transition is rapidly

effected. The "amar" is placed in a vessel, and mixed with water until it gains a proper pudding-like consistency, when, without further preparation, it is ready for use. This is the form in which the "tuato" is generally consumed. The singular mode of eating it I have already described.

Were it not that the bread-fruit is thus capable of being preserved for a length of time, the natives might be reduced to a state of starvation; for, owing to some unknown cause, the trees sometimes fail to bear fruit; and on such occasions the islanders chiefly depend upon the supplies they have been enabled to store away. This stately tree, which is rarely met with upon the Sandwich Islands, and then only of a very inferior quality, and at Tahiti does not abound to a degree that renders its fruit the principal article of food, attains its greatest excellence in the genial climate of the Marquesan group, where it grows to an enormous magnitude, and flourishes in the utmost abundance. — *School-mate.*

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 16.

PEBBLE POINT, *Thursday, Aug. 10.* — What a queer name for a sea-shore! We all came here yesterday, mother and Eddie, Aunt Mary and Cousin Lucy. May has gone to visit Grace. I should like to be with her there; but mother wanted me with her to amuse Eddie, and it is very pleasant here. We all like the sea-bathing fun, except Eddie. He cries dreadfully about it, and calls it the great water. To-day, he promised he

wouldn't cry, if mother would bind her handkerchief tight over his eyes, so that he could not see at all. He did not cry; but he shivered and looked so white, that, if I were mother, I never should take him to the sea-shore. We have been making little gardens on the beach, and building stone-walls around them. We planted beautiful new pimpernel flowers and little heaths in the beds. We made a tiny walk of the prettiest pebbles we could find, and had just half built the summer-house of little shells and sea-weed, when Lucy thought the pimpernels wanted water; and, while she went into the house for it, water came of its own accord straight up from the sea, and washed every thing away, summer-house and all. It wet my feet, and frightened Eddie, so that he ran off ever so far. Lucy clapped her hands and laughed when she came back, and found it all gone. "No matter, Annie," she said, "we'll make a prettier one to-morrow. Come, let's go and tell aunty." Here comes a steam-boat, and Lucy, too, with my sun-bonnet; and mother, too, to say I mustn't write any longer. Well, I will go and see the boat pass, and we will draw Eddie in his carriage.

Sunday evening, 13. — Mother thinks I have been very naughty and unreasonable. She has sent me to sit alone, until I can be more quiet and happy. How *can* I feel happy when every body is so unjust? I wish I could be a grown-up woman, ever so old; then I could do just as I pleased, with no one to find fault with me. *I haven't been naughty at all!* Good people always like to be dressed prettily on Sunday. I am sure it is very right. Miss Everett and Mrs. Earniste always look beautifully on Sundays, whether they go to church

or not ; so do Grace and the twins. All the people who love Sunday do so, Aunt Mary, Lucy, and all. As soon as we got home from church, mother wished me to take off my white dress, and keep it clean for next Sunday. I told her that Aunt Mary didn't make Lucy change her dress ; and she only said, "No matter, Annie : do as I wish." Then when I cried, she said, "Go directly." It was not kind in my mother ; I cannot think it was. Lucy came to ask me to walk with her, and uncle and aunt, after tea. "No ; not in such a *school-dress* !" Then Eddie teased me to go with him out on the piazza. And I said No ! to him. Perhaps *that* was naughty. I suppose it was ; but I should not have done it if I had not so many troubles. I cried so that I could not go down to tea, and had to eat in mother's room with Eddie. And now they have all gone out to walk without me. It is very unjust to blame me for being unhappy, — *very* unjust.

Tuesday afternoon. — Oh, last evening I had the dearest, sweetest letter from Miss Everett. I kissed it twenty times, I guess, and put it under my pillow when I went to sleep, and tried to dream about it. But I did not. I dreamed that a very rich lady was to adopt me, and that I was going to live with her in a splendid palace, and be dressed just as I like. That pretty, sad poem about "The Adopted Child" always make me wonder. I would have been contented in such a place, with such a kind lady, — pictures and statues, flutes and vine-bowers. Oh, how lovely ! *Why* is it wrong to like such things, and wrong to wish to be beautiful and to wear beautiful clothes ? Flowers and stars and birds are beautiful ; but mother and Aunt Mary think I am

vain and selfish when I wish to be so too. I will read Miss Everett's letter again, and see if she thinks so.

Wednesday. — It is so rainy that we don't know what to do. Mother advises me to copy Miss E.'s letter in my journal a little at a time, so that I may always keep it safe. I will. I will commence it now.

“ANNIE, MY DEAR LITTLE SCHOLAR ANNIE, — I love you very, *very* much indeed. Does that content and satisfy your longing heart? No? Ah! I dare say not! You want the love of a thousand large and little friends, — brothers, sisters, and cousins, aunts, uncles, and schoolmates. You want to be an innocent little idol among them all. That is what I know of you, Annie; and that is why I gave such a text to the class, that we all might talk it over together. But you were absent, and I deferred the lesson until the next sabbath; and the next sabbath, lo! my little runaway was absent again. Well, love, I rejoice that you are gone. Play hard and happily; frolic with the bracing waves; run and walk in the fresh open air with Eddie, and don't bring back that little pale, serious face you went away with. It was almost as grave and thin as Eddie's. I longed to kiss the smiles and roses back, but that I think the kind sea-breezes and cool waters will do better than I could. So, my little girl, I will imagine you here close beside me at our pleasant library-window, listening with your eyes while I talk with you. Think, darling, while I question you. Don't shut up your timid heart; open wide its doors, and let the little messengers come out to tell me what goes on therein. Think! Do you remember a single day when you cared

for yourself principally; when you longed to be tenderly petted and caressed, and grew sad because you were not; when you wished for a splendid home, with beautiful things all around you, — beautiful dresses to wear, and grew discontented because you had them not? Think! Do you remember a different day, when you forgot every thing of that kind, and cared principally for some other than yourself? when you loved some little friend, or perhaps some grown-up friend, so much as to think only of her, — what you could do to please and bless her? Or do you remember a still different day, when you wished to make everybody happy; to keep the tears from Eddie's beautiful eyes; to keep the smiles on Eva's rosy lips; to help your mother, and wait upon your father; to do some kind and loving action for every one around you? My child, you have such days. I have seen them *all*, at different times, written in your eyes. Those eyes tell me many of your secrets, Annie; and they are not at all to blame for it.

“Do you remember the legend of the Guardian Angels? What word would the good recording spirit write upon the first day? With his golden pen to write that odious word, ‘*selfish*’! and upon a whole day of yours, Annie! His love, I think, would see some generous thought or loving act to make *that* word impossible. He might write instead, in holy reproof: ‘Jesus said, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for your raiment, what ye shall put on. *He* came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.’ On the second day, he might pause and ponder for a while; then, with a gentle look, write: ‘*He went about doing good!*’ And the third

day, my darling, I believe he would not even touch his golden pen to that ; but the glow of his glad and beautiful smile would leave a light upon the page never to fade away. Annie, dear, 'your heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of.' He will minister unto you from his overflowing love ; and you — you will go forth his little messenger, wherever he wills, to minister to others ; 'to do good continually, *hoping for nothing again.*' Will you ? *Will you, Annie ?*"

Sunday, 20.—I did not wait for mother to ask me to change my dress to-day ; for I understand it all now. She wants to give all her care and time to Eddie ; and, while we are away from home, I must keep my frocks as nice as possible. I am afraid that mournful angel put his mark to my last Sunday ; for I went to sleep, saying that I had done nothing wrong, and would not let myself be sorry. I thought I would scratch black marks over all the angry things I wrote then ; but now I think they had better stay to punish me : perhaps they will teach me better another time. Mother does "good continually," even when she is very tired. I will go and try to help her now.

There are nearly three thousand muscles in the common grasshopper. — *Selected.*

Absence of occupation is not rest ;

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

Cooper.

THE YOUNG INVALID.

COME sit beside me, sister, and sing to me again ;
 For my languid frame is weary, and my head is bowed
 with pain :
 How slowly, oh how slowly, the tedious hours pass by,
 As if the sun would never leave the dazzling summer
 sky !

I close my aching eyes ; but sweet slumber flies away,
 And the long night lingers by, till it brings the longer
 day :
 Then the early birds sing loudly, and the air is filled with
 light,
 Till I long for darkness to return, and wish that it were
 night.

The dewy flowers you bring me, I strive to love their
 bloom ;
 But to me they whisper sadly, and I turn from their per-
 fume :
 They whisper of the hours when I sought them far for you,
 And bounded in young joyfulness to pluck them in their
 dew.

Those hours come ever back to me, and fill my eyes with
 tears :
 O sister ! must I tarry here, and waste my boyhood's
 years ?
 May I never shout again to catch the echo's tone,
 Nor wander unrestrained till the summer-day is done ?

I feel that I am weak, sister — I strive to bear my load,
 And I think of what you say of the mercy of our God :
 I will try to trust in him, but my heart is full of pain ;
 I cannot help these tears, sister, but sing to me again !

X.

Portsmouth, N.H.

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 7. — THE TRUTH OF JESUS.

IN the high virtue of *truth*, as well as in every other, our blessed Saviour is our Exemplar. His was the truth, not only of word and deed, but the truth of a consistent life. He was true in the widest sense of the word. To the multitudes on the hill of Galilee, to the Scribes and Pharisees, who sought "to entangle him in his talk," and before Pilate and the chief priests, he still proclaimed his high and holy mission, though the Jews rent their clothes, and charged him with blasphemy.

"Wist ye not," he said to his mother, when she found him in the temple, "that I must be about my Father's business?" And so great was the confidence that his obedience and truth had established in the heart of Mary, that she questioned him not concerning that business, but "laid these things up in her heart."

He was true to himself. Neither ease, nor the love of friends, nor worldly ambition, could make him turn for an instant from the great object for which he came into the world.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

He taught the multitudes all the day, and sought not sleep for the weary frame at nightfall; because he knew, that, to be true to himself, he must seek strength for the soul where alone it is to be found.

The truth of Jesus was manifested in another way. When he called his disciples, he held out to them no worldly inducements. He taught that they who followed him must "take up the cross," and that all men should revile and persecute them; and when, mistaking his kingdom for one of earth, James and John desired to sit on his right hand and left, he replied, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on my right hand and my left is not mine to give, but His that sent me." Sorrowfully he looked after the rich young man who came to learn of him; but, though he knew how powerful a disciple he might have been, still he knew that he could not be a true one, without he gave up that wealth which was a snare to him, and felt that he should not be true to the doctrines he came to teach, unless he bade him put that wealth away.

Now, children, you all must strive to have the truth of Jesus. We hope all who read this book have been taught how wrong it is to speak or act an untruth; we hope they all refrain from falsehood. But that is not enough. You must try to be true to yourselves. If you know a thing is right, and yet do not act accordingly, you are untrue to yourselves. If two courses of action present themselves, neither of which is absolutely right or wrong, you are untrue to yourselves if you do not choose that which springs from the highest motives. You are untrue to yourselves, if you omit any little act

of kindness which you can perform, or if you go about your duty slowly and reluctantly. You are untrue to yourselves when you neglect any of your opportunities; when you are idle and playful in school, or restless and inattentive in church. You do not defraud your teacher or your parents by doing wrong: you injure yourselves.

We often pray that the same mind may be in us which was also in Christ Jesus. This can only be when we are true to ourselves, true to others, and true to our Father in heaven. Try to remember that we have these three kinds of duty to perform, and that we are unfaithful and unlike Jesus if we do not perform them to the best of our ability. The noblest thing that can be said of a man is that he has lived a true life. So live, then, that conscience, while it is alive to many sins, may still bear this testimony to you on the bed of death.

ED.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

IN a central region, midway in the continent, though somewhat nearer the Pacific than the Atlantic Ocean, at an elevation of nearly seven thousand five hundred feet, lies the remarkable valley of Mexico, encircled by a colossal rampart of the hardest rocks, and forming a circumference of about sixty-seven leagues, with a sky of the deepest blue, a serene atmosphere, and a magnificent landscape. In this rare valley, with its five ancient lakes, snow-crowned volcanoes, and fertile plains, stands

the city of Mexico, one of the richest and most beautiful cities in the world, with its crowded population and innumerable spires and domes. This was the Mazitli, so called from one of their gods, or Temchtitlan of the Aztecs, richer and far more beautiful even than it is now, standing in the midst of its five great lakes, now much shrunk in their dimensions, upon green and flower-enamelled islands, like Venice, amid the waves, with myriads of Indian boats gliding along its liquid streets, — long lines of low houses mingled with great numbers of pyramidal temples, lofty trees and flower-gardens floating, as it were, on the bosom of the waters, and here and there a loftier temple, sacred to the gods of the land.

Though built on piles, the city of Mexico is celebrated for its magnificence. It is said by Humboldt "to be undoubtedly one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere; being inferior only to Petersburg, Berlin, London, and Philadelphia, as respects the regularity and breadth of the streets, as well as the extent of its public places." The architecture is generally fine, and many of the buildings of noble construction, though usually of a somewhat plain exterior. Two sorts of hewn stone, porous amygdaloid and porphyry, are generally used in the better parts of the city. The balustrades and gates are of Biscay iron, ornamented with bronze; and the houses, which are three or four stories high, have flat terraced roofs, like those of Italy and other southern countries. The principal plaza or square is one of the finest to be seen in any metropolis. The Cathedral, the Palace, and the Minería are imposing structures. The interior of the Cathedral is quite gorgeous. The high altar is loaded with golden ornaments.

It is inclosed by a massive railing of mixed metal, so valuable, on account of the gold which it contains, that a silversmith of Mexico is alleged to have offered the bishop a new silver rail, of equal weight, in return for the old metal. In the interior of the Cathedral, also, are some curious remains of olden time, including several idols, and "a stone of sacrifice," on which lay the human victim, when his breast was pierced, and his quivering heart torn out by the priest! On the outer wall is fixed the Kallenda, a circular stone of basaltic porphyry, covered with hieroglyphic figures, by which the Aztecs, or native Mexicans, used to designate the months of the year, and which is supposed to have formed a sort of perpetual calendar.

But the remains of ancient temples and other buildings are mostly gone, and few traces remain of the pride and splendor of the ancient Aztecs, who reared among the surrounding lakes a city of greater magnificence than that which their conquerors have built. On a summer evening, when the people are abroad, and the canals are covered with light canoes, filled with mestizoes humming gay tunes or striking their guitars, the rosy light of departing day yet lingering upon the mountains and tinging the snow-crowned summits of the Cordilleras, which encircle the valley, the city of Mexico presents a most attractive appearance, and suggests to the thoughtful traveller the striking contrast between its past and present condition. As he listens to the hum of the cheerful population, mingled with the sound of evening bells from Christian temples, calling men, not, as the Aztec drum did, to human sacrifices, but to sacred vespers, he cannot but feel grateful that the ancient form of

Mexican society has passed away for ever. Imperfect as the present religion of Mexico is, certainly it is far better than the bloody rites of heathenism.

The population of the city of Mexico is about 150,000, of an exceedingly mixed character, comprising about 68,000 Creoles, or descendants of Spaniards; 28,000 Mestizoes, or half-breeds, between Europeans and Indians, though many of them are scarcely distinguishable in color from the former; about 35,000 copper-colored natives, 10,000 mulattoes, and only about 6,000 Europeans. A few of the citizens, among whom are the nobles and speculators in mines, are excessively rich; but the mass of the population are indolent and poor. The lower orders, resembling the lazzaroni of Naples, are filthy, despise labor of every kind, and may be seen constantly lounging or lying about the churches or markets, leaning against the walls, or loitering near the theatres and coffee-houses. Indeed, the leperos of Mexico are worse than the lazzaroni of Naples, being frequently stained with crimes of robbery and assassination.

The dress and habits of the higher orders resemble those of Europeans. The large cloak of Spain is universally worn. The costume of the ladies is uniformly black, with the veil and mantilla; but, on holidays and public occasions, their dress is distinguished by variety and gayety of colors, as well as expensiveness of material. "Indeed, when in their carriages in the Paseo, they contrast somewhat strangely with the same persons when seen at home in complete dishabille, without stockings, squatting on the floor, and either pursuing their favorite amusement of cigar-smoking (for Mexican ladies are much addicted to smoking), or eating cakes

and capsicum out of the dirty earthen-ware of the country. The ladies seldom go out during the day ; but, after sunset, young and old come forth from their hiding-places ; and the Alameda, Passeos, and Portales swarm with the damas and señoritas of the city, chatting and smoking with their gallants.

“ Many gentlemen belonging to the higher classes are intelligent, and a few even fond of literature ; but the city is so badly supplied with libraries, and other means of study, as to give little encouragement to such pursuits. There are three or four newspapers ; but they are miserable productions, containing little besides the merest chit-chat, copiously interspersed with advertisements.” With respect to the country in general, we may add that the scenery of Mexico is bold and beautiful. Its productions are of all climates, temperate and torrid. Indeed, there is no sort of plant or tree which may not be raised in this fertile country. Its commerce is limited, its agriculture far inferior to that of Europe. The people are not enterprising, like those of New England and other northern regions. Education makes no progress among them. The country has immense resources, not only in agriculture, but in mines of gold and silver ; but the people are languid, sensual, and pleasure-loving.

Some of them are wealthy, but most are poor. This is the case especially with the Indian population. They have little or nothing in religion, politics, or even in the common wants of life, to stimulate them. They are content simply to live, to vegetate, and then to die. Good Catholics, they feel safe and easy for time or for eternity, no matter how ignorant and sensual, how besotted or

vicious. "Mexico," says Chevalier, "is a country so rich that famine scarcely visits the most indolent. In the *tierras calientas*, and even on the plateaus, the natives are content to dwell, with their families, in a cabin of bamboo trellis-work, so slight as scarcely to hide them from the stranger's gaze, and to sleep either on mere mats, or at best on beds made of leaves and brushwood. Their dress consists simply of a pair of drawers, or petticoat, and a scrape (or dyed woollen garment), which serves for a cloak by day and a counterpane by night.

"Each has his horse, a sorry beast, which feeds at large in the open country; and a whole family of Indians is amply supplied with food by bananas, chili, and maize, raised almost without labor, in a small inclosure round the hut. Labor, indeed, occupies but a trifling portion of the Indian's time, which is chiefly spent in drinking or singing, and occasionally carrying chaplets to deck the altar of his village-church. Thus he passes his life in dreamy indifference, and utterly careless of the ever-reviving riots, by which the peace of Mexico is disturbed. The assassinations and robberies which the almost impotent government allows to be committed with impunity on the public roads, and even in sight of the capital, are to him only matter for conversation, the theme of a tale or a ditty.

"And why should he trouble himself about it? Having nothing in the world but the dress in which he stands, his lance, spurs, and guitar, he has no fear of thieves; nor will the poniard of the assassin touch him, if he himself, drunk with pulque or *chingarito*, do not use his own." The condition of the half-breeds, and even of the lower orders of Spanish descendants, is not

much superior to that of the Indians. Thousands of them live precisely as he does, and thousands more by begging or stealing. Some, indeed, are farmers, and live upon their comfortable haciendas; and others rise somewhat in the world, and have a deeper interest in the order and peace of the community; but all, more or less, have caught the Indian traits, and are more distinguished for their indolence and love of pleasure than their enterprise and virtue. — *Turnbull.*

N A H A N T.

AT THE FOOT OF PULPIT ROCK.

(See Frontispiece.)

HAIL, boundless Ocean! mighty rolling deep!

Thou ever restless, still rejoicing sea!

Now slowly heaving in thine awful sleep,

Now wildly roaring in glad revelry.

I love to stand upon the giant-rock,

That thrusts his scowling front against thy wave,

And feel the trembling from the mighty shock,

And hear it roaring through each hollow cave; —

Then mark the billows gathering up their force,

Tossing their foam back like a lion's mane;

And, rushing on in their exulting course,

In idle murmurs swift recoil again.

And, while the baffled waters seem to sleep,

Far off they gather mightier than before;

Onward they move with slow majestic sweep,

And break in thunder round the rocky shore.

MRS. FOLLEN.

BESSIE THORNTON.

Do any of our young readers remember Bessie Thornton, and her birthday visit to cousin Agnes? and would they like to hear more of her?

One evening, in the October subsequent to that summer-day visit, little Bessie lay on the sofa in the dining-room, watching the bright wood-fire that was blazing on the hearth, and thinking of cousin Agnes and her story of the foxes. It was after sunset; but there was no light in the room, except that of the fire; and Bessie, lying on the sofa in the corner, was hardly to be seen. Indeed her presence was not observed by her father and mother, who just then entered, conversing earnestly together.

"Bessie cannot be left in better keeping," said her mother: "all I fear is that she will be too great a care to them. But I cannot bear to send her to a boarding-school; and, though her aunt Margaret would take her, it is not just the place for such a child."

Mr. Thornton was about to answer, when Bessie, who had been hesitating whether to speak or not, jumped from the sofa, and came forward. "I am here, papa: did you know it? May I hear what you are saying?"

Her father sat down in the easy-chair, and took her on his knee. "You were right to speak, my child," he said. "Never listen to any thing which you think it is not intended you should hear." But you may stay, if mamma thinks best. We are deciding what we should do with you while we are away."

"Can I not go too? I should love to go to England; and I would try not to be troublesome."

"It is not best, my daughter. Your aunt Margaret has offered to keep you with her, and send you to school with Arthur; but mamma is not sure it would do."

"I should like to live there, and have Arthur and Frank and little Willie to play with. Why may I not, mamma?"

Mrs. Thornton did not make a direct answer to this question. She only said, "I have had a letter from your cousin Agnes to-day, in which she offers to take charge of you in my absence. Would that make you happy?"

Bessie sprang from her father's lap, and capered about like a wild creature. "Live with Agnes! dear cousin Agnes! Oh! that is better than any thing but going with you! You will let me go there, mamma?"

"Yes, I think I shall; but you must remember that Agnes is not strong, and be careful not to trouble her. If you go, you must obey her in every thing, and try to please your aunt and uncle.

"Oh yes, indeed! I will be so good, aunt Mary will not know me." Then, stopping all at once in her glee, she seated herself again on her father's knee, and asked, "Could I ever be so good as Agnes, do you think?"

Mr. Thornton laughed. "Perhaps you may in time, especially if you do exactly as she tells you. When we come back in the spring, I hope we shall find a little daughter who can put up one book without throwing down a dozen others, and run past a rose-bush, or through a door, and not tear her dress. Do you think we shall?"

Bessie looked very grave at this question. "Mamma says I have corrected one bad habit: I have learned to pay attention to one thing at a time. If I do learn to be careful while you are gone, will you bring me some pretty thing from London or Paris? Say yes, papa."

"We shall let mamma decide about all such matters," replied her father, caressing his darling. "She says you are half-spoiled now; and it would be a pity to finish such a work."

Mrs. Thornton wrote to her brother to inform him that she had decided to leave Bessie with him; and, in a few days, Mr. Endicott and Agnes came to take her to their home. The little girl hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. She was very much attached to her parents, and did not like at all to think she was not to see them for six months; but she was so fond of Agnes, and so delighted to be in the country, that the pain of parting was not so deeply felt. There was some danger, as Mr. Thornton had said, that Bessie might be spoiled by indulgence; for she was an only daughter, and he could scarcely refuse her any thing; her mother, whose system of government was both firm and mild, was too often ill to attend to her as she wished; her aunt Margaret's three children were all boys; and at Bessie's frequent visits she was loaded with pleasures and caresses; and her uncle Henry, exceedingly fond of children, and especially of his lively little niece, could see no faults in his pet, and only laughed at his wife's complaints of her heedlessness. "Children must be children," he said: "I should hate to see my merry Bessie transformed into a grave little woman." But Mrs. Thornton was not unwilling to leave Bessie with

them; for Mrs. Endicott's over-nicety, as her husband called it, would be a continual check on the child's otherwise too great love of frolic and glee; and Agnes, in whose especial charge she was to be, was all that a mother could desire for a guardian to her daughter.

Agnes's first care was to assign her little charge a small bedroom, opening from her own chamber; and here were to be kept her clothes, her books, her work, her toys, — in short, all her possessions. And the room was to be kept in order, too; the clothes laid smoothly in the drawers; the books placed on the shelves; the work neatly in the basket, &c.; — no small task for one of Bessie's habits. Certain hours were to be devoted to lessons, to sewing, and reading; for Bessie's education in this respect, though by no means neglected, had been irregularly conducted, owing to her mother's delicate health, and her unwillingness to send her to school. The little girl was not at all averse to this system; for all children like order and method, and most of them prefer a strict and steady government to an indulgent and variable one. But it caused her no little trouble at times to be recalled from an interesting book, or a frolic with cousin Charles, to put in its place some mislaid article; or to lose, as she sometimes did, a ride with uncle Henry, or a pleasant ramble with her little neighbor, Sarah Harding, because her work had been neglected, or her chamber left in disorder. But she soon learned that the pleadings and caresses which would win indulgence from her father were not available with Agnes; and her uncle, though he bade his daughter not be too strict with her little charge, never interfered in any way; so that, after a time, it became more habitual to be careful and orderly.

And then she was so sweet-tempered, so merry, so ready to wait upon Agnes, to assist her aunt, if she could, to frolic with Charles, or sit upon her uncle's knee and talk with him, that they all loved her, and felt more than repaid for their care. Mr. Endicott called her his "Sunbeam;" Charles, when he was at home, never addressed her without some endearing diminutive; and aunt Mary, who, though very particular, was kind and amiable, owned that it was a pleasure to hear her light footstep and her merry voice about the house.

Bessie was sitting in Agnes's chamber one afternoon, some two months after her parents' departure, busily preparing her doll for a visit she was to receive the next afternoon from her little friend Sarah. Silks and velvets, of all colors of the rainbow, were scattered around; for Violetta, the doll, was to have a fine silk apron and a new bonnet; and her little mistress had collected materials from both Agnes and aunt Mary. Her fingers flew fast, and her tongue was in equally rapid motion, chattering to Violetta, who sat upright before her, her blue eyes staring directly forward, and her hands in her lap. Agnes had gone away for a few hours.

"Bessie! Bessie!" called the cheerful voice of her uncle. She threw down her work, and ran to see what was wanted. "Where are your hood and cloak, darling?" he asked. "On with them, and we'll have a fine ride; only be quick; for I am in haste."

Bessie ran for them, and was ready before her uncle expected. But, just as he was about to lift her into the sleigh, she stopped him. "Oh, uncle Henry! I can't go. I have left all my things on the floor; and Agnes doesn't let me go anywhere, unless I put them away. I'm so sorry."

"And I cannot very well wait. Agnes will excuse it this time, I guess: will she not?"

"No: Agnes never does that. But if you only could wait a few minutes."

Her uncle shook his head, and stepped somewhat reluctantly into the sleigh; and Bessie was going to take off her hood, when her aunt Mary stopped her. "Run, put your work in your basket first, Bessie dear; and I will help you. There; you need not stop to lay them smooth. Now run, and see if you can overtake your uncle." Bessie ran at her utmost speed; but she would not have succeeded, had not Mr. Endicott stopped to speak to a gentleman he met. Which was most delighted, when she was seated in the sleigh, it would be hard to tell; and the pony, an especial friend of Bessie's, seemed equally pleased; for he tossed his head, and shook the bells, and carried forward the light vehicle as if it were nothing. But the ride, pleasant as it was, did not give the little girl so much pleasure as did Agnes's gentle "Bessie did right!" when her uncle told the story of his invitation, and her conscientious refusal.

"But I could not have gone, after all, if aunt Mary had not helped me," said Bessie, with a grateful look at her aunt.

Mr. Endicott laughed outright; and his wife, perhaps in answer to the laugh, said, "Well, she was so disappointed, and took it so pleasantly, I could not help assisting her."

"No one wants you to help it, Mary," replied Mr. Endicott, still laughing. "I only rejoiced that our Sunbeam could warm you into indulgence."

"Aunt Mary is *always* very good to me," said Bes-

sie, feeling a little as if her aunt were wronged; but I am troublesome sometimes. I don't mean to be so; and Agnes says I shall catch all my naughty foxes by and by: I have caught one already." H. A.

(To be continued.)

WILLIE AND HIS BROTHERS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

THE PETS.

WILLIE had a great fondness for living creatures of every kind. He was never afraid of the little spiders or caterpillars, and would let them walk up and down his little fat arms, and on to his neck. *Once* he pulled all the "fur" off the caterpillar's back; but, when his mother told him it hurt him as much as if she had pulled a handful of hair out of his own head, he was very sorry, and never did it again. But his greatest favorites were the toads, great and small, which jumped about in the yard and garden. He liked to look at their little bright eyes, and see them spring from place to place; he knew just where to find them, and would sometimes put one or two in the bosom of his frock, and keep on with his play. One evening some ladies were taking tea with his grandmother, and Willie troubled them somewhat by running around the table. His grandmother said, "Run in the garden, Willie, and find a toad." Away he scampered, and very soon returned with a fine fat fellow, and put it down by the plate of one of the ladies. Some people would have screamed out at having a big toad sitting so

near them on the table; but the lady was not so foolish as that; she laughed very much at Willie's pets, told him some pretty story about them which pleased him, and then she told him to carry his toadship back that he might put the little toadies in bed.

CHAPTER VI.

LITTLE GEORGE.

Willie's baby-brother did not interest him so much at first as the frogs, kittens, and other little creatures that he could handle and carry about. Besides the baby cried very much, and would not be happy when Willie held him. His mother was obliged to give a great deal of her attention to *him*; and therefore Willie spent much of his time with his dear grandmother and aunt, who did every thing for his comfort and amusement. They taught him to draw very prettily with a pencil and paper, and would often take him to walk with them. When little George grew bigger, and could run about the floor, the brothers would play together very merrily. It was funny to see how the baby tried to do whatever he saw Willie do. Little children are very imitative; and those who have younger brothers and sisters should always endeavor to set them good examples, never say wrong things or do improper acts when they are playing with little children. Always speak gently and treat them kindly, and you may be sure they will love you, and try to be good like you. Sometimes George would pull down Willie's block-house before he had finished building it, and then Willie would think it very hard to bear; but his mother told he must never speak cross or impatiently to his little baby-brother, and she would try and

teach George that it was naughty to trouble Willie in that way.

George was a very affectionate little boy; he would shed tears if his mother told him a sad story, or if he thought she was grieved at his wrong-doing; nothing affected him so much as to lose his mother's good-night kiss on going to bed. He would repeat a great many pieces of poetry which his mother and grandmother taught him; and, before going to bed, he and Willie would kneel down at their mother's knee, and say this prayer she had made for them: —

“O God! I thank thee for taking care of me this day. Be pleased to watch over me this night, and my dear father and mother, my little brother, and all my dear friends. Forgive me if I have done wrong this day, and make me a good, obedient boy. Amen.” When they grew older, after saying their prayer, they always repeated the following hymn, which their mother saw in a book and taught them: —

“I know, when I lie down down to sleep,

That God is near my bed;

That angels watch, by his command,

Around my infant head.

I know, when I kneel down to pray,

That still the Lord is there;

He knows my thoughts and hears my words,

And will accept my prayer.

I know, when I go forth to play,

That God is by my side:

Through every hour, at every step,

He is my guard and guide.

I know the Lord sees every thing

On earth, in sea, and air;

That he in darkness, as in light,

Can see me everywhere.”

Their mother also made the following prayer for them to say in the morning: —

“My Father in heaven, thou hast sent thy kind angels to watch over me while I slept sweetly through the night, and to keep all danger and pain away. May I this day be obedient, kind to my little playmates and all about me, and remember, if I obey and love thee on this earth, I shall one day live with thee in heaven. Amen.”

S. S.

BIRD SONGS.

HAVE you heard the sweet birds' musical notes,
Which seem to pour from their tiny throats,
As they sing, at morn and at dewy even,
Their joyous praise to the Father in heaven?
As if, o'erflowing with life and love,
They would lead us to raise our hearts above.

When very joyful and happy you feel,
List to the little Wren's musical peal;
He sings all day long, from some lofty tree,
His gladsome carol, with bursting glee;
I think he says, in his merry moods,
“Away, away to the fields and woods!”

Are you sad? or have you naughty been?
List to the shy little Meadow-lark then:
He hides 'mong the grass and clover alone,
And sings, “O, O *de-ar* me!” with sorrowful tone;
But sometimes, when happy, he seems to say,
“You can't see me!” in a comical way.

As soon as the day begins to dawn,
The Robins burst forth with their morning song, —
A chorus to welcome the glorious sun,
And tell their joy that a new day has come;
And when the light fades in the west away,
Hark! how sweetly they sing their evening lay.

And should you awake when the stars are bright,
And softly o'er all gleams the pale moonlight, —
If you listen then, when all is still,
You will hear the strange song of the Whip-poor-will.
“Whip-poor-will!” mournfully solemn at first,
Then faster, with sudden and cheerful outburst.

Would you learn to *know* their beautiful joy,
My little listening girl or boy?
Live, ever as they live, a simple life
Of *grateful love*, free from sin and strife;
And remember the same Father cares for all,
Who watches the tiniest sparrow's fall.

H. S. H.

SELF-CONCEIT.

(Continued.)

THE thoughts of Adeline Mallard, in her convalescence, had been much upon the prize and the necessary loss of marks which her sickness involved. She knew she could make up many of the lessons; but she was not sure that Mr. Dana would permit this. Her self-conceit generally ended her surmises, by whispering that she could afford to lose three weeks, and could easily

gain enough marks in the time which remained to make up for all she had lost; and finally this idea became so gratifying to her that she resolved not to ask Mr. Dana for the opportunity to restore her lost credits.

Great was her surprise when Grace Mitchell tapped her on the shoulder, as she walked to school on Monday morning, and told her of her classmate's generosity in regard to her. She was entirely silent; for conflicting feelings took away from her the power of speech. She was touched by the kindness of her companions, and wanted to testify her gratitude; but then came the promptings of her evil spirit, tempting her to reject the kindness, and *prove her superiority* over her friends.

"I never saw such a girl as you are," ejaculated Grace, after waiting two or three minutes for a reply to a communication which she naturally supposed would be very agreeable. "Here I have told you such a piece of good news, and you make me no answer."

Adeline forced herself to speak. "The girls are very kind, *top* kind," she said; "but I was too much surprised to speak. I cannot allow myself to accept their kindness. If the prize is mine, it must be mine through my own endeavors, and not because the girls have helped me win it."

"Worse and worse, Adeline. I should not try to comprehend your reasoning; it is —" and here Grace's love of teasing gave a very satirical emphasis to her words — "it is like your scholarship, entirely beyond my feeble efforts; and I must seek those who are less lofty in their opinions." So saying, she turned to some of her other schoolmates, and went into school with them.

Mr. Dana mentioned the transaction of Saturday before the whole school. It was highly honorable, he said, to the pupils who had been concerned in it, and, as such, should be brought before the notice of all.

Adeline rose in her seat when Mr. Dana had done speaking. A slight flush came into her face; but she said, with perfect self-possession, and addressing herself to her teacher, "I am very much obliged to my friends, sir; but I cannot receive the kindness at their hands. It is too great a favor; and if, by accepting it, I won the prize, it would not be entirely the reward of my own exertions. I wish you and the school to consider it decided, and that you will count the marks as if no such proposal had been made."

Certainly there were never more curious expressions on any group of faces than on those of Mr. Dana's scholars, as Adeline made this announcement. The smaller girls were lost in astonishment; while the older ones, together with Mr. Dana, considered it very ungracious in her to refuse that which was so kindly meant. The teacher looked at her fixedly for a moment, and said, "It shall be as you wish; but I beg you will remember that the kindness is not made less because you refuse to accept it."

Various shakes of the head, shrugs of the shoulders, pursings-up of the mouth, and the numerous nameless signs by which school-girls express their indignation in dumb show, were visible that morning; and the bell for recess was the signal for the "outpouring of wrath." A great many of the girls, who knew that Amy was no favorite with Adeline, thought that the extraordinary conduct of the latter arose from her unwillingness to

receive a favor from the former ; but all agreed that she was "*real ugly* ;" and that they "*guessed* they would take care how they tried to please her again."

Amy Harrod was really grieved. She could not forbear wiping away one or two tears, and the indignation of her friends did not console her at all. "I almost wish we had not thought of it," she said, "and then we should not have had to feel so badly about it. I cannot be comforted by thinking I have done right."

"On the whole, I'm glad of it," said Amy's little champion ; "for now there will be a better chance for you."

"Do not think that, Grace," replied Hatty : "Adeline would study all night rather than not make up her credits."

"For my part," said Tiny Putnam, "I am very sorry there is to be any prize. If *all* the faithful scholars could have them, I should be very glad ; but I think Mr. Dana, with the best intentions, has made a mistake in giving only one. He has made rivals and two parties in the school. Adeline is a very bright, agreeable girl, excepting her self-conceit ; and she will always have friends, who will want her to win the prize, while those who cannot overlook her self-conceit will be desirous that some one else should gain it."

At the end of the fifteenth week, Adeline and Amy had each the same number of credits. Adeline had regained the credits she had lost, and Amy was doing better than ever before. Her modesty, however, would not allow her to hope for the prize ; but Grace was sure she would have it. Clementina had almost as many credits, and opinions varied much in the school as to the result.

Breathless were the Saturday reckonings the various friends of each made, and hardly perceptible was the difference between them. On Monday of the last week, Amy overtook Adeline on her way to school. "You look pale, Addie," she said: "do you not feel well?"

"I am strangely languid to-day, and hardly have strength to move."

"Have you drawn your map?"

"Yes — and oh dear! I have left it at home, and shall lose my order-credit. I must go back for it. Have I time?"

"You have not, for you are not well enough to walk so fast; but *I* have."

"No! Amy. If you are late, you will lose a credit. You know Mr. Dana says the fact of tardiness is the same, no matter how good the excuse for it."

"I have plenty of time, Addie; only tell me where it is."

Adeline gave the desired information, and Amy started off. "I shall not be late," said she, as she looked at the town-clock, which was in full view as she stood on Mrs. Mallard's door-step. But "one of the boys" had put in confusion all the papers on the table where Adeline had left the map, and it took full five minutes to find it. Amy had just five minutes in which to take the rather long walk to school. She ran as fast as she could; but the bell rang just as she reached the gate of the school-yard, and she was *late*.

Her particular friends, and Adeline Mallard, gave a sorrowful glance at her as she entered the room; but she smiled gently as she laid the map on Adeline's desk, and took her own seat. She hastily brushed away a single

tear, as she opened the lid of her desk ; but she knew she had done right, and that circumstances alone had made her tardy ; so she shut the desk-lid, and studied with her usual diligence.

Adeline thanked her for her kindness, and expressed her sorrow that she was late ; but she did not tell Amy how much she was touched by her disinterestedness. She was, in fact, very much affected ; but her natural pride would not suffer her to acknowledge it.

On Friday night, Adeline had one credit more than Amy, the one more which Amy had lost in consequence of being late. Still there was one more chance for Amy : her composition, which was to be marked to-morrow, might be superior to Adeline's. The morrow came, and the compositions were just alike. The prize was certainly Adeline's ; for Tiny had fallen behind the others during the last two weeks.

There was a breathless silence in the school as Mr. Dana announced the result, and called Adeline to the platform to receive the reward of her industry.

"I know I have one more credit than Amy Harrod, Mr. Dana," said Adeline, advancing toward the platform ; "but the prize should be hers. She lost a credit this week by her kindness to me." And Adeline related the whole story. "Her scholarship has been equal to mine, sir, and her disinterestedness deserves to be rewarded."

As Adeline, with a kindling eye and glowing cheek, said these words, a murmur of approbation passed round the school.

"It is fairly yours, Adeline," said the teacher, placing a beautiful writing-desk in her hands.

"It may be fairly mine, sir; but I should not enjoy it, while I felt that it was really due to another. With your leave, I shall give it to Amy Harrod. Take it, Amy. It is yours for your scholarship, as well as for your goodness."

As Amy hung back, trembling and confused, Mr. Dana called her from her seat, and, taking the desk from Adeline, gave it to Amy, saying, "My dear child, let Adeline have her reward in returning a kindness. Did I not think your scholarship equal, I should not suffer this disposal of the prize. As it is, I think, with Adeline, that a disinterested deed should not go unrewarded."

Amy, with tears in her eyes, could only courtesy her thanks, and was surrounded, when the bell rang, with earnest and eager congratulations. The prize could not have fallen where it would have given more universal satisfaction. Adeline's friends joined in the general joy, and Adeline herself felt a thrill of uncommon happiness.

"O Adeline! how *could* you?" asked Amy, as soon as she could make herself heard.

"Because you really deserved it more than I. You have tried harder, and you lost the credit on my account; and, besides, you are *always* kind and generous," she would have added, "and I am not," but that it was almost too great a confession for her to make.

"I cannot help thinking," said Sarah Leslie to Adeline, as they walked home together, "that you were rather foolish to give up that desk to Amy. I know I should not have done it."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sarah, I feel so much obliged to Amy, that I should not feel any thing a sacrifice which I did for her."

"Rather a sudden change! I thought you had a decided aversion to her."

"That is true; but, when I found that she had proposed to the other girls to forego their credits while I was absent, I could not help feeling how much better she was than I; but I would not acknowledge it to myself, and disliked her more than ever, because I would not acknowledge it. Ever since, however, the conviction has been growing more and more upon me; and, when she went home yesterday for me, I determined that I would say before the whole school that she deserved the prize, if the credit she lost alone prevented her from winning it. She has cured me of my self-conceit, or at least," said Adeline blushing, "she has *begun* a cure; and I shall no longer think, that, because I can learn my lessons quickly, I am superior to all my schoolmates."

It will be hardly necessary to tell our readers of the mother's pleasure, when Grace Mitchell, full three minutes before Amy followed her, burst breathless into Mrs. Harrod's house with the tidings, which, as her strength was entirely exhausted with running, were comprised in two words which struggled forth at intervals — "Amy — prize." The appearance of Amy, carrying the desk very carefully, seemed to restore her breath; and while Mrs. Harrod gave Amy the smile and kiss, which of themselves were a sufficient reward, Grace told the whole story. Tears of joy stood in Mrs. Harrod's eyes. "I am pleased that Amy has the beautiful desk," she said; "but far more grateful to me is the knowledge that she can and does return good for evil."

We need only say in conclusion, that Adeline sought

more and more the friendship of Amy Harrod, and that in her society she became as modest and unassuming as Amy herself. ED.

THE WONDERFUL REPUBLIC.

At the present time, republics and republicanism are very exciting topics. A large portion of the people of Europe doubt whether nations are capable of self-government. Most of the glorious old republics of Europe have gone down, and some of them are now under shameful despotism. The eyes of the whole world are turned towards our Union; and it is to be hoped we shall prove that education, virtue, and industry will fit any people to govern themselves.

For these reasons, people are deeply interested in the history of all the republics that have ever existed, that they may ascertain the means by which they rose to prosperity, and the misfortunes or faults which hastened their downfall. Ancient Greece and Rome fell by their luxury and vice; and those splendid states of Northern Italy, Venice, Verona, Genoa, &c., which became republics just after the dark ages, have all disappeared but *one*, the most ancient of them all, which still retains the freedom it has held for fifteen hundred years.

You may suppose that this wonderful republic, called San Marino, must be a very powerful and populous state to be able to hold out so long among empires and kingdoms. Let us look on a large map of Italy, and near the enslaved state of Venice, about eleven miles south of

the city of Rimini, is a rude, craggy mountain, with a few smaller hills scattered around it. This is the whole extent of the ancient republic of San Marino. From the highest hill, on which stands La Citta, the capital, one may look over the whole of its territory, which is nowhere six miles across. It contains twenty-two square miles, and not quite eight thousand inhabitants.

The history of such a minute commonwealth is exceedingly curious and interesting. Near the close of the third century after Christ, the Roman emperor Diocletian commenced a terrible persecution of the Christians. This is called in history "the tenth persecution." At Rimini the slaughter became so horrible that the people at length rose against the emperor's proconsul, and defeated him in a battle. They were led on by a Dalmatian stone-cutter named Marino; but when the conflict had ended, he did not think it right that Christians should continue fighting, except in self-defence, and so he went with a number of families to the rude mountain which now bears his name.

Here he founded the little republic, and it has never been much enlarged, either in population or territory; though once or twice some of its more ambitious citizens have endeavored to add portions of land to their state. The consequence was that their avaricious neighbors seized on their growing wealth, depriving them of liberty for a short time. When restored to freedom, they thought best to keep within their ancient bounds; and so strictly have they adhered to this principle, that, when Napoleon Bonaparte offered to extend their country and increase their power, they declined his offer with many thanks.

The principles which have combined to preserve this singular people for such a length of time are worth looking into. Many persons have sneeringly said that the republic of San Marino was too small and insignificant for the neighboring tyrants to care about destroying it. It is true that this may be one reason why it has so long survived the proudest nations; but even this fact teaches us the important lesson, that humility and contentment in nations, as well as individuals, are often a protection against avarice and power.

But there are other reasons why it has stood so long. It was founded on principles of Christianity, which have been strictly adhered to. Education has been universally given to the inhabitants. The English writer, Addison, says that, when he visited the republic, he could not find any one who did not read and write. — *Selected.*

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT. — At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, wherever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed; and, upon its extraction, the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made, the supply of water being affected by neither rain nor droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets, and mosaic work. Below this, again, is a layer of earth; and at twenty-six feet walnut-trees are found entire, and with leaves and walnuts still upon them. At twenty-eight feet, soft chalk is found; and below this, vegetables and trees, as before.

THE SILKWORM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WEARIED by the labors of the day, Enos returned from the field. His face was burned by the heat of the sun, and his brow wore deep furrows of care.

Silently he stepped into the back-door. There sat Naema his wife, weaving, and before her lay three garments of soft wool, which she had made ready for her three sons; and all this so quietly that no one was conscious of her labor, for it was without pomp, and unassuming as her gentle nature.

But when Enos saw the three garments and the toilsome web, on which her unwearied hand still continued to labor, although the sun had set, a deep emotion seized him; and he hastened out before the door, and wept tears of bitter grief, as he thought of the careless freedom of our first parents, — of the time of endless blessings.

And he mourned over the lost Paradise, and said in gloomy bitterness: —

“Woe to us that the fruit of perdition, produced by the sin of our first parents, shall grow from generation to generation; and that the punishment of God, ‘In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread,’ shall be fulfilled even on the most pious!”

Then Naema came out of the hut, and drew near to him; for she had read the gloom upon his brow, and heard his words. But her face was mild and loving, and she said to him: —

“How can the will of the Lord grieve you? Is not

man blessed above all living creatures, through the light of the soul? Why will you afflict yourself, and quarrel with the wise arrangement of God?"

But Enos said, "Naema, I know that you conceal your wretchedness from me continually with gentle words; but the burden oppresses you as well as me. Even the beast in the wood is happier than we; for it lives away its little hour joyful, and free from care. But upon us rests the curse of sin; therefore is our life clogged with the burden of oppressive labor, and crushed with never-ceasing cares."

But Naema said, "Do not call labor a burden, beloved: it is to us the spice of life. Sweet tastes the peaceful meal, from the fruits which we have carefully raised, sweeter than the golden apples of paradise."

Thus spoke Naema; but Enos answered not, and sat down sadly and silently under the palm-trees before the door, where Naema with busy hand was preparing the evening meal.

Then came the sons of Enos back from the field, and their faces were beaming as the morning, and their eyes glistened with youthful life. They ran up to their parents, and began all at once to relate a wonder that they had seen.

But Naema commanded the young people to be silent, and said to Hamet, the oldest, "Speak, my son!"

Then Hamet began: "You know, my mother, that we have built us a little hut in the shadow of the mulberry-tree; for we love the place on account of its coolness and sweet fruit. We found there a singular animal, that lived on the leaves of the tree, little and insignificant like other worms, but of great diligence. Several days ago,

it began its arduous labor, and has never rested until this fine web, which we bring you, was finished. See, mother, the glittering threads! Do you wish that we collect the rest, and keep them for festival dresses?"

Thus spoke the boys; but Naema went with the silk web to Enos, and said, "Look, even this little creature obeys willingly the law of nature, — to care for others and to be useful! With what diligence has it made its short life blessed! See this fulness of glittering threads, which so small a creature has spun!"

And to her sons she said, "Go, and collect as much of this precious weaving as you can find, and bring it here."

"Bring the strange worm also, which shares man's lot," cried Enos; and the boys hurried joyfully down the hill.

"Surely," he now continued, "this being is created to be for us a true image of our wretchedness. Perhaps necessity is to it also a teacher, and death will be the reward of its toilsome day's work."

"Ever desponding, O Enos!" said Naema. "Cannot the same holy instinct, which leads man to deeds of love, inspire the little worm? It is so very beautiful to care for others, and one day to leave to those that come after us the fruits of our labor, that there is needed no other reward than the inward peace which flows from the heart."

Now came the sons back, bringing in a little basket many of the delicate balls, and also a few of the silkworms; and they laid both before the father.

Silently Enos considered the singular animals, a few of which were already half turned into the chrysalis state,

and said, "Look here! my conjecture has not deceived me: they are spinning for themselves a grave."

Then Hamet smiled and said: "At first we also thought so, my father; but now we know better. The little worm must first fulfil its destiny, ere it may rejoice in its reward. Therefore it labors unweariedly, and rests not, either day or night, so that we thought it was building its own grave. For a long time it lay wearied and deeply concealed in its close web, until, as we thought, it had turned to dust; when lo! there took place a dazzling change: a light butterfly broke forth through the prison of the little worm, and floated away on joyful wing over the flowers." "And blew back to us the glittering web," cried the second. "That we may always remember it," said the third.

Thereupon the face of Enos brightened; and he said to Naema, "Can we interpret this wonderful miracle as a blessed promise of God?"

And Naema answered, "Believe whatever may comfort you, beloved. In my heart the belief has ever been, that the inner life, the true joyfulness of the soul, ever the more beautifully unfolds its wings, the more the outer life is consecrated to the service of man."

E. D.

SOMEBODY says that politeness is like an air-cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

WITH time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. — *Spanish Proverb.*

PUZZLES.

WE give our readers a puzzle of a different kind this month; and we should be happy to have them send us answers, and exercise their own ingenuity in making puzzles themselves. We will gladly publish any good original puzzles which our little friends will send us.

I am a word of 16 letters.

My 6, 14, 4, 2, 8, is a kind of vessel.

My 10, 12, 5, 15, 2, is a tree of northern climates.

My 7, 11, 3, 14, 5, is a weapon used in ancient times.

My 11, 16, 9, 4, 2, is a delicious fruit.

My 15, 9, 1, 12, 11, 14, is a beautiful flowering tree.

My 2, 9, 5, 11, is a musical instrument.

My 6, 3, 12, 7, 1, is an important ingredient of bread.

My 15, 2, 9, 11, 13, 16, 8, is a wreath.

My whole has been justly considered the greatest modern wonder of the world.

We give a poetical answer to the charade in the June number, which was received too late for insertion in that of July. It is against our rule to publish any answer to a puzzle after it has once been printed; but this is so good that it deserves a place, if it is rather late. We hope for some answers to the puzzles of the July number.

ANSWER TO PRAIRIE BIRD'S CHARADE.

How clear above our heads

The summer vault extends!

How graceful at our feet

The slender floweret bends!

One charm alike they own,

Dyed in a kindred hue:

'Tis nature's purest tint, —

The lovely *Blue*.

Hark, what a solemn strain
 Swells on the silent air!
 From yonder heavenward spire,
 It summons us to prayer;
 While the call is echoed back
 From the blossom of the dell,
 As it rings in sweet accord
 Its slender *Bell*.

Pure messenger of heaven,
 Clad in celestial dye;
 Too delicate for earth,
 A floweret of the sky!
 Go, search the leafy grove,
 The shade it loves so well,
 For summer's fairest flower, —
 The sweet *Bluebell*.

Portsmouth, N.H.

CHARADE.

WHAT is our comfort in winter and storm?

My first.

What dances gaily when summer is warm?

My second.

What shows like a meteor its delicate form?

My whole.

What is most fearful when chainless and free?

My first.

What in old Egypt a terror could be?

My second.

What from the sunshine to shelter will flee?

My whole.

Portsmouth, N. H.



HOME JOYS.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

MR. PETERSON was the pastor of a small village-church in the heart of New England. He had always hoped to grow old and die among the flock over which he was first settled; and this hope grew stronger and stronger every year he lived, and time only bound him more and more strongly to the honest and faithful hearts about him.

He was accustomed to say to his wife, "We must look out for the *children*, we must teach the *children*. You know they are to be my parish by and by." With this view he established a Sunday-school, taught the teachers himself on some night in the week, and was rarely absent from the school on Sunday. He noticed on one occasion a gentle-looking little girl, about ten years of age. She had never been in the school before, and attracted his attention by the patient expression of suffering on her little face. He intended to ask her teacher some questions concerning her; but it slipped his mind, in the midst of many discussions and inquiries, for several teachers' meetings.

One Sunday, Miss Spring, the teacher, was sick; and the minister himself sat down to instruct her class. The quiet little child was there with the rest. Mr. Peterson talked with them all, and succeeded in making all talk to him, except the stranger. She, indeed, told him her name was Cecilia March, and that her aunt had not lived in the village long, and that her home was nearly at the top of Holmes' Hill. Mr. Peterson introduced several subjects with the view of inducing her to speak; but be-

yond a kindling of the soft blue eye, and a parting of the lips, he could win from her no token of interest.

"I must go and see this family," he thought: "perhaps my quiet little Cecilia talks more at home." During the week, therefore, he found his way to the top of the hill, and knocked at the door of the house. He heard a great bustle within, and a sharp word or two, and it was some minutes before he was admitted. The room, at once sitting-room and kitchen, was a pattern of neatness. The floor was nicely sanded; and the girl of fifteen, who opened the door, corresponded to the neat appearance of the house.

Mr. Peterson introduced himself, and said that he had only been aware that they were in the village since the Sunday before, and then only through a little girl, Cecilia March, who attended the Sunday-school. The girl whom he addressed muttered something about calling mother, and left the room. The minister sat down, and waited for a greater length of time than he could well spare; during which he heard much scolding, and once he fancied he distinguished the words, "It's all that Ciss's doings."

At last the mistress of the house appeared. She was a hard-featured woman, with, nevertheless, much good sense and shrewdness in her countenance. Mr. Peterson rose, and addressed her as Mrs. March.

"My name ain't March, sir," she replied, "though naturally enough you thought it was, since Ciss didn't tell you any different. My name's Warner."

Mr. Peterson corrected himself, and repeated what he had before said to the girl who had admitted him, — that he had only known of their arrival the Sunday before.

"Well, it's most a wonder you hadn't. Folks is generally very cur'ous to know about other people's concerns; though I'm one of the kind that lets people know I won't be meddled with." Here her countenance assumed such an expression that the pastor thought people would not desire to be *too* meddlesome.

"It was your daughter, I presume, who opened the door," he said: "I think I trace a resemblance to you in her face."

"Yes, that's my Mary Ann. Folks generally thinks she favors me; though, to my mind, she's all Warner."

"Would not she like to come to Sunday-school?" Mr. Peterson asked. "There is a class of girls about her age who have a very excellent teacher."

"Well, I don't know. I'd like to have her go pretty well; but she hain't no liking for books. She's a right smart girl to do chores, but I don't know about the school. As for Ciss, now, I tell her, she'll never earn the salt to her porridge. I'll set her to wash up the dishes, and ten to one she'll find an old scrap of newspaper, and half an hour afterwards they won't be touched. I tell her it's well I've got the patience of Job." Mr. Peterson looked as if he thought her patience might fall many degrees behind that of the patriarch; but Mrs. Warner did not see him. She had gone to the foot of the stairs to call Mary Ann.

Mary Ann appeared, but seemed rather unwilling to join the Sunday-school, though evidently pleased at being noticed by the minister. She finally promised to come and "try it a spell." Mr. Peterson assured her that it should not be his fault, if she did not like to come.

Mrs. Warner said she reckoned she should come to

church next Sunday; but she worked hard during the week, and commonly took Sunday to rest in.

As Mr. Peterson rose to go, he asked for Cecilia, saying that he had been very much interested in her, when he taught her class the previous Sunday.

Mary Ann uttered a peculiar giggle; and Mrs. Warner said, "Well, Ciss must have dreadful wheedlin' ways to other people. For my part, I think she's most too sulky."

This speech gave Mr. Peterson an insight into affairs at Mrs. Warner's; but he quietly bade them good morning, and left the house; but not without fancying he saw Cecilia peeping round its corner, with her eyes red and swollen, and thinking he heard a cross voice call, "Where's that lazy Ciss?"

On the next Sunday, as Miss Spring was still sick, Mr. Peterson took his seat with her class. Cecilia came hurrying in just as the bell rang to call the school to order, and sat timidly down. The lesson for that day was from Matt. x.; the precepts which Jesus gave the apostles when he sent them forth to go through Judea, "preaching the kingdom." Mr. Peterson read and explained verse after verse, occasionally asking the children what they thought was the meaning of some particular passage. When he read the verse, "He that taketh not up the cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me," he stopped and asked the children for an explanation. As he looked from one to the other, he saw Cecilia's eyes lighted up with an unusual depth of expression, and her lips moved as if to speak; but, when her eye caught her teacher's, it fell quickly, and a deep blush overspread her face, generally so pale.

"You can tell, I am sure, Cecilia."

Cecilia only said, "No, sir;" and Mr. Peterson explained it himself. He spoke of the martyrs who, from the time of Stephen almost down to our own day, had undergone the most terrible tortures on account of their faith. He spoke of many now, who bore patiently wrong, and oppression, and cruelty, and unkindness, because they knew that was the cross of Christ they were called to bear. He spoke of terrible sufferings of the body, of sickness lingering year after year, of deformities and helpless decrepitude, and told them how these had all been borne, even rejoiced in, through faith in the Saviour, and that the sufferers might be worthy of him. He said that every one who wished to be like Christ must take up the cross. Every person on earth had some cross to bear, children as well as grown men and women; and the child who bore an unkind word without resentment was as surely bearing the cross, and fitting herself to bear any which after-years might lay upon her, as the patient Stephen, when the stones of his martyrdom fell upon his devoted head.

Cecilia had listened with almost breathless attention, and she wiped away one or two tears with the corner of her little shawl. These tears touched Mr. Peterson's heart; and he determined that he, at all hazards, would know more of this child, who longed, if she was not already one, to become a lamb of the fold of the Good Shepherd; and he formed a plan for further acquaintance with her, which he thought might succeed.

Mrs. Warner and Mary Ann were both at church, but did not pay very close attention to the services. The minister spoke to them when these were over, and asked

Mary Ann how she had liked the Sunday-school. Mary Ann thought she might come the next Sunday, if the weather was not too warm. Mr. Peterson then turned to her mother, and asked if Cecilia might not come and dine at his house on the next Wednesday, with his little niece, Fanny Murray, who was to make them a visit. "We have no little children at home who are old enough to amuse Fanny much," he said; "and I shall be really obliged to you if you will allow Cecilia to come; and I shall expect to see you and your daughter at tea-time, to join our family circle, and afterwards escort Cecilia home."

Mrs. Warner had been tempted to refuse the invitation for her niece, even though Mr. Peterson had urged it as a favor to himself; but the prospect of drinking tea at the minister's was too great an event to be declined; and, besides, Mary Ann twitched her dress with so much importunity, that Mrs. Warner gave her consent. Mrs. Peterson came up just in time to renew the invitation, and told the little girl she must come very early, — at ten o'clock. Away went the Warners, mother and daughter, at a driving pace; while Cecilia, not strong enough to proceed at such a rate on a warm noon, walked more slowly behind.

We need hardly tell our readers how long the time till Wednesday morning seemed to our little friend. Most of them have many pleasures, and their anticipations of so frequent an occurrence as a visit are not very eager; but let each remember with what impatience he or she has waited for any delightful and uncommon pleasure, and they will have a correct idea of the state of Cecilia's mind. She hardly heard her aunt's scolding for not

reaching home sooner; and "for once in her life," as her aunt said, she did hasten to wash up the dinner-dishes, that she might climb into the bough of an old pear-tree; and build castles in the air with respect to her coming visit. Oh if Wednesday should rain!

But Wednesday did not rain; and, as the village-clock struck ten, Cecilia March pushed open the little white gate in front of the parsonage. Cecilia had ironed her prettiest calico dress with her own hands, and had blacked and polished her Sunday shoes. Her hair, always neatly arranged, had received this morning an extra brushing; and she looked so pleased and happy that Mrs. Peterson, who answered her timid knock at the door, with her baby in her arms, could scarcely realize that she was the same child.

If Fanny Murray had been as retiring as Cecilia March, they might have been together all day without saying much; but Fanny was as lively and sociable as any child need be; so she seized Cecilia's hand, told her how glad she was to see her, took her cape-bonnet and hung it on a nail in the back entry, and led her up stairs to make the acquaintance of her doll Minnie.

Were we to tell all the delights of Cecilia's day, we should fill several pages. The doll was a novelty. Cecilia had played with long-necked squashes dressed in an old shawl, and she had sometimes rolled up a towel into a dolly, but a real doll she had never owned; and Fanny was so pleased with her companion's delight, that the bell rang for dinner, at one, before either supposed that dinner had been thought of. Mr. Peterson was so kind at dinner, and said so many pleasant things, and Mrs. Peterson's voice was so sweet and her manner so gentle,

that the timid little girl found herself, to her own surprise, saying occasionally something more than her accustomed "yes, sir," or "no, sir."

Then, after dinner, Mr. Peterson placed a short ladder under a tree; and Mrs. Peterson gave each of the children a great white apron; and they climbed into the tree, and ate as many cherries as they wished. Then into the barn to see the little calf, and through the poultry-yard to look at the chickens, and away through the barn again to search for eggs, and there they found Mr. Peterson again, who had come through the barn to take a short cut across the fields to the house of a parishioner. He stopped a moment, took a rope that was tied round one of the slates, and, fastening it securely to a large beam, made the two children such a beautiful swing that Jane had to come out to tell them that tea was ready, and that Mrs. Warner and her daughter had come.

For some reason, the evening meal was not as pleasant as the dinner had been. Cecilia could not talk, though Fanny chattered as gaily as ever, and asked her quiet little friend if she had lost her tongue. Mrs. Warner and Mary Ann enjoyed themselves extremely. As they did not often go out to tea, they fancied that they must be extremely stiff in their behavior; and so they sat up very straight, and ate very little, because they imagined that such conduct was what they styled "genteel."

Mrs. Peterson, in her inmost heart, wished they had been less genteel; for she found it extremely difficult to entertain them. The cup of excellent tea, however, seemed to unloose the tongue of the elder lady; for, after the meal, she was as talkative as she had before been silent; and, when the shades of evening had fallen, she

summoned "Ciss" from the door-step, and bade her get her bonnet, declaring that she wished she "warn't so far off," and that, if she lived nearer, she should "drop in a spell most every day." Mrs. Peterson seized this auspicious opportunity to request that Cecilia might come down the next Wednesday to spend the day; adding that she could not invite the elder ladies, as she was going to a sewing meeting, but that Mr. Peterson would walk home with Cecilia. The request was readily granted, and the whole party set off in high good humor. ED.

(To be continued.)

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD.

IF my young American readers were in Italy, they would see a great many sights which would be strange to them, and some which would almost bewilder them with astonishment. Rome is one of the most wonderful places in the world. You could spend weeks, and even months, in sight-seeing there, and still there would be a great many interesting things either left unseen, or merely glanced at. To my own mind, the Etruscan and Roman antiquities are more worthy of attention than any thing else. I devoted far more time to them while in Rome than I did to the more modern objects of interest. The present city, as perhaps you may not have been informed, does not occupy exactly the site of the old one, though the ruins of the latter are more or less scattered all over the former.

The Coliseum is a most wonderful edifice. You have

heard of it, no doubt. It is a good deal ruined now ; but enough of it remains to show that it was, in its day, one of the most extraordinary piles of masonry that ever graced any city. I had been familiar with engravings of it, long before I saw the original ; and from these engravings I easily recognized it. But it is impossible to give an accurate sketch of such a building in a picture. The reality far surpasses any representations of it that I have seen.

This amphitheatre was founded by Vespasian in the year 72, and completed by Titus in the year 80, ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem. In the vast arena within the walls of the Coliseum, the gladiators, for more than four hundred years, had their combats, while thousands of spectators were ranged around them. At the dedication of the building by Titus, five thousand wild beasts were slain in the arena by the order of the emperor ; and the games in honor of the event lasted for more than one hundred days.

During the persecutions of the Christians, the amphitheatre was the scene of terrible barbarities. In the reign of Trajan, it is said, Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, was brought from his home to Rome, on purpose to be devoured by wild beasts in the Coliseum. I saw the place where the wild beasts were kept, in a half-starved state, ready to prey upon such victims as were placed in the arena.

During the middle ages, the Coliseum was turned into a fortress. It suffered a great deal from the northern tribes, when they overran all Italy ; but it has suffered still more from the barbarism of the popes. Scores of palaces and churches have been built almost entirely from

materials taken from this edifice. But it is still a noble pile, — noble in its ruin.

I do not at all fancy the way in which the popes sanctify all the old relics of heathen antiquity. I am not pleased, for instance, to see a statue, which served the old Romans in the capacity of Apollo, christened as St. Paul. I do not approve of taking a bronze statue of Jupiter, and setting it up in the greatest and grandest church in the world, and kissing the foot of it, as a genuine statue of St. Peter. Still I can excuse the liberties which the pontiffs have taken with the Coliseum; for their innovations put an end to the robbing of the edifice.

In the middle of the arena now stands a cross, and on that cross I saw that an indulgence of two hundred days is promised to any one who will kiss it. That is the way popery sanctifies paganism. But we will not mind that in the present case, so that the Coliseum is robbed no more of its grandeur. The cross in the centre of the arena is only a small part of the tinkering which the popes have done there. They have set up some dozen or more of Christian statues, at regular intervals, around it; and sorry-looking things they are too. On one side of the arena, a rude pulpit has recently been built; and once a week a monk holds forth in it, and delivers himself of some truth, with a great deal of error and nonsense.

There are four stories to the Coliseum. The outward elevation is somewhat higher than the inside one. The walls seem to be nearly entire in one section of the edifice, though it is hardly possible to determine this point with certainty. The diameter of the whole building, the

longest way, — for it was slightly elliptical, and not a perfect circle, — is six hundred and twenty feet; the diameter, the shortest way, five hundred and thirteen feet. Around the arena were arranged, upon walls gradually sloping toward the centre, the seats for the spectators. There were four tiers of seats, corresponding with the four stories. There is still to be seen, though considerably damaged by time and robberies, the *podium*, a kind of covered gallery, on which the emperor, the senators, and the vestal virgins, had their seats. The whole building was said to have been capable of holding eighty-seven thousand persons.

There is a staircase, a work of modern times, leading to the upper stories; and, for one of the finest views I had in Rome, I am indebted to the ascent of these stairs. As you walk along, on the highest story of the Coliseum, you see a most singular variety of flowers, and shrubs, and trees, almost growing on those broken and ruined walls. I have been told that naturalists have counted upward of two hundred and fifty different species of plants growing around those piles of masonry. This feature in the view we have in the galleries of the amphitheatre adds greatly to its interest.

I saw it first in the daytime; but the view I had of it, from different points on the broken walls, in the clear light of the full moon, made a far deeper impression upon me than the first one. I shall never forget how wildly and sweetly the moonbeams played among the broken walls, and glanced through the arches of that vast theatre, once the favorite resort of Roman nobles and emperors, now a splendid ruin, with a whole garden of flowers blooming in its galleries.

Near the Coliseum are the ruins of what was once the palace of the mighty Cæsars. A loud knock on the gate of the enclosure of these ruins brought the porter, who, for a paul, a Roman coin of about the value of ten cents, allowed us to enter. By the way, a paul or two will unlock almost any gates and doors in Rome. In many instances, if there is ever so strict a prohibition — as there may be, at least, on certain days — against entering, one glimpse of the silver will speedily turn the porter from the lion into a lamb, and the visitor soon finds himself perfectly at home. Many and many a time, when I have applied for admission to a given place of interest, and have been told the thing was impossible, I have coaxed the porter to let me in by slipping a paul or two into his hand. Peter is very powerful in Rome; but *paul* is scarcely less so.

As I said, I was admitted with very little difficulty through the gate of the grounds on which once stood the palace of the Cæsars. But the palace was not there. Only a few comparatively small piles of masonry are standing; and they are scattered over a large villa at irregular intervals, so that one can hardly see what relation they had to each other, and to the stupendous edifice of which they formed a part. The principal object of interest — so it struck me — is a hall, which appeared as if it might have been occupied by guests waiting for an audience with the emperor. In this hall is a jet, still flowing perhaps as in the olden time. A singular effect, which I do not remember to have witnessed elsewhere, has been produced in these long ages by the flow of the water along the marble ornaments, on its way to the basin below. The ornaments have become, as it were, dis-

solved by time and the action of the water ; and they have now formed stalactites, such as you may have seen in a limestone cave.

A large vineyard now covers much of the area occupied by this splendid palace ; and it is impossible to ascertain the exact boundaries of the edifice. The few halls which still survive the wreck of time are stripped of their dress, and are desolate and barren. Some arabesques on the walls still remain, though so much obliterated that it is difficult for the eye to trace the figures.

There would seem to be but little doubt that Paul, while in Rome, was familiar with the palace of the Cæsars. In his Epistle to the Philippians, you recollect, he says, "They of Cæsar's household salute you." This probability gives additional interest to these ruins.

Near the palace, and in full view, is the Capitol. The emperor Nero, who, as you will recollect, according to some historians of his time, set the city of Rome on fire, and charged the crime to the Christians, made a bridge from the palace to the Capitol. Just below the palace, and extending to the Capitol, was the Forum ; an open square, with a pavement, in which Cicero used to electrify the Romans with his eloquence. The triumphal processions, which are so celebrated, all passed through the Forum to the Capitol. The earth has accumulated on the floor of the Forum to the depth of fifteen feet or more, and only a very small part of the area which once covered it has been excavated ; though, while I was in Rome, workmen were employed in removing the earth — very slowly it seemed to me — from other portions of it. It is to be hoped that the entire pavement of the

Forum will eventually be laid bare. A place rendered so famous, not only by its connection with the political aspect of Rome, but for the thoughts which were uttered there, that determined the fate of other powerful nations, ought surely to be brought to the light.

There can be but little doubt that the apostle Paul hallowed the Forum with his presence; and, though I cannot accuse myself of being an enthusiastic relic-hunter, much less a relic-worshipper, I own that I carried away a small piece of that pavement, with the hope that it was once pressed by the feet of that great and holy man.

Some of the most astonishing ruins of ancient Rome are those of the baths. You have heard of the Roman baths no doubt; but you can hardly conceive of the extent and grandeur of them. Among those which are best preserved are the baths of Caracalla. With the exception of the Coliseum, they are the most extensive ruins in Rome. They spread over an area of not less than a mile in circuit. Some 250 years after Christ, these baths were completed; and for a long time they were the pride of the Roman people. There are very few of the statues and paintings which once adorned these walls now preserved here. They have been removed to different places; a great portion of them, I should think, to the museum of the Vatican, judging from the great number I saw there. In this museum, too, are some baths, of the richest marble and other costly material, of most extraordinary size and elegance, which were brought from this place, and which were doubtless devoted to the use of the emperors.

Until within comparatively a few years, the pavement

of the baths of Caracalla was covered to a considerable depth with earth. We can still trace, among the ruins, some remains of the large reservoirs, and of the aqueduct which supplied the baths. Historians tell us there were sixteen hundred marble seats in the building, for the use of the bathers.

Like all the other ruins of Rome, multitudes of flowers and large shrubs are growing on the broken walls of this immense building. The amount of vegetation in every part of the ruins gives the place an extremely picturesque appearance. It was here, if my memory serves me, in the midst of these remains of ancient greatness and elegance, that the idea first occurred to the mind of Gibbon, of writing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE PET OF THE FAMILY.

THE title of my tale probably suggests to my young readers the image of a pretty Maltese kitten, all grace and frolic; or a noble Newfoundland dog, who has saved, or may save, somebody's life; or a docile pony, who trots round the lawn demurely with the tiniest child of the household on his back; or a snow-white lamb, who submits to have his neck wreathed with flowers on a holiday by the little folks, who forget that he will ever be mutton. It may be that my "pet" is that most original and joyous of songsters, whom people have insulted by calling him a mocking-bird, as if he could do nothing but imitate; or it may be that universal favorite (why

so I never could guess, stupid thing!) the canary-bird; or it may be a fan-tailed pigeon, all conscious of his beauty, if we interpret his airs and graces correctly.

No. The pet about whom I have been pondering to-day is of a nobler race than these; one not more easily trained, but far more easily spoiled. It is a curly-headed, bright-eyed boy.

Eustace Murray was the youngest child of Capt. Murray. His father went abroad with his wife and five older children when Eustace was but a baby; for Mrs. Murray was in bad health, and Capt. Murray preferred a foreign education for his children: so they lived seven years in Italy. Eustace, in the meantime, was brought up by a sensible maiden-aunt, who took great pains with him. But at last Capt. Murray came home, bought a large house, furnished it elegantly, and went to house-keeping. His eldest son did not live at home, — he was studying law; but the four daughters, who were none of them handsome, but very accomplished, were perfectly delighted with their beautiful little brother, whom they had not seen since he was a year old. Poor aunt Alice was grieved enough to give up so fine a child, who had been her chief care and object in life so long, especially as she knew that at so tender an age a totally different system of education might materially impair the effect of all she had done. She had striven to lay a deep foundation of early piety and good principles; but, alas! Eustace was only nine years old when his wise aunt died, leaving him wholly under the guidance of idolizing parents and four sisters, who thought him perfection.

And now Eustace was "the pet of the family." At

first it seemed very strange to him to hear his beauty talked about, and his smart speeches repeated. Equally strange was it at first to find there were no family prayers in his father's house; and that the carriage was ordered out for a drive on Sunday afternoon; and that his father and mother would play cards, and his older sisters would "polk" for whole evenings; and that he was allowed to sit up late, eat rich dinners and hot suppers, and drink a little champagne.

At first his amazement was communicated to Aunt Alice, — his painful amazement. And she, poor soul, who had a perfect reverence for the bond between parent and child, and would have thought it a deadly sin to intimate to him that his father or mother could possibly make a mistake, was greatly perplexed how to reconcile her various duties. She did not know how to hold up a right view of the use of time, and other important principles to him, without censuring his nearest friends; and possibly this anxiety may have affected her health, and hastened her end. At all events, she died suddenly; and then there was no longer a single counteracting influence to save him from the dangers of his position; nothing but the recollection of those holy early lessons, which every thing tended to efface speedily. He had loved Aunt Alice dearly, and he did not forget her; but so delighted was he with being the pet of the family, — how could he remember all her instructions?

Eustace was naturally a modest, intelligent, generous-hearted boy. He had been taught to think much of others, and little of himself. He had been taught this practically, not theoretically. He had always been held in his proper position as a little boy, very quietly; never

had had any fuss made about him, either in putting him down or holding him up, but came to his father's house quite simple, unaffected, and kind. His temper was hot; but he had learned that patience and self-control were just what he most needed, and could acquire.

Let us see how it was with him four years after the death of Aunt Alice.

Eustace came home from school one day in high wrath, and, throwing down his satchel, full of books, exclaimed, "Mother, I won't go to school another day."

"Why, my precious son, what is the matter?"

"Mr. Barnes is a mean fellow; he's partial, and that's matter enough. I'm not going to school where there are favorites."

"But, my child, if Mr. Barnes has a favorite, I should think you would be the one of all others. You know you are with everybody."

"I know I'm not with him, and that is enough. I've got a little too much spirit for him. I speak up when he finds fault with me for nothing; and such sneaks as Jim Mason and Timothy Gerard are the fellows he likes. I shall ask father to take me from school immediately. I won't go another day."

How poor Aunt Alice would have gazed in sad surprise at her beloved nephew, as he uttered this passionate speech, kicked the satchel away, and, disrespectfully twitching himself from under his mother's hands, who was endeavoring to part his hair on his forehead soothingly, threw himself full length on the sofa. Mrs. Murray sat down beside him much distressed; and his sister Fanny quitted her drawing, and gentle Mary laid down her worsted-work, to hear the history of Eustace's

wrongs. He had not been at Mr. Barnes's school more than a month; but he had a long list of grievances to recount, all of which, to be sure, had been announced at home as they occurred; but now recapitulated under violent excitement, and with a little exaggeration, they sounded formidable indeed. The father came home to dinner in the midst of the tempest; and it was hard to know which had been the sufferer, — mother, daughter, or son, so vehement were the declarations against "that shameful Mr. Barnes." But as soon as Capt. Murray ascertained the fact that Mr. Barnes had actually presumed to intimate that he must punish Eustace if he did not get his lessons better, and pay more attention to the regulations of the school, he hotly declared that no rascal of a schoolmaster should touch *his* boy, and ordered a servant off instantly to bring home the rest of Eustace's books and the master's bill.

The excess of sympathy poured upon the boy's wounded feelings, and the hastiness of his father's decision, produced a little re-action. Eustace's conscience told him, that, of the five masters to whom he had been sent, Mr. Barnes was the best by far; a just, kind, discerning man, whose patience he had been trying daily. He hung his head, and began to murmur something about, "Perhaps he had better try Mr. Barnes a little longer; perhaps he had been somewhat to blame himself."

"You darling child," exclaimed Mrs. Murray; "that is just like you, always so good and generous. I am sure you ought not to be put under any tyrant."

"No, indeed," cried Fanny, "you are just the boy to be imposed upon."

"Dear little soul!" said the fond Mary, passing her

arm round his neck, "how can anybody be such a brute as to think of hurting such a handsome creature! He wouldn't whip you, would he?"

"Whip him!" burst forth the father, indignantly.

"Take your arm away, Mary," exclaimed Eustace, shaking her off impatiently; "I am too big to be hugged like a baby. I didn't say he would *whip* me."

"I won't have you punished, my boy, any way. I'll have nothing more to do with these vulgar schools. No gentleman's son has any business at them."

"Ah! that's right, my dear," said his mother; "you know I never did want to have him go to school. I always thought schools were rough places for the dear child. I am so thankful you have come to the same conclusion."

"I'll get him a private tutor to-morrow."

Here was an end of all the good Eustace might have derived from passing several hours daily among those who would not "pet" him. To be treated as if he were of no more consequence than others was just what he needed.

It was no easy matter to find the right tutor for such a boy. Three were tried, and then there was a long interval. No young man of the proper qualifications would undertake the charge of a boy who was notoriously a spoiled child.

About this time, three events took place in the family. The two eldest sisters of Eustace married, and went away with their dashing husbands, — one to New Orleans, and one to Philadelphia. In the same summer, Walter, the eldest son of Capt. Murray, came home to live.

Walter had formed some judicious friendships, and

was himself a sensible, high-minded, conscientious young man. He was sincerely religious. I need not say that he was neither ashamed of it, nor proud of it; for no truly religious person can be either. In his occasional short visits at home, he had taken no small interest in the character and position of his young brother, for whom he felt very anxious; and, strange as it might appear to some, although he was the only one of the family who was not wholly subservient to the whims of Eustace, there was no one, on the whole, whom Eustace treated so properly.

But Walter had not been at home three months before he felt the difficulty of his position. Eustace, accustomed to idolatry, missed it from Walter. He began to grow imperious even with him; and, when Walter kindly and wisely attempted to remonstrate with his parents and sisters on the course they were pursuing, they almost resented it, and even dropped some hints respecting jealousy, which had the effect of silencing the faithful brother for a time; only for a time. He but waited to study his difficult course more carefully. L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

PEARLS AND PEARL-FISHING.

THE substance called pearl occurs in two forms: in smooth shining plates of variable thickness, called mother-of-pearl, of which buttons, knife-handles, and many beautiful fancy articles are made; and in round, or nearly round drops or balls, from the size of a mustard-seed to that of a boy's marble. These are the real pearls, and

are used for making necklaces and head-dresses, or are set as jewels in bracelets, rings, and other articles of personal ornament.

These lustrous objects have been celebrated from very early times. They are mentioned in the Book of Job, one of the most ancient in the Bible. Speaking of the inestimable value of true wisdom, he says, "But where shall wisdom be found? Man knoweth not the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of *pearls*; for the price of wisdom is above rubies." Pearls are often spoken of in the Bible, and always as articles of beauty and costliness.

History also tells us that the monarchs of all nations eagerly sought after them. In Rome, at the time of its greatest glory and luxury, pearls held the highest rank among precious stones. The Roman ladies used them on every part of their dress, and sometimes wore three or four in each ear. Sometimes these were of such immense value, that one of their philosophers once reproved a lady for carrying her husband's fortune in her ears. Julius Caesar presented a lady with one worth \$217,976 of our money. You have probably read of the strife between Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, and Mark Antony, to see which could give the most sumptuous and costly banquet. Antony lavished all his treasures; but Cleopatra conquered him by dissolving a magnificent pearl in vinegar, and swallowing it. This foolish draught cost about \$360,000.

When Caesar invaded Great Britain, one of the first objects to which he turned his attention was the collect-

ing of pearls. He brought home a buckler made of British pearls, and hung it up in one of the temples of Rome. When the Spaniards reached the shores of the New World, they were surprised to find the Indians decked out with pearl necklaces and bracelets. Thus, in all countries, we find this sea-born gem most eagerly sought for. No wonder, then, that people have always desired to know how they are produced.

As we have already stated, *mother-of-pearl* and *pearls* are very different forms of the same substance. Those of you who have never seen pearls may at any time see the substance called *mother-of-pearl*, by examining the inside surface of oyster-shells, or of those long black shells found in ponds and brooks, and usually called fresh-water clams or mussels. This smooth and glittering surface is, in reality, pearl, though naturalists call it *nacre*.

Shell-fish are produced from eggs, and at first are covered with a soft black shell; but, as they grow larger, this covering becomes hard, and would hurt the soft body of the oyster if it could not line it with some smooth substance. It is therefore provided with a thick, shining juice, called the *nacral* fluid; and every year it spreads a thin coat of this over the interior of its dwelling, which hardens, and becomes mother-of-pearl. In these same shells are found the beautiful round pearls used as jewels. Sometimes they are fastened to the upper or lower half of the shell; but often they roll about loosely in their fairy dwelling, while the largest and purest generally lie in the pulpy body of the oyster.

Mussels are the principal fresh-water shells which produce pearls; but their pearls are generally of an irregu-

lar shape and of a pale white lustre. Almost every *bivalve* (double shell) fish is supplied with *macral* juice, and can therefore produce pearls. The shell, however, which produces most of the pearls of commerce, is what is commonly called the pearl-oyster, or mother-of-pearl shell. This is often of large size, measuring ten or twelve inches in diameter; and the inside is even brighter and more beautiful than the pearl itself. The body of the pearl-oyster is very white and fat, but so rank as to be unfit for food, though sailors have often eaten them for want of something better, and one of them stewed in its own shell has made a meal for five men.

The name "pearl" is derived from the Latin word *sphærule*, or *sphæra*, meaning a globe or ball; and mother-of-pearl derives its name from the old supposition, that it is the source or mother from which the true pearl springs. Though the ancients used them constantly as ornaments, yet they were ignorant of the origin of these splendid jewels. They had some strange and fanciful ideas about them. Even wise men and naturalists supposed that the oyster floated on the surface while it was raining, or the dew falling, and, opening its shell, received the liquid drops, which afterwards hardened into pearls.

But that matter-of-fact science, chemistry, which has proved the diamond to be nothing but charcoal, tells us that pearls are merely carbonate of lime mixed with some of the membrane of the oyster. But it seems that pearls are not found in all pearl-shells, which proves that they are not a regular production; for, if they are, why should one pearl-oyster have them more than another?

It has been ascertained that the fish produces the pearl in order to get rid of some cause of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand which has worked itself between the oyster's skin and its shell. As this annoys the animal very much, until it is covered with a smooth coat of membrane, over which is spread a layer of *nacre*, the next year a fresh coat of membrane is added, covered with another layer of *nacre*, and so on every year, until the pearl grows to a large size.

At other times, the irritation is caused by some enemy boring through the shell in order to eat its inhabitant. The oyster immediately plugs up the opening made, and shuts out the intruding housebreaker. After many years, a beautiful jewel glistens over this spot.

All the pearls formed in this manner stick fast to the shell, and are not, therefore, perfectly round. The most valuable ones are those found in the oyster's body, or between its skin and the shell, but entirely detached from either.

The round pearls are formed in the following manner: When the oyster lays its eggs, they remain in the shell for a time before they are cast out in the shape of young oysters; but sometimes one of the eggs is left in, or under the fish, and does not leave the shell like the others. It soon begins to irritate the soft flesh of the animal, who covers it with a coat of *membrane* and *nacre*, thus forming it into a little pearl. A great many of these are found sometimes in one oyster. They are called seed-pearls. This beginning of a jewel continues rolling loosely about, and other coverings of pearl-juice are added the next year, and the next, till it becomes a large and splendid ornament, fit for a royal crown.

The shape of these "gems of the sea" is not often changed by art; for people could not improve their natural appearance. For the sake of economy, a large, round one is often split in halves, and each half set as an ornament, making two pearls out of one.

One of the most beautiful of pearls belongs to the Prince of Muscat. It is perfectly round, and so lustrous, that, when it is taken from the sunshine into a dark place, it still continues to flash and glisten, as though the light had penetrated and remained in it. But the most perfect gem of this kind ever yet discovered was fished up by an Arab from the Persian Gulf in the year 1638. He sold it to the King of Persia for the enormous sum of \$500,000 of United States currency. This monster jewel is pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without blemish. It is one and a half inch long, about the size of a small harvest-pear.

The principal pearl-fisheries in the eastern hemisphere are the Persian Gulf, the waters around Ceylon, and the Red Sea. In America, the Caribbean Sea and California are the two principal places for obtaining them. The best oysters are found in water forty or fifty feet deep, and sometimes a diving-bell is let down for the purpose; but the usual method is for men to dive for them. About twenty men go out in each boat; and, when they reach the fishing-ground, four or five at a time prepare to dive.

In very deep water, they cannot reach the bottom without some heavy weight to assist their descent; for deep water is very thick and heavy at the bottom, on account of the great quantity pressing down upon it. The weights used are large stones, fastened by a long cord to the boat. When about to plunge, the diver seizes the

rope to which the stone is attached with the toes of his right foot, taking a bag made of network with his left. By long practice, he has learned to use his toes almost as readily as his fingers. He then seizes another rope with his right hand, and, holding his nostrils shut with the left, plunges in feet first.

On reaching the bottom, he contrives to hang the bag around his neck, and quickly collects as many oysters as he can in his net. Sometimes he finds what is called an *oyster cable*, that is, fifty or more shells holding on to each other in a string, which he instantly coils into his net without breaking it. In this way two hundred are often procured at a single dive.

When he can hold his breath no longer, he pulls the rope held in his right hand, lets go the stone from his foot, leaving it to be drawn up afterward, and is rapidly pulled to the surface by his companions in the boat. The first set of divers then rest themselves, while the others take their turn. Thus they proceed, each set plunging down alternately till the boat is loaded; when they are wrapped in large bags or mats, and buried in the ground until the fish dies. The shell can then be easily opened, without danger of injuring the pearls, which might be done by opening them while fresh. The pearls are carefully rounded and polished with pearl-dust, and then sorted out for sale.

So great is the exertion of this deep plunging, that, when drawn into the boat, the poor divers discharge water, and often blood, from the mouth, ears, and nose. This does not, however, prevent them going down again, and making forty and fifty dives a day.

Owing to the danger and difficulty of obtaining the real

pearl, many attempts have been made to produce them by artificial means; and some have proved highly successful. The Chinese, a people ever ingenious in artifice, have long been famous for the skill with which they have produced these valued gems within the pearl-producing shells. One method is, by taking a small portion of the shell, and turning it in a lathe into hemispheres of different sizes. These they introduce through the shell of the oyster, with the convex surface toward the animal. This prominent part, proving a source of irritation to the creature, soon gets covered with a coat of nacre; and a fresh one is added annually. Half pearls are thus formed in a few years, which, when set, will pass off undiscovered by an inexperienced eye.

Another method is said to be by opening a shell very carefully, and scraping off a small portion of the internal surface. In its place is inserted a spherical piece of mother-of-pearl, about the size of a small grain of shot; and it serves as a nucleus on which is deposited the pearly matter, and in time forms pearls. A fine specimen of a fresh-water shell from China, which is in the British Museum, contains several very fine, regular-shaped pearls of the most beautiful water. On examining them, they all appear to have been formed by introducing into the shell, when it was younger and thinner, pieces of mother-of-pearl, roughly filed into a plano-convex form. But, of the great number obtained in this manner, it is very rare to find any that have that perfect form and lustre which give to the gem its principal value. — *Schoolmate.*

SORROW and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Longfellow.

HOLY LAND.

"DEAR mother, were I free to rove,
And visit distant lands,
And range from fields of polar ice
To golden tropic sands,

"I would not rest where pleasant France
Spreads forth the clustering vine,
Nor yet where rise the castles old,
Along the lordly Rhine.

"Not Italy should stay my steps
'Mid Venice' hundred isles,
Or where St. Peter's soars aloft
Amongst Rome's crumbling piles.

"No! farther yet my feet should roam;
And where the Kedron flows,
And by the Mount of Olivet,
Would I at length repose.

"Across the wave of Galilee
My little bark should glide,
While to my heart came thoughts of him
Who stilled its restless tide.

"I'd climb the hills when from the lake
Chill blew the evening air,
And on the spot where Jesus prayed
My heart should rise in prayer."

"Few are the favored ones, my child,
That hallowed ground who roam;
But you may tread in Jesus' steps,
While in your childhood's home.

"Your silent room that holy mount
Of prayer and peace may be;
And, when your heart is sad and dark,
There is Gethsemane.

"As calm upon the evening breeze
The thought of him may float,
As if across the wave-tossed lake
Shot forth your fragile boat.

"Whene'er your thoughts in prayer to God
Or love to man expand,
You need not wander o'er the earth:
Your heart is Holy Land."

ED.

A RUSSIAN BATH.

I MOUNTED a drosky, and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half-naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath; but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind, compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator

placed me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam, like a thick fog, into every part of this room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop, dipped in soap and hot water; then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water, from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was as hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench: the vapor, which had almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and, finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and, when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end; but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me get up; but he did not understand me, or was loth to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and, as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot, that it seemed to hiss as it touched me. He

came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian, in mid-winter, rushes from his hot-bath, and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man. — *Stephens.*

BIBLE LESSONS.

NO. 8. — THE COURAGE OF JESUS.

WE dwell so often, when we read the record of Christ's life, upon his pity, his forgiveness, and his love, that we are apt to forget that his was a perfect character, and that what are called the hardier virtues shone as brightly in him as those which at first strike us. Of no one of these divine excellencies is this more true than of his courage, his moral courage. We read of the ascent up Calvary, of the patience and fortitude which supported him under his bodily suffering, and under the taunts of the crowd; but we forget that sublime courage which sustained him, which made clear to the eye of faith that the cross, the emblem then of every thing which was hated and scorned, should be in years to come the token of every thing venerated and sacred.

Before the ministry of Jesus began, he went away into the deserts of Judea to meditate upon his high and holy mission, and to commune with the Father. There,

say the Scriptures, Satan came and tempted him. The temptation, as we believe, was not in outward form, but in suggestions to his heart, — suggestions that might excite ambition, love of power, or appetite; but high over all temptation rose the noble principle which could say to each, "Get thee hence, Satan."

Again, the Jews had many superstitious observances of the Sabbath, which the courage of the Saviour broke through, in order that he might heal and bless. He obeyed the higher law which commanded him to do good on the sabbath-day, and incurred the displeasure of the officers and the penalties of the Jewish law.

Our Lord knew that he was sent to preach the truth, and courageously did he reprove the Scribes and Pharisees, even when he saw their countenances inflamed with anger and malice.

Children, you are surrounded by temptations. The care of the best and most watchful parents cannot keep you from them. You must learn to resist them; and, to do this, you need *moral courage*. With it your character will be upright and firm; without it, weak and unsteady. You all know what we mean by moral courage: it is the courage which stays the hand raised to give the angry blow, because it is wrong to quarrel. It is courage which enables this same boy to stand quietly by, and hear himself called a coward. It is courage which leads a boy or girl to forego some favorite amusement rather than disobey a parent. It is courage which prevents a child from joining in any sports which will injure any one's property or feelings, or the life or comfort of any dumb animal. This is the highest kind of courage, — the courage of Jesus.

Would you, then, be truly brave? You must seek this virtue where Jesus sought it. Alone, in the wilderness, in silent prayer, he gained the strength for his work. You need not go to the wilderness; but, in the silence and solitude of your own chamber, when the morning birds wake you from slumber, or when the silent stars alone watch your couch, you can pray, as we know the Saviour prayed, for strength.

The world is full of beautiful examples of the highest moral courage since the time of the Saviour; but the world still needs them. You, children, are growing up to take the places of your fathers. Have the courage to think right, and speak right, and act right. Every child likes to think that he shall be a good and worthy, and perhaps even a distinguished man. Let each remember, then, that beneath all true greatness lies moral courage. If you are courageous enough to think and speak right, perhaps some one who has not the courage to act for himself will follow you, because he thinks you are right; perhaps, too, some one may be led by your example to think and act for himself.

Be brave, then, for the right. The world calls upon all its little children to be brave; Jesus sets you the example; and a kind, heavenly Father never suffers a good word or deed to be lost.

ED.

"TRUE glory, says one of the ancients, is to be acquired by doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read; and by making the world the happier and the better for our having lived in it." —
Rogers.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 17.

TUESDAY, *Aug.* 22. — This morning, while we were playing on the beach, we saw some of the high rocks all covered with little dark shells. We thought we could get a great many, and have a baby-house museum; but, when we tried to get them, they seemed to have grown down fast to the rocks. At last we took pieces of stone and pounded them off, and carried them home in our aprons. We thought it would make them shine brighter if we washed them with nice soap; but, just as we had put them into the water, aunty called us to her room for our sewing hour. After the sewing, I went down stairs for Eddie's milk, and then I heard such a squealing up in mother's room, — "O Annie! Cousin Annie! Come! Come quick! this very minute: our little shells; *they have got somebody in them with black horns!* O Annie! they are all walking away! They are, truly."

Black horns! I should think they were! Marching all over the wash-stand, and out into the entry, and off on to the piazza. It made me think of Esther's funny play, which used to make us laugh so. Lucy was as funny as the shells. She kept jumping up and down, and calling to everybody in the house, and everybody laughed. We picked up as many of our little black horns as we could find; but, the moment we touched them, they popped back into their houses, and were nowhere to be seen. Then Lucy stopped jumping and squealing; and, as soon as we were very quiet, out popped the long

horns again, and off marched the queer little things, with our shells upon their backs. Lucy said, "O aunty! how glad they are that we hammered them off of the rocks! They *never* could move, all grown down there." But aunt Mary told us, that they were snail-shells; that the little creatures lived in them for houses, and fastened them to the rocks themselves, whenever they pleased, that the waves might not dash them about and break them. Eddie looked at them with such sober eyes; he wouldn't laugh at all. At last mother said, "Well, children, I don't see how I can accommodate so many ocean-inhabitants in my room. You may take them down to the beach for a walk: they will enjoy that much better." And so our baby-house museum went back again to the sea.

Wednesday afternoon. — I used to like the sewing hour in aunt Mary's room with Lucy. But lately it has made me afraid, and to-day it made me cry; and this is the reason. The other day, when I was copying Miss Everett's letter, aunt Mary came and said she would finish it for me because I looked so tired. She wrote beautifully, and I looked on. When it was done, she asked me, "Shall I read any of your journal, Annie?" *Read my journal?* Why, I write all my *thoughts* in it; naughty and good thoughts. I wouldn't have *any* one see it for the whole world! But aunt Mary has been very kind to me: she gave me the journal-book, and I did not wish to say no. At first she smiled pleasantly; but then she looked straight into my eyes, with such a serious look, it made the tears come into them: all I could do would not stop that. Then she said, "My dear child, don't draw such a long breath, and don't blush

so. You never write any *wrong* things in your journal, do you?" I took the book as soon as she offered it to me, and ran away and cried, I don't know what for, only because I was afraid I should, and because my cheeks were so hot. Ever since then, I have been thinking she would ask me about it; and to-day she did: "Annie, I wish you would tell me *why* you were so unwilling I should see your journal." Oh, dear me! I couldn't answer her any thing, and then I cried again, and what she will think I don't know.

Friday, 25th. — Yesterday, mother took me with her and aunty to make calls. We had Mr. Beech's old family horse; but when he got into a shady, pleasant little road, he seemed to think he was going the wrong way. He likes to go into the city with Mr. Beech, but he won't go anywhere else if he can help it. He looked round rather cross, and he shook his head, and shook his tail, and then began to *back*, so that I thought he would turn us all out into the road and run home alone. "Oh, please, mother, let him do as he likes, and go home," I said. But mother said, "Oh, no, Jemmy, you must do as we like, and go on." But he would not mind any thing; he backed the wheels *bang* against a steep bank, and behaved worse and worse every minute. Just then, a man came along from the field; and, when he found out what was the matter, he took his bridle, and made him go. But, just as soon as he came to the next corner, he turned round as quick as he possibly could to go back. Mother got out to try to turn him again; but he stamped his feet and stood still, as obstinate as he could be. At last they thought they would go to the city, if he was so determined not to go anywhere else; and, just as soon

as he came to the noisy, paved streets, he scampered along fast enough. What a *goose* of a horse! In the evening, when Mr. Beech heard how he had behaved, he said he should punish him with a salt-water bath; but Jemmy didn't appear to care much for that punishment.

Saturday morning. — Mr. Beech has called to tell mother, that, if she wishes to make her visit to-day, he will drive her past all the turnings of the road. He says he is quite ashamed of Jemmy's conduct, and that he must be made to do as his drivers wish. Aunt Mary is to stay with Eddie, and Lucy and I are going with mother. It is a very pleasant day, and we must get ready.

Saturday evening. — Uncle Edward has come, and he brought me a letter from May, printed very nicely. She says father is coming for us next week. Uncle is going to take aunt and Lucy home with him on Monday, and after that I shall want to go too; I am too tired to write any thing about our visit to-night. Monday, when Lucy is gone, then I can.

Monday, Aug. 28. — It is lonely, with Lucy gone. I almost wish to be gone too. I don't know what else to do with myself, so I will write about Saturday's ride. The ladies, mother went to see have some little girls to board and study with them; but I did not know any one there, and mother made me stay with the girls so much, that I began to be afraid she would leave me there. I liked it much better to hear the ladies talk in the parlor; but mother laughed at me and said, "Go and play and talk with the children, Annie." I *couldn't* talk with them, for I had nothing to say; but Lucy did, and they

seemed to like her. Lucy always can talk, — I wish I could. One scholar, I suppose she was a young lady, came to the dinner-table, dressed up so, that Lucy stared at her very impolitely; and perhaps I did, — though I tried not to. I saw her teacher look at her with a dreadful grave face; but I didn't know why. She had on a very bright pink muslin, with large flowers upon it; and a yellow silk apron, tied with dark-blue ribbon-strings; then a blue ribbon on her neck, with a watch-chain, three or four bracelets on her arms, and lots of rings on her fingers. Her hair was all in curls, with gay artificial flowers in her side-combs. When she walked with us after dinner, she put the flowers into her hat-ribbon, and wore a green silk sack over all the other colors. She wouldn't talk to me much; but she told Lucy how many dresses, rings, and breast-pins she had, and how long it took her to dress every day at home; but at school she did not have time enough. Coming home, mother said, "Annie, you say you like beautiful dresses: how should you like to look like little Miss Maudly?" Oh! I should not like to be dressed so: how could mother ask me? I could not tell her why not; but I never could *bear* to look so, and I never will let Rosa or any other doll of mine be dressed like that. Lucy said, "Annie, if we had some of those things, how splendidly we could make our baby-house look!"

Tuesday morning, 29th. — A letter from father to-day, and a nice one from Emelia to mother, telling all about what she has seen in New York. Father is coming this evening. To-morrow we are going to the city to spend the day with one of mother's friends, and

the next day — home ! What will May and Eva say to us, I wonder ?

Friday, Sept. 1. — Father seems very glad to have us all at home. May is glad too; but she says she had "*an elegant time*" at Shaloe Cottage. We talked so long last night that we thought we were awake all night; but, as May says, we woke up this morning, and that is a sure sign that we did fall asleep. May told about Grace, and Walter, and the twins; and I told her about Mrs. Elney and her handsome city-house, and her little girl Serena. Mrs. Elney isn't Serena's mother, though she always calls her so: she is only her aunt. They are coming to make mother a visit soon. May liked to hear about them and our sea-side plays very much. Eva came to our bed this morning, and tried to tell me a long story about grandma's cat Phinny and a kitty. We could not understand much of it; and May said, "Let's ask mother if we may go to grandma's this afternoon: she will tell us." But Eva kept putting her hand on my cheek, and saying, "No, *me* tell oo."

F. E. H.

A TWILIGHT STORY.

It was growing late one dull November afternoon, and the children, who were gathered in the parlor, were getting weary of their games; and, turning, looked wishfully at their older cousin working by the window. As she looked up, a shout was raised, "O cousin Lizzy! please tell us a story." What shall it be?" she said, as the merry group was seated around her. "A story

about the sea," said one, and "a true story," said another; but little golden-haired Alice, seated at her feet, looking up, gently said, "A fairy story, dear Lizzie;" and, with her hand softly laid on Alice's head, Lizzie began:—

"In among the woods where the branches of the trees were very thick, and the shadows quite dark, a little brook was flowing; and, with the violets blooming sweetly on the edge and the soft green moss among the stones, it made a very pleasant place. One very bright afternoon, a little girl was sitting on an old log there, with the flowers she had gathered strewed at her feet, and a sad, perplexed look on her face. 'I wonder,' she said, 'why it is I never do any thing right. I wish I could keep pleasant; and, if I only had some one to help me, I do believe I could.' And she began to think of stories she had read, where little children had fairies to help them, and wished one would come to her. Then slowly the branches of the trees grew dim and indistinct, and the wood seemed like a long arch, of which she could not see the end. Among the boughs she saw kind, cheerful faces looking at her; and down the path a little form was coming towards her. It was such a beautiful lady, with earnest blue eyes; and the child fancied a soft light around her head. Looking cheerfully at the child, she wanted to know what was the matter; and the little girl trustingly told her all, and then waited to hear the lady's answer. The blue eyes had a sweet, serious expression as she said, 'Then you say it is hard to keep from fretting sometimes. I know it is, but I think I can teach you to keep from it. It is not very hard to do things for those whom we love and wish to please; and

perhaps, if you looked into your own heart, you would find selfish feelings there, and would see that you did not love those around you as you ought. I will try to help you; but you must try too. I think, if you should go home and learn to love to do what others wish you to, and to love your little brothers and sisters, you would not find it so hard to be gentle and kind.' There was so much comfort and kindness in her words, and so sweet a smile on her lips, that it could not seem hard to do any thing she desired; and the child felt as if this service might grow easy in a very little while; and then, if what she did was only smiled upon, how happy it would make her! And, sitting by the lady's side for a long while, she thought what she could do to make those at home happy. 'And now,' said the lady, slowly gliding from her seat, 'you may come here again very soon, and tell me how you succeed in your plans, and if you find still it as hard to do right.' Then she was gone, and the wood grew strangely quiet; and one by one, from among the boughs the faces were all gone; and the child, slowly raising herself from the log, saw only the trees, and brook, and faded flowers, as she had left them, and the shadows growing long. 'I wonder if it could have been a dream,' she said thoughtfully, 'it seemed so real. I must have been here a long time; and the sun is setting, I know by the light through the trees: perhaps the dream will teach me as much as if it were true. Before I go home, I will take some of these flowers to remember it by.' So, gathering some flowers by the brook, in a few minutes she was treading the path between the trees. Just as she passed out of the woods, she saw that the sun had gone down, and it was growing dark; but in the sky she saw

one star beaming down upon her, and in her thoughtful mood, it told her of higher and holier helps than earth could give her.

“It was in a gentle, truthful spirit that she began the next week; and though there were some things in which she did not succeed, yet, when she came again to the brook, there was a quiet, peaceful feeling in her breast; and she wondered why it was that every thing looked more beautiful than before. It was not now so hard to be pleasant to the children; for now she felt, that, being older, she ought to lead them right. She came quite often to the little brook; for, when in any way discouraged, she could think of the pleasant face smiling so kindly upon her, and fancying the lady still by her side, her good resolutions were strengthened. It made her home so much happier and more cheerful, that the little ones noticed it, and thought it very pleasant; but the mother watched it joyfully, for she saw that the spirit of love the child cherished was to make her future life calm and happy. It was a most beautiful day in October, and all over the woods a golden light was falling, making them more glorious than ever; and up the little path, beneath the arching branches, the child went to sit once more in the little nook. The flowers were almost gone now, and the leaves were beautifully colored, while just at her feet the brook was singing as sweetly as ever. The old log was a very pleasant place to sit and watch the reflection of the leaves in the water, and to see, as they moved to and fro, the blue sky and light cloud between them. She was thinking what a pleasant thing it would be to have fairies always round us, and trusting that, if it was really a fairy that had helped her, she might never

go away. 'And then,' she said to herself, 'I must try never to drive away the good feelings from my heart, and they will grow to be angels to me.' Softly in among the boughs, the autumn sunlight was falling on the old mossy log, on the turf, and on the child's head, making it all seem more beautiful. But she wondered what she could do when the winter came, and she could not go to the brook any more; and then it seemed as if a gentle voice at her side was telling her that wherever she might be, if she only tried herself, the same help would wait upon her. And so she found it: all through the long winter it was not hard to do right in the home she had helped to make cheerful and happy. And so it was, that every day those around her grew to love her better; and so it was that the days, as they passed on, found her every day growing more gentle and more loved."

Lizzie paused here, — for the story was done, — and looked round on the earnest faces of the children; but little Alice, with her face raised and beautiful in the bright fire-light, seemed more serious than any. "O dear Lizzie!" she said, "if only any of us could have such fairies to help us!" "If we only could!" echoed the rest. "And do you think," said Lizzie, "that you would be willing to try as hard as that little girl did, if you could only have them to help you?" There was an answer to this question to be read in all those childish faces, looking intently in hers. "And Lizzie," said little Alice, "if we did try as hard as she did to do right, do you suppose we should be helped as she was?" Lizzie's eyes were beaming down pleasantly on them, as she said, "Oh, yes! dear children; for always, when we strive to

do what is right, there are holy helps waiting upon us.”
“Then,” said Alice, smiling gladly at the thought,
“there are fairies in the world now. I am so glad of it.”
“Not exactly that, perhaps,” said Lizzie, smoothing the
child’s hair. “I do not believe there are such fairies
as you were reading about this morning, to do strange
and foolish things; but this we know is true, that, if only
we will make our hearts pure and holy, there are good
spirits always willing to help us, and to make their home
there.”

E. G.

WILLIE'S SPIRIT SONG.

I AM with you, dearest Annie, when you say your evening
prayer :

Mother dear, our darling sister, and I, are listening there:
We love to linger round you, our darlings on the earth,
You and Mamy, and dear brother, — in your sorrow and
your mirth.

It makes our heavenly joy more sweet to see your tender
love, —

Kind hearts and gentle words delight the angel-souls
above !

And we are all so happy here, it makes us glad to think
That you are learning, while below, of heavenly streams
to drink.

We love to bring you happy thoughts of this our blessed
home,

That, when our Father calls you, you joyfully may come:
We rejoice to see you gentle, obedient, useful, kind ;
For thus the angels round you bright chains of love will
bind.

And when our Father shall think best to call you to his home,

*How gladly shall we welcome you these glorious fields to roam ;

With us to gather lovely flowers that wither not or fade,
Like those you love to place beside the graves where we
were laid !

I have not forgotten, Annie, how together we would go
Where sweet violets and houstonias in the spring-time
used to grow,

To get them for dear mother, when she was sick and weak :
Oh, then, how kindly she would smile, how gently she
would speak !

I cannot come to play with you, dear sisters, as of old,
When, to guard you from all danger, with pride my heart
grew bold ;

But still will I be near you, in all holy, happy hours,
Breathing soft blessings o'er you, gentle as summer
showers.

When you are tried and tempted, feel our angel-spirits
near,

And believe that we will help you, if you do not faint or
fear ;

And we'll pray our heavenly Father to bear you on his
breast,

Pure and scathless through earth's trials, on to our happy
rest.

H. S. H.

PUZZLES.

IN consequence of leaving the city, we send this number to the press before that for August is published, and cannot therefore give answers to the puzzles in the latter until October. We give our readers a very easy charade, to which we again ask for answers.

THE walls which form my *first* oppose
 A sad restraint to girls and boys ;
 And punishment's the lot of those
 Who, in its bounds, dare make a noise.

My *second*, dreaded though so small,
 Is often found in feasting's train ;
 Yet does its bitter ne'er appall
 The child who cuts and comes again.

Each, ere he grows to man's estate,
 In turn must figure as my whole ;
 And he is held most truly great
 Who's most obedient to control.

 A FLOWER REBUS.

A FLOWER in England growing wild,—
 Spring's loveliest, most fragile child ;
 A climbing flower the bee loves well,
 And one which droops its pure white bell ;
 One which assumes the rainbow's name,
 And one of *never-dying* fame.

The initials of these flowers combined
 Will quickly bring to light
 A flower which we in autumn find,
 The garden's chief delight.





THE FISHERMANS CHILDREN.

THE PET OF THE FAMILY.

(Concluded.)

ONE day in July, when the family were at their country-seat, Eustace came rushing up stairs to summon his sisters to the pond. "The sail-boat has been mended, girls, and I want you to go out with me." Instead of coming with their usual alacrity, they begged off. It was a singularly oppressive sultry day; but Eustace stood fanning himself with his straw hat, and teasing, urging, and importuning, until, as usual, he succeeded. Even his mother ventured to dissuade, on the plea that there would certainly be a thunder-shower: but her wishes were always impotent as straws against his will; and the three young people went off through the orchard.

Mrs. Murray stood looking after them uneasily. "I am afraid; I wish I could ever say *no* to the dear child; I wish Walter were at home." She went up to her room, and over the tops of the apple-trees she gazed out upon the pond. Presently the white sail glided out upon the smooth water; and she saw the fine figure of her darling boy as he leaned against the little mast, while gentle Mary sat at the helm. Away they went, not rapidly, for there was little air stirring; but their figures soon became indistinct. They were almost at the opposite shore, when her anxious ear caught the low rumble of distant thunder. She went to the other side of the house, threw open the blinds, and saw, to her dismay, a low, black, portentous-looking cloud approaching with

unusual rapidity; and, as she gazed, the red lightning darted zigzag across its gloomy bosom, and presently the booming thunder sounded nearer than before. At the same time, she caught sight of her husband coming down in his gig from the city, driving fast; and Walter walking in a leisurely way homeward through the fields. Neither of them could see the pond, and she waved her handkerchief to them eagerly. Walter quickened his pace, and both reached the front-steps together, as Mrs. Murray came down agitated, exclaiming, "Eustace and the girls are out on the pond."

"On the pond!" cried Capt. Murray: "were you crazy to let them go? There's a squall coming up. What could possess Eustace?"

Ever eager to defend the darling, Mrs. Murray pleaded that the girls had not been on the water since last summer, and Eustace wanted so much to gratify them, and there was no sign of a shower when they went. Walter was off already; and, when his less agile father found him at the shore, he was at work with the gardener, dragging an old shabby row-boat into the water.

The sail-boat was visible, coming homewards, with some breeze in her favor. "It will change," said Walter: "the squall comes on her own wings."

Nearer and more incessant rolled the thunder, and the sky grew dark; the black thunder-heads appeared over the trees. Mrs. Murray and all the servants had gathered in the orchard which sloped to the water, to watch the boat, which seemed to creep so slowly towards them.

It came, the terrible blast. The sound was fearful,

the trees bowed to the ground, the dry branches whirled into the air, the dust came from the high-road in a cloud, and for a few moments every thing was hidden. Presently the fury of the blast had passed on over the pond, and the air was clearer. No sail-boat was to be distinguished; but Walter and the brave gardener had jumped into the old row-boat, and pulled off. The rain fell in torrents; but there remained the agonized parents in helpless suspense, heedless of their drenched persons and the loud thunder. They seemed to wait thus for hours; but it was in fact not an hour before they heard the plash of oars, and, through the thick falling rain, discerned the returning row-boat.

Walter had steered directly for the spot where the sail-boat had been last seen. He found it capsized, Eustace and Ellen clinging to the bottom; but Mary, — who had yielded most reluctantly to the brother who was *never* refused, — Mary was gone.

Even in that fearful hour, did not the doating parents secretly thank God that it was not Eustace who lay beneath the treacherous waters?

The remorse and grief of Eustace were extreme. His parents dared not betray their own distress in his presence; for, alas! he had become so selfish that even his sorrow demanded exclusive consideration. Still for a time he was less headstrong and imperious. The fearful scene through which he had passed haunted his imagination; and the ghastly countenance of his drowned sister, as he saw her drawn from the water some three days after the catastrophe, brought back to his mind the pale countenance of his beloved Aunt Alice. With that remembrance came faintly the sound of her admonishing

voice, and the purport of those teachings whose effect seemed to have passed away. But he was still the "pet of the family." Walter, it is true, pursued his calm, wise course; but three were yet left to worship and indulge the unfortunate boy. More infatuated than ever became the false kindness of parents and sister.

Again the warning from Heaven came. Eustace was seventeen: so negligent had he been of his studies, that although God had blessed him with fine talents, he was not yet fitted for college. He was a sportsman, shooting and fishing all through the season, and lounging off the winter in city gayeties. The fourth of July came, and found the family as usual at their country-seat. The people of the village had brought out an old field-piece, and meditated discharging a salute from its venerable jaws. Eustace shouted with exultation at the news, and caught up his hat to be present at the sport; but, to his no small surprise, father and mother and sister all joined in the cry against him. Their tender apprehensions made them bold in opposition to his wishes; and he, amazed at any thing so unexpected, insisted on going. His father, rendered irritable by a neuralgic attack, which confined him to his easy-chair even on a hot summer's day, spoke with more decision than he had ever done before. Eustace had ceased to be the teasing spoiled child: he was the undutiful youth, into which the spoiled child always grows. Angrily he left the house, and went directly to the village common, where he found the old men shaking their heads, and dissuading a few hot-headed lads from the dangerous experiment.

Who urged it on, who actually applied the match, may be guessed. The worthless old piece burst with the

discharge, and two young men were severely wounded, of whom Eustace was one. He was carried home on a plank; and Walter was sent for to the city, with a surgeon to examine his shattered limb. With acute suffering and a lingering confinement, he was barely saved from the amputation of a leg.

And now it was that his parents and sister became complete slaves. During this tedious illness, it never seemed to occur to him that any thing could weary anybody; or that anybody should have a thought that did not relate to him. By day and by night his mother and sister waited upon him, seeking to anticipate every whim, and increasing his capriciousness by their subserviency. No one could save them a single step; for neither Eustace nor the poor victims themselves would allow it. "No; Eustace prefers to have me do it for him," was the reply, when some anxious servant or kind friend offered to perform some little service which might as well have been executed by one person as another. And so they toiled on, and apparently their tasks became more and more severe as his love of being waited upon increased.

Again Walter expostulated with them in vain. The poor mother's health was evidently suffering; every one saw it, except Eustace, whose thoughts were quite engrossed with securing, for each hour as it passed, every possible comfort and amusement. In his condition he considered this a matter of course on his part, a matter of duty on the part of everybody who approached him. Walter, who would have done all for him that he ought, was looked upon by the inconsiderate patient as a selfish, unfeeling brother, because he saw that Walter was shocked at the excessive indulgence of every one also.

He saw, or had a vague but decided perception of it; for, as yet, Walter had said nothing.

The eighteenth birthday of Eustace arrived. He was now so well that his physician recommended a journey, and yet still so much of an invalid that he demanded incessant sympathy and attention. His mother had been standing for two hours that morning, examining his wearing apparel, and assisting in his capricious council as to what he should take on his journey. By and by, he complained fretfully that he was tired, that his head ached; and, laying his head back on the sofa, and closing his eyes indolently, he allowed the pale, weary woman to do that which was in reality — though very pleasant — quite unnecessary. She stood bathing his forehead with cologne for fifteen minutes, and then moved towards a chair. "Don't stop yet," said Eustace impatiently, "I should have been asleep in two minutes more."

"Mother looks tired out," said Walter, as he laid down his book, which he had been vainly trying to read, while in fact he was sadly musing on the spoiled heart of his brother.

"Oh! no," exclaimed Mrs. Murray, with her usual haste, when such speeches were made, "I can rub you a little longer, my darling." And, with these words, she fell on the floor exhausted, and remained insensible for nearly half an hour.

That day Mrs. Murray was not able to re-enter the apartment of her "petted" boy. Her daughter was necessarily devoted to her; Capt. Murray was himself ill; and Eustace was actually left alone during a couple of hours in the afternoon. What his reflections were I

cannot guess; but they were interrupted by Walter before sundown.

He came in with a kindly smile, though aware that Eustace saw him approach with an uneasy and almost sullen look. Very gently he arranged every thing about the invalid, exactly as he had seen his mother do; and Eustace could no longer say, "Let that alone, do call mother." He even brought himself to murmur, "Thank you," so softened by the unexpected illness of that devoted mother.

Next, to his great surprise, Walter stroked his beautiful hair, and whispered tenderly, "God bless you, my poor brother," with tears in his eyes. "What is the matter?" exclaimed Eustace, starting up: "is mother very sick?"

"Not very," replied Walter, "but you are. And I think I have here a medicine for you."

With these words he drew from his pocket a note, and handed it to Eustace, who saw that it was sealed, and directed to himself in a handwriting he did not know. It was not long; the signature was, "your loving, dying Aunt Alice." The date showed that it was written one month before her death. It ran thus:—

"My beloved Eustace,—I feel that I shall live but a few weeks longer. I shall hand this letter to your brother Walter, and request him to give it to you on your eighteenth birthday, if you live to see that day.

"I have loved you dearly: that you will always remember, though you can never know how well. I sit now by that pleasant window where you used to sit by my side so often when you were a little boy, reading aloud, or watching the bees among my gooseberry-bushes and

the humming-birds in my honeysuckles, and talking with me so pleasantly. Are you as happy now, Eustace?

"From my unknown abode in the world of spirits, I would ask you one or two questions. Perhaps I may be permitted to linger by your side, and read in your heart the answer, as your eye dwells on these words. If I may not, God will.

"Eustace, are you not a domestic tyrant? are you not headstrong, thoughtless of the ease of even those who love you best, cruelly selfish in little things, as you deem them? Oh! my generous, warm-hearted boy, already do I see that it will be so, and my heart bleeds over the change. It is not too late. Open your eyes, and look at yourself steadily in the mirror of self-examination, and by the light of the New Testament. You can be saved from becoming wholly hateful before God and your own conscience. You can be saved, Eustace! Watch and pray, hope and strive, have faith in Christ and in the power of religion; and, my Eustace, the angels in heaven shall rejoice over you. Fallen as you are, repent and rise, my once-unspoiled boy!"

Eustace read in silent astonishment. He covered his face with his hands. The familiar window-seat in the old farm-house rose before him, and the benign countenance of Aunt Alice as she sat knitting in her rocking-chair, and the hum of bees mingled with the gentle tones of her voice. The tears rolled down his cheeks. He felt, in the depths of his soul, that he was sadly changed; that it was all too true. "Selfish! a domestic tyrant!"

Despairingly he looked up in Walter's face, and gave him the letter to read.

From that moment the confidence of the brothers was

perfect. No longer did Eustace delight in being the "pet of the family." No longer did he deem that wise, honest brother unfeeling. By the entreaties of both sons, as soon as Mrs. Murray recovered, the infatuated parents were persuaded to let them travel in Europe for two years. And Eustace found himself among strangers, on whose attention he had no claim; and, sometimes in the pedestrian excursions, which Walter proposed, he endured hardships and slights not a few.

The unwholesome influences of home-indulgence once escaped, a religious brother by his side for ever turning his thoughts to the great Example of excellence, — through many struggles, prayers, and discouragements, Eustace at length toiled back almost to the disinterestedness of his boyhood.

L. J. H.

LADY JANE GREY.

THERE is scarcely a name in the long annals of English fame which excites, even to this day, more sad and tender memories than that of Lady Jane Grey. Nearly three centuries have elapsed since the tragic end of her brief career; but its memorials are indelibly stamped upon the page of history, and written, moreover, in the hearts of men. Her story may be told in a few pages; and the sorrow it will naturally excite in the young heart will be salutary.

Lady Jane Grey was the daughter of Henry, Marquis of Dorset, who was afterwards created Duke of Suffolk. Her mother was the grand-daughter of the seventh King Henry, and the cousin of Queen Elizabeth. Jane

Grey was born in the latter part of the year 1537, and was therefore about four years younger than Queen Elizabeth, though her childhood was so precocious that they were playmates and companions. Henry the Eighth had three children; Edward his only son, and Mary and Elizabeth his daughters. He had declared his wish that, after these, Lady Jane Grey should succeed to the throne of England; and although such an event was remote and even improbable, — especially during the perfect health of the young prince, — the bare contingency invested her with a considerable importance in the eyes of the nation. She was tenderly beloved by all who knew her; and to such affection her graces of person and character richly entitled her.

Broadgate, the family estate of the Marquis of Dorset, and situated nearly in the heart of England, was a charming place; and amid its natural beauties she imbibed pure and refined tastes, which, added to strict mental culture, early developed in her superior intellectual powers. While she was at court, she shared the company and instruction of the daughters of the king; but it was evident to all who were in contact with her, that she surpassed even the gifted Elizabeth in talent. She was sedulously guarded and severely trained by her parents, who regarded her with a pride almost surpassing their love. They provided for her all possible helps to progress in knowledge; and it is therefore scarcely surprising, that, with her thirst for learning, she should have become quite a prodigy, for the times. Her proficiency in music was unsurpassed by that of any maiden of the English court. Her education was entrusted to John Aylmer, subsequently Bishop of London during the reign

of Elizabeth, but, at the time of which we write, a private man of profound learning, and equally remarkable for his gentleness and purity of character. He so effectually won the heart of his gifted pupil, that it constituted her chief delight to pursue with him the study of the languages, in which her acquirements were extraordinary. She read and wrote both the Latin and the Greek with perfect ease. The French and Italian languages were quite as familiar to her as her mother-tongue. In the Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldaic, she attained considerable excellence, and made remarkable progress in other branches of learning. The instructor of her companion, the young Elizabeth, was Roger Ascham, a man even more renowned at the time than Aylmer. He became acquainted with Lady Jane, and evinced a deep interest in her. His letters contain testimonials of her scholarship and moral loveliness. On one occasion, he visited Broadgate unexpectedly, and found no one at the castle but the young Lady Jane, who had voluntarily remained at home; while all the rest of the family went upon a hunting excursion, in the domains of the castle. Roger Ascham found her in the great library, so intent upon a book, that he approached nigh enough to read its title before she discovered his presence. He saw that the book was in Greek; and, upon questioning her, he was surprised to discover that she could read it fluently. She readily yielded to his request to write to him thereafter in Greek; and, in reply to his question how she had made so much progress in her studies, she modestly replied, that it was all owing to the goodness of God, in giving her very strict and severe parents, and a gentle, affectionate schoolmaster.

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John Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland, was one of the most powerful of the English noblemen. He was one of the young King Edward's ministers, and exerted great influence upon him. He loved the king, and also his sister Elizabeth; but he hated Mary, the elder princess, because she was a Roman Catholic. Her religion subjected her to many annoyances, both from the duke and all her royal relations, who favored earnestly the Reformation, and sought to suppress the Papal faith. Her father had named Mary as the immediate successor of Edward; but there seemed no probability that she would survive him, and Northumberland, with all the Protestant nobles, considered themselves secure in power and favor.

It was not long, however, before Edward's health failed; and the Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland immediately felt the danger of their position, in the event of his death and Mary's accession to the throne. They therefore concerted measures to prevent her from becoming queen; and it was agreed between them, that Lord Guilford Dudley should marry the Lady Jane Grey, and that the latter should be raised to the throne of England. Neither of the young pair was enlightened as to this ultimate purpose of their aspiring parents. They knew and loved each other, and therefore the marriage was easily brought about without exciting any suspicion.

Historians differ in their estimates of the conduct of the Earl of Northumberland in carrying out this scheme. Some pronounce him utterly unprincipled; while others justify his conduct, and consider that the right of Lady Jane Grey was not inferior to that of either of her royal

cousins. Be this as it may, the sequel will show that he paid, with many others, and the gifted lady herself, a heavy penalty for his ambition. We have not space to narrate the arguments on either side, nor is it necessary. The marriage was, as we have said, consummated, and the young Dudley was raised to the rank of a duke amid gay festivities; events which did not please those who were jealous of the growing power of Northumberland and Suffolk.

When it was evident that King Edward must die, the former, who was much with him, congratulated him upon the glorious progress of the Reformation during his reign, and deplored the probability of its arrest by the accession of his Roman Catholic sister. The good young king was greatly disturbed thereat, and listened attentively to the earl's plan to avert this calamity. That plan was for him to make Lady Jane Grey heir to the throne, instead of his sister. The religious fervor of Edward prevailed over fraternal affection. He thought it was his duty to save the kingdom from Papal dominion. He was attached, moreover, to the Lady Jane, and was induced to accede to the earl's views.

He ordered three judges to draw up a deed conferring the crown upon Lady Jane Grey; a daring act, which they refused to do, from fear of the consequences, should Mary be able to obtain the throne, in which case they knew that their heads would pay the forfeit. Their objections were finally overruled by the promise of a formal pardon for the deed. This was drawn up, signed by the king and duly sealed. The judges then made a deed of settlement, which excluded Mary and Elizabeth from the throne, in favor of the Lady Jane Grey.

The death of the young king took place on the 6th of July, 1553; but the event was concealed from the public for some days, in order that the dukes might gain the city of London to the cause of Lady Jane Grey. All this while she was ignorant of what was being done in her name; and when, at length, her father revealed it to her, she was greatly astonished and distressed. The noble duke knelt at her feet, and called her queen; but her only reply was a flood of tears. It was for some time that they besought her, in vain, to accept the crown of England. She pleaded her youth and inexperience; and declared further, that it would be mocking God thus to usurp a throne. Their entreaties were renewed and seconded by all who were most tenderly beloved of her, until her affections, rather than her wishes, proved traitors to her judgment, and she consented to be proclaimed queen. This was accordingly done, with due solemnity, in London.

Brief, however, was the period of her reign. For nine days only did the crown of England press heavily on her fair young head. At the expiration of that time, Mary was declared queen; and her cause was espoused by nearly all the people, who, though they disliked her religion, still believed her to be their lawful sovereign. In vain did the Duke of Northumberland oppose this movement. He was deserted by his troops on the battle-field, and was soon a prisoner in the gloomy Tower of London. Thither also were sent many of his adherents, and the late unfortunate queen, her father and her husband. Northumberland was immediately tried for treason, and within a month he was beheaded.

Lady Jane Grey resigned her royal name and robes

with more pleasure than she put them on, declaring that her only sorrow was that she had ever violated her own sense of right and justice, by accepting the crown. From that time this lovely young lady lived in the shadow of Mary's frown. One after another of her beloved friends passed from the Tower to the grave; and she knew not what might be her own speedy fate. The decision was not long delayed, however; for, early in November following, she and her husband, with several other distinguished persons, were tried and found guilty of high treason. The sentence of death affected her but little. After the first bitter pang was over, she declared herself willing to die, and acknowledged her faith in a Divine Saviour. That faith sustained her through the interval from her trial to her death. Queen Mary earnestly desired to convert her to the Romish faith, and to this end sent the Abbot of Westminster to her cell in the Tower, to counsel and persuade her. She received him kindly, and entered freely into conversation with him. He plied her with arguments and threats; but she answered him so ably, that he left her in vexation, saying, — "I am sorry for you, my Lady; for we shall never meet in heaven." To this taunt she replied firmly, but meekly, — "I fear indeed, good father, we shall *not* meet in heaven, unless God turns your heart, which I humbly pray it may please him to do."

It was on Monday, the 12th of February, 1554, that her execution took place. She had been separated from her husband in prison; and she declined his entreaties for a last, sad interview, lest it should disturb the peace with which they were prepared to die. She bade him farewell from her window, as he was conducted by it to

the scaffold, and then awaited her own summons. It came in one brief hour; and, attended by her ghostly visitor, she ascended the platform of death. Her last words were few and touching:—

“Good people, I am come hither to die, as by law I am condemned thereto. The act against the Queen’s Highness was unlawful, as was the consenting thereto by me; but, touching any procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof, declaring my innocency before God, and the face of you, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman; and that I look to be saved by no other means but only by the mercy of God, in the blood of his only Son, Jesus Christ.”

She then repeated the fifty-first Psalm, tied a cambric handkerchief over her eyes, and kneeling, exclaimed, “Lord, into thy hands I commend my soul.” In another moment that soul had winged its flight to heaven.

Thus passed from this earth, in her seventeenth year, one of the fairest, loveliest, and most gifted of women,—suffering the extremest penalty of the law for an offence which her love, and not her will, was privy to. Her name and memory are cherished by all who honor virtue and piety, and who pity misfortune and sorrow. — *School-fellow.*

SAXON AND DANE. — At a village where the school-master seems “not to be abroad,” the office of sexton recently became vacant, and a successor was sought by a notice on the church-door announcing that a “*Saxon* was wanted.” A wag, seeing this, wrote underneath it, “Won’t a *Dane* do?”

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 9. — THE HUMILITY OF JESUS.

Do all our little readers know what it is to be humble? The examples of humility are very rarely met, and then only by searching for.

“The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest.”

If you see a child who tries continually to make all around her happy, who is willing to give up any enjoyment to another, who is always ready to assist, as far as is in her power, those who need assistance; if she does all these things quietly without expecting or wishing praise, without ever comparing her behaviour with that of others, you may be sure she is humble.

But cannot all children be humble? Yes. Humility was found in Jesus, and it must be possible for us to follow his bright and blessed example. When he was found in the temple, where he astonished the most learned men of Judea by the wisdom of his conversation, he gave his parents no account of their wonder, saying only that it was his duty to be in the temple: “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”

When the scribe said to him, “Good master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?” Jesus, before he answered the question, mildly reprovèd him: “Why callest thou me good? There is none good save one; that is God.”

Jesus, too, sat at feasts with publicans and sinners. Most of the Rabbi, the Jewish teachers, considered

themselves far superior to the common people, and carefully avoided all intercourse with them; but, when the disciples would have driven away the woman who anointed the feet of Jesus, saying, "She is a sinner," he forbade them, and said, "Let her alone. She hath wrought a good work on me."

Throughout all his instructions too, the spirit of humility abounds. He charged his disciples, when they were bidden to a feast, to take the lowest place; for "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." And he denounced the scribes and Pharisees, because they loved the greetings in the market-place, and the uppermost rooms at feasts," and "to be called of men Rabbi, Rabbi."

Children are naturally fond of praise and approbation; and, in the desire for this, they are in danger of losing that humility which is one of the most beautiful graces of the very little child. A boy who is praised for his ready memory, his quickness at figures, or the neatness of his penmanship, is apt to be proud of these things, and forget that God has given him his memory, his powers of reasoning, or his skifulness of hand.

Often in the streets, we hear the tone of exultation, the "See what I can do," which comes from a source far different from a humble spirit; while the boaster, if he can really perform some more difficult feat than his companions, is regarded with feelings of envy, very unlike those which his playmates would have felt for him, if he had done the self-same thing without boasting.

Many boys, perhaps girls too, but it is oftener seen among the former, think that it makes them appear

grand and important to tell what they can do, and make a show of their accomplishments. It is true they may appear so to their companions; but older persons know that the boaster generally exaggerates his own abilities.

Be humble, then. Have the true spirit of humility. Never be so falsely humble as to give up your own sense of right to the persuasions of another, but always "love yourself the last." Never be in a hurry to be noticed or brought forward. Depend upon it, all that is good in you will come to light sooner or later. Perhaps it may not be in this world, for the world is often regardless of true merit; but in another and a better land the Saviour will say to the lowly ones of earth, "Friend, go up higher." Thou shalt then have honor in the presence of the angels of God.

ED.

THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

FAR where the smooth Pacific swells,
Beneath an arch of blue,
Where sky and wave together meet,
A coral reeflet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there,
Nor sea-bird poised on high;
Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew,
The nursling of the sky.

With soft, caressing touch, the wind
In summer round it played;
And, murmuring through its tiny caves,
Unceasing music made.

The ministering wind, so sweet
With mountain perfume, brought
A changeful robe of emerald moss,
By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus day by day, and year by year,
The little islet grew :
Its food, the flower-dust wafted by ;
Its drink, the crystal dew.

By night the lonely stars looked forth,
Each from his watch-tower high,
And smiled a loving blessing down
Gently and silently.

And forest-birds from distant isles
A moment settled there ;
And from their plumage shook the seeds,
Then sprang into the air.

The islet grew, and tender plants
Rose up amidst the dearth, —
Bloomed, died, and dropped upon the soil,
Like gifts from heaven to earth.

Thus ages passed : a hundred trees
Graced that once-barren strand ;
A hundred ships its produce bore
To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart
A gem of good is sown,
Whose strivings upward to the light
Are seen by God alone.

Household Words.

A TALK TO MY LITTLE FRIENDS.

[Some time ago, I noticed that one of my little friends was slipping into the very bad habit of fretting and complaining about trifling inconveniences or accidents. I thought, in my next Sunday's talk to the children of the Sunday-school, that I would notice the matter in such a way that perhaps more than one offender in this respect might take the matter home to themselves, and resolve to drive away from their hearts the evil spirit of *fault-finding*. Perhaps it will not be a waste of time if I should write out this Sunday's talk for a larger circle of *readers* than I then had of *hearers*. I should be very glad to believe that there is not one *fault-finder* among all those who read the "Child's Friend."]

THE 16th chapter of 1 Samuel tells us that King Saul was afflicted with an evil spirit, and that a very skilful player on the harp used to come and drive the bad spirit away by his sweet music. I do not know what this evil spirit was, unless it was like one that often visits a family I have heard of; and they are so large a family that, I dare say, some of you may know some of them. They are the family of *Fault-finders*; and the bad spirit is called by most people, *Fretfulness*. I'll tell you a story of one Mr. Fault-finder, to let you see what kind of an evil spirit this is; and perhaps some of you may remember that, at some time or other, he has visited you. If he should ever happen to come again, I advise you to drive him away at once; for so sure as you let him in once, he will come again; and the oftener he comes, the longer he is inclined to stay.

Mr. Fault-finder was waking up in the morning, and the very first thing that came into his mind was the evil spirit; and, in fact, the same spirit was the last thing to

leave him when he dropped asleep the night before. This is not surprising; for it very frequently happens, that the first thing we think of in the morning is the same that we were thinking about when we fell asleep. He had once been in the habit, on waking up, of thanking the heavenly Father who had kept him safe all the night, and given him refreshing sleep; and, when he thus began the day with thinking about God's love to us, he generally had a very happy day of it *inside*, whatever might happen *outside*. But as the evil spirit kept coming more and more frequently, and making his visits longer and longer, he gradually lost the good habit; and, instead of waking with pleasant thoughts of his best Friend and Protector, he began to quarrel with everybody and every thing the instant he began to think at all. Thus, on the morning I am telling you about, his first thought on waking was that he had a day's work to do, and that it was quite time to begin to do it. Now, it is a little singular, that, whereas *once* this used to be a very pleasant thought to him, and he would begin his day's work with the intention of doing all the good he could, and making everybody as happy as possible, — *now*, on the contrary, the first thing he usually did in the morning was to fret and grumble, because it was necessary for him to *get up*. If poor Mr. Fault-finder had known what kind of a spirit had come to spend the day with him, he would have felt still worse than he did. But another singular thing was, that he didn't seem to think at all about the evil spirit *inside*, but got into a way of imagining that all his troubles and trials were *outside*. So that, whereas, in reality, the only way to get over the difficulty was to tell the demon *Fretfulness*, *at once*, very firmly and

decidedly, that he must go away, and *keep away*, poor Mr. Fault-finder tried to ease himself of his bad feelings by complaining about every thing around him, and trying to make everybody else unhappy.

You will not wonder that he found some difficulty in dressing himself. There was a button, that was usually very easily slipped into its place; but somehow, this morning, the bad spirit seemed to have got into the button too, on purpose to plague the poor man. At least, he thought so; for he lost more time in fretting about it, than it would have taken to button a dozen more, if he had been perfectly calm and cool. Then there was a string that got into a knot; and though he could usually untie a knot as quickly as any body, yet this morning the knot, as he said, *wouldn't be untied*; and he really almost believed that the knot had a mind of its own, and was determined to vex him as much as it could.

At last he got dressed, and sat down to breakfast. He usually had a very good appetite, — and, I am sure, this morning, it was not the dyspepsia that spoiled it, — yet he didn't seem to relish his breakfast at all. What *could* have been the reason?

Poor Mr. Fault-finder! I wonder how many of the children are tormented as he was. The next thing he had to do was to black a pair of boots. Now I have seen people singing very merrily over the blacking-pot and brushes, and hence I can hardly believe that these contain any little imps whose business it is to make people unhappy. But the imp of *fretfulness* kept close to the poor man, and made him think the boots were going to plague him all they could. If he could only have thought to look *inside*, instead of *outside*, for the

cause of all his troubles ! Now, it happened that, just as he had got one boot nicely polished, it fell into the dust ; and so he had his work to do over again. I am not quite sure, precisely, what Mr. Fault-finder said to *that* ; but I *am* sure that he didn't see *what it was* that made the boot drop. *Fretfulness* took good care not to let him see *that*.

Mr. Fault-finder seemed doomed to be plagued by *falling bodies*. He was a mason, and that day he was going to put up a chimney. It happened, in the course of his work, that while he was holding a brick in one hand, and his plastering trowel in the other, the mischievous spirit made him carelessly drop the brick, and, while he was trying to catch that, made him drop the trowel too. Now, perhaps you will doubt whether the spirit *could* do this ; but, be that as it may, I am quite positive that our mason was never so clumsy when he was *in good temper* ; so I have my own reason for thinking, that, in this case, it was the bad spirit, *Fretfulness*, that made him so careless. The brick and the trowel slid away some distance down the roof on which he stood, and he had considerable trouble to get at them. While he was doing this, he remembered how the dropping of the boot had troubled him, and exclaimed (I will leave you to imagine *in what tone*), " I wish things wouldn't *drop so* ! "

Now, the power or force that makes bodies fall to the ground is called by philosophers *gravitation*. We cannot tell *what* it is ; but we know that it not only makes bodies fall to the ground, but it holds them down after they have fallen. It prevents the moon from getting any farther away from the earth than it is now ;

and, in the same way, it keeps the world we live on from rushing away from the sun, into such far-distant regions that we should have a never-ending night, and a winter colder than that even at the North Pole. The same great power that keeps us all from flying away, with every thing around us, through the air (unless we were fairly *tied down* to the ground), keeps all the worlds that God has made in their places; and, if but a single one of them could slip away from this great law, it would not only be destroyed itself, but it would probably destroy a great many other worlds, now full of beauty and life. And yet, Mr. Fault-finder wished that this great force or law of gravitation were *given up*, completely *destroyed*; for that was just what would take place if things didn't "*drop so*."

I must say, however, in justice to him, that he didn't then think of all the terrible consequences that would follow if there was no longer any law of gravitation; but he *did* think of it afterwards, as I am going to tell you.

Soon after, Mr. Fault-finder went down the stairs; and perhaps you will not be surprised if I tell you that the same bad spirit (I have also heard it called *Petulance*) actually made him miss a step, and fall down several stairs. He was hardly hurt at all; but the first thing he said was, "I don't see any use at all in having things *fall*! I wish things *never dropped at all*!"

I shall leave you to imagine the rest of Mr. Fault-finder's day. *Fretfulness* hardly allowed him a moment's peace, and made him trouble everybody around him. It is strange *how many* people can be made unhappy by a bad spirit in *one*!

The next night the poor man had a very singular

dream. I must tell you what it was, though I am afraid I may weary you by talking so long. He thought he was standing on the top of a house, building a chimney. He laid a brick, as usual ; but immediately a little gust of wind blew it away, just as if it had been a feather. He saw it, to his great amazement, whirled round and round ; and finally, instead of falling to the ground, it went up like a balloon, up quite out of sight. This was too marvellous a thing to be *cross* about ; so, after looking at it for a moment, he reached forward for his trowel. He accidentally pushed it off the chimney ; and, while he was looking to see where it would *drop*, he saw it fall but a little way, and then hang suspended in the air, just as if it were dangling at the end of a string. Once more he tried to grasp it ; but a slight breeze whirled it away, as it had done to the brick, and he saw no more of it.

Thoroughly perplexed, Mr. Fault-finder caught up his plumb-line, to see if his chimney was quite perpendicular. A plumb-line is nothing but a string with a piece of lead at the end of it. When the string is held at one end, the lead, by its own weight, pulls the string down perfectly straight and *perpendicular*, as it is called ; that is, straight up and down, not slanting or leaning to one side or the other. Workmen use the plumb-line to make walls, posts, chimneys, and other upright objects, *perpendicular*. Mr. Fault-finder took up one end of the string, expecting that the lead would drop as usual, and hang quite steady from his hand. But he was astonished to find that the lead did not drop at all, and the line was not pulled straight ! It floated about like a feather in the wind, and finally was blown away like the

brick and the trowel, because there was no power of *gravitation* to hold it down.

The bad spirit now walked directly into the poor man's heart, without so much as knocking, to warn him of its approach. In quite a passion, he attempted to walk on the roof; but the instant he pressed against it with his foot to take the first step, he found to his great terror, as well as astonishment, that he was pushing himself off from the roof up into the air. As the great power of *gravitation* no longer existed to hold him down, he began to float away in the air, as every thing did around him. He caught hold of the chimney, and held himself down; and then, too frightened to be any longer *fretful*, he waited to see what would happen next. It seemed to him as if all the laws of the universe had *stopped*, and nobody knew what to calculate upon. He could not work; he could not even *walk*; and, whenever a gentle wind came, he had to cling to the chimney, to avoid being blown away. He saw that every thing that was not fastened in its place (like the trees and plants) was carried away by the least breath of air; for, since there was no longer any such thing as *weight*, the largest rock was carried away as easily as a feather. Presently he saw that the house on which he was sitting, and all the houses round it, were rising up into the air, and, in fact, that everybody and every thing were all flying through the air in every conceivable direction. This frightened him so much that he woke up.

The next morning he told this dream to his family; and he could not help thinking, as he told it, how glad he was that his foolish wish of yesterday was not *really* granted, and that the great law of gravitation still made

things *drop* as usual. He had the curiosity to read some scientific books that tell about this great power or force, and all the good it does. He found that he had dreamed what would *actually take place*, if this power should cease to operate. He found that not only light or small articles, like hats and loose bricks and stones, would be carried away, but that the largest and heaviest buildings, as churches, and great "blocks" of stores and houses, would leave their foundations, and be swept away through the air, — since it is nothing but their *weight* that holds them down to the ground. The air itself would leave the earth, the water, and all movable things; and, if the earth itself did not fly into pieces, it would rush away into regions of eternal night and the most terrible cold, since there could no longer be any power to keep it in its orbit around the sun.

Thus Mr. Fault-finder found that every living thing, from man down to the smallest insect, depended on this great power for its life and safety and comfort. He felt very much ashamed that he had ever wished to have it destroyed. He really thanked God for the beautiful law that keeps his whole creation in such perfect order. And he began to see that his own troubles came *from within*, and that he must drive out the evil spirit of *Fretfulness* from his own heart, and never again allow it to keep company with him for a moment. I hope that all my young friends here may succeed in driving out this and all other evil spirits that may creep into their minds or hearts, to torment them, and cause them to make others unhappy.

H. J. H.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE sun has sunk behind the cliffs
 That guard the little bay,
 And fast the lengthening shadows fade
 To twilight calm and gray.

Without the cot the children wait
 To hear the plashing oar,
 And, with their shouts of glee "to greet
 The tired one at his door."

And bright eyes wander from the book,
 And wondrous stories there,
 To see the white waves leap and dance
 In evening's freshened air.

And, as the twilight grows more deep,
 And tasks are laid aside,
 At anchor, in the little bay,
 The fisher's boat doth ride.

ED.

JAMES THE FIRST. — Among the addresses presented to this monarch, on his accession to the throne, was one from the town of Shrewsbury, in which the loyal inhabitants expressed a wish that His Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the king, "if I do reign so long, my son must govern by *candle-light*."

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

WE reached Rome just in season for the ceremonies of holy week, which commenced on Sunday, the 4th of April. These ceremonies I had a great curiosity to see, though I need not tell you that they alone would never have drawn me to Rome. There are thousands of objects connected with the ancient and modern city, which, in my view, are far more worthy of attention than all the pomp and show of Popery. Still, I shall tell you about these ceremonies; for a sketch of Rome and the Romans would not be complete without an outline, at least, of the "baptized heathenism" which is current here.

The greatest attraction in Rome, as you do not need to be told, so far as architecture is concerned, is the Church of St. Peter's. It was the very first point to which I directed my steps after my arrival; and, every day almost, while I have been in Rome, I have visited it. Its vastness does not fill the mind of the visitor at first. As I crossed the bridge over the Tiber, opposite the pope's Castle of St. Angelo, and looked up to the dome of the church, I could hardly persuade myself that I was gazing upon the most wonderful edifice the world ever knew. I was forewarned that I should be disappointed. But I was not prepared for so great an illusion. The church seemed quite near, and no larger than the cathedrals either of Florence or Pisa. As I walked on, however, I began to perceive that there was a great distance between St. Angelo and St. Peter's.

Sitll, after I reached the great central door, and entered, and looked up its long nave, and even at the ceiling under the dome, though the grandeur and vastness of the structure grew upon my vision, I could not realize that this was the great St. Peter's. It was not until I had visited it again and again, walked back and forth the whole length of the nave, made the circuit of its entire interior, entered its numerous chapels, and, above all, climbed to the top of its lofty dome, that I felt the magnitude of St. Peter's; and then it so filled my soul that it had scarcely room for aught of wonder besides.

This church — the most glorious that was ever erected for Christian or Pagan worship — is built, according to the current opinion among Papists, on the spot where St. Peter was buried. We are told, too, that on this very spot multitudes of the early Christians suffered martyrdom. The latter statement I can easily believe, though for the former we have very little evidence. It is doubtful even — so it appears to us Protestants, as we read the sacred record, and weigh the few scraps of the early history of the apostles that have come down to us — whether St. Peter ever saw Rome in his life. It is true, they pretend to show us the very dungeon here where he was confined, and tell us that it was the same one in which St. Paul was a prisoner. I went to see the prison the other day; and, while I am forced to admit that it is older than the Christian era, and that it is very likely to be the identical one in which the great apostle of the Gentiles was confined, I must be allowed to be not a little skeptical in relation to the other part of the story. However, it is said that

St. Anadetus, bishop of Rome, as early as A.D. 90, built an oratory on the site of the present church of St. Peter's. In 306, there is no doubt that Constantine the Great, who, as you know, was the first Roman emperor that nominally embraced Christianity, built a small place of worship, called a *basilica*, on this spot. In the time of Pope Nicholas V. in 1450, this edifice had fallen into ruin, and that pope began a new and more extensive building in its place. It was a long time after that, before the present noble structure was completed. It required three centuries and a half to bring it to its present perfection; though it must be admitted, that workmen were not constantly engaged upon it, and sometimes one pope tore down what a previous one had built. During the period in which the building was going on, there were no less than forty-three different popes. The great artists, Raphael and Michael Angelo, both contributed their genius in the plan and details of St. Peter's. The expense of the building was so great, that, as you have probably heard before, Leo X. resorted to the sale of indulgences, for the purpose of getting money. This practice, all over the nominally Christian world, was carried to a shameful extent. The pope sent his legate, in great pomp and splendor, to different places, who sold indulgences for sin, in the public squares, as a Jew would sell old clothes, or a Yankee peddler would dispose of his small wares. It was this sale of indulgences which started Luther, set his whole soul on fire, and prompted him to thunder at such a rate against the corruptions of the Roman church; so that the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, which threw the whole world into

commotion, and which will be felt until the judgment-day, may be said to have been brought about by the buying and selling of indulgences for the building of St. Peter's. Thus God brings good out of evil. At the close of the seventeenth century, the cost of this great work was estimated at forty-seven millions of dollars; and this sum did not include bell-towers, mosaics, and other comparatively unimportant items. The annual expenditure for repairing and superintending St. Peter's does not fall much short of one third of a million of dollars. The space occupied by the whole structure is two hundred and forty thousand square feet.

In front of the church are two semicircular colonnades, sixty feet wide and sixty-one feet high, supported by four rows of columns, arranged so as to leave sufficient room between the two inner rows for the passage of two carriages abreast. It is a magnificent sight, during the ceremonies of holy week, to see the long row of carriages, occupied by the cardinals, coming up under these colonnades. These carriages are adorned with gold and satin; the horses are splendidly attired; and the livery of the cardinals' pages, of whom there are three to each carriage, is very gorgeous. The number of columns in the two colonnades is nearly three hundred. Over these colonnades are one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints, each twelve feet high. The colonnades terminate in two covered galleries, each three hundred and sixty feet long, and twenty-three broad, which communicate with the vestibule of St. Peter's.

It is impossible to give you a definite idea of the interior of the church. It is on a scale so grand, and there

are so many statues, and pictures, and chapels, and shrines, that, if I should undertake to describe the whole particularly, I should be obliged to make a duodecimo volume. I must give you some idea of the immense dome of the building. The height of it is six hundred and sixteen feet. I ascended to the top of it. A broad, paved, spiral staircase leads us to the summit, by an ascent so gentle that horses might go up with their loads. The view of Rome and the country around, from this dome, is, as you may suppose, very extensive and interesting. It is one of the most extraordinary in the world. The ball above the dome, which, when we are on the pavement below, appears not much larger than a cannon-ball, is capable, as I am told, of holding sixteen full-grown persons; and from the observations I made while I was in this ball — for I took it into my head, with another gentleman of our party, to climb into it from the dome — I can easily believe it. On Easter Sunday, I saw this dome, with the entire front of the church, brilliantly illuminated with I know not how many thousand lights. It was one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever saw in my life. It commenced about eight o'clock in the evening, and continued until half-past ten.

The tomb of St. Peter — or, rather, the place where the apostle is said to have been buried — is immediately below the altar. On the right of the nave, as you go up toward the altar, is a bronze statue of St. Peter, in a sitting posture, elevated on a pedestal. The right foot of the apostle is a little in advance of the other, and this foot is kissed by all good Catholics. As the top of the pedestal on which the figure rests is about five feet from the floor, the kissing process is a very convenient

one; and you would be surprised, on going into the church at any time, to see the numbers of people who are going through with the ceremony. During holy week, I could hardly ever enter the church without seeing crowds of devotees at this shrine. Most of them seemed very devout, while they were thus occupied; and many of them kneeled down at the base of the pedestal, and spent some time in prayer there. It has been said that the toe of the saint is so worn down by the kissing of multitudes of devotees, that it is much shorter than the corresponding one on the other foot. It is quite true that there is a good deal of difference in the size of the two toes. But I was led to the opinion, from what I saw, that the diminished size of the one on the right foot was not altogether owing to the contact of the lips of the devotees, but partly to the friction of their handkerchiefs; for I saw that most of the well-dressed and more genteel of the number generally wiped the bronzed foot carefully before they kissed it.

On Easter Sunday — which, in 1852, was the 11th day of April — the pope is brought into the church, and carried, sitting on a splendid throne, up the whole length of the nave, to the high altar, on the shoulders of some twenty dignitaries of the church, attended by a long retinue of cardinals and priests. It is a very imposing sight, and so is the ceremony which takes place after the pope's entry, when high mass is celebrated by the pontiff in person. Pope Pius IX. is rather a pleasant-looking man, though his face would appear better if it had less grossness about it, and exhibited fewer evidences of high living. The ceremonies of holy week, grand and imposing as many of them are, must, I should think,

strike every genuine, true-hearted Christian as in the highest degree at variance with the spirit of the religion of Christ. I was never more dissatisfied with Romanism, than when I saw its pompous exhibitions at St. Peter's, on Easter Sunday. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

(Continued.)

MRS. WARNER and Mary Ann had so much to say about their visit on the next day, and were so much pleased with it, that Cecilia lost her usual share of scolding and taunting; but, on the day but one after, they relapsed into their accustomed sharpness; and, while poor Cecilia suffered under their harsh treatment, she could not help wondering why it was that she was placed among such unkind people; and, when her aunt's high-pitched voice struck upon her ears, she was mentally contrasting it with the soft, low tones of Mrs. Peterson. If she had before been impatient for Wednesday to come, she was now doubly so; but then Sunday came between, and perhaps Mr. Peterson would take her class again. She did not wish Miss Spring to be sick, but she liked Mr. Peterson so much better.

When Sunday came, Miss Spring was in her accustomed seat, and Cecilia could not help feeling disappointed; but, when she saw how pale her cheek was, she drew timidly to her side, and, in return for her whispered "Are you better to-day?" received a pleasant smile and kind pressure of the hand, which made her think she might like Miss Spring very much.

The minister was very much engaged in talking with Deacon Talbot, as he came out of church; but he found time and opportunity to smile at little Cecilia, and to say to her that she must be sure to come on Wednesday.

On Monday morning it rained, and Mrs. Warner's habits of neatness would not allow her washing to be "slopping about" all day; so it was postponed till Tuesday, and Cecilia already saw the dreaded ironing encroaching upon the anticipated day of enjoyment. How hard she worked on Tuesday; washing, starching, hanging out, taking in, and folding, till her feet ached, and her head grew dizzy, and she was obliged to creep off early to bed!

She sprang up long before sunrise on the next morning, and had made a brisk fire, and ironed a large part of her usual share of the work, when her aunt and Mary Ann appeared. People are often cross when they find that others have improved the hours which they have wasted in bed; and, instead of the commendation Cecilia expected, she was saluted by cross looks, and petulant answers to the few remarks she ventured to make.

Mary Ann began to fancy herself slighted, because she was not invited to the parsonage, and Cecilia heard fragments of speeches like these: "People needn't think to go about, and leave other people at home to work;" "Folks will find out by and by what hypocrites some people can be;" and a variety of similar amiable expressions, which made poor Cecilia very uncomfortable. She steadily finished her portion of the ironing, however; and, though it was then half-past nine o'clock, was sent by her aunt into the garden to get the peas and beans, and afterwards prepare them for dinner.

It was after ten o'clock, before her aunt said, in a grudging tone, "Well, I suppose you must go now; but I shan't let you go again, so you must make the most of it."

The hot sun had fallen directly upon her head in the garden, and had given her a headache; and, when she went up stairs to arrange her dress for her visit, she felt half inclined to give it up, so much had the pleasure of it been marred by her morning of hard work and harsh treatment. She dressed hastily, her tears half blinding her, and hurried down the hill, hardly knowing where she was going, till she turned into the high road. Then she grew calmer; but the traces of tears were visible on her countenance, and Mr. Peterson questioned her concerning the cause of them, as she met him in his garden. But, when he saw that her eyes filled with tears again, he forbore questioning her then, and determined to find out as he walked home with her at night.

"Never mind, now," he said kindly; "run in and play with Fanny, and forget every thing that troubles you."

Fanny came running to the door to meet her, and she was soon playing as happily and merrily as on her first visit. We need not describe all that was said and done during the day; but when she took Mr. Peterson's hand at eight o'clock for the homeward walk, you would scarcely have recognized, in the bright face turned up to his, the pale, sorrowful one of the morning.

"Now, my little daughter, I wish you would tell me what troubled you this morning," said Mr. Peterson, after Cecilia had called "good-bye" to Fanny for the last time.

A shade came over the happy little countenance; and the child said, "Oh, it's hardly worth telling; only some

unkind things aunt and Mary Ann said. Perhaps I was foolish to let them trouble me, but I never can help crying."

"What unkind things?" and Mr. Peterson soon won from the little girl the whole history of her morning's trials.

They walked on in silence for a few moments, and then the minister asked his companion if she remembered the Sunday-school lesson of the Sunday before the last.

"Oh yes, indeed!" and Cecilia's eyes grew bright again.

"And did you understand what Christ meant by taking up the cross?"

"I thought I did, sir. I thought it meant that we were to be patient and gentle, no matter what happened to trouble us and make us angry."

"And why could you not tell me in the class what it meant?"

"I did not know. I was not sure that it was right."

"You were right, Cecilia; and cannot *you* take up the cross? Do you not know what the cross is which our heavenly Father has laid upon you?"

"I know," — Cecilia's voice faltered; "but it is so hard to do right."

"My dear child, it would be hard, indeed, were we obliged to do it in our own strength; but remember that Christ has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' All who are laden with a heavy cross, all whose trials and temptations seem too wearisome to be borne, must come to him; and you know, dear Cecilia, how to come to him. He has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and he will hear even the faintest prayer of the little child

for help from him. Will you not try to bear this cross, with his strength to aid your weakness?"

Cecilia wiped away the tears that had started to her eyes, and said, "I will try; but I have no one to talk to, no one to help me to be good."

Mr. Peterson's mind ran hastily over his too-crowded days; but he was determined to find some time in every week to see Cecilia, and he said, "Do you never have any time you can call your own?"

"Oh yes! Aunt Warner never wants me after half-past six in the afternoon."

"At seven, then, next Wednesday, come to the great flat stone on the edge of Mr. Jacobs's wood. I often go there to walk, and you shall tell me then how you have succeeded."

Cecilia's glance of gratitude almost unmanned him; but he bade her good-night, for they were at Mrs. Warner's door, and walked slowly and pensively down the hill.

Cecilia quietly opened the door, and walked in.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Warner, "the minister must think you're a sulky piece! What have you been crying for *now*? Your eyes are as red as ferrets'. Been away, and spent the whole day, and enjoyed yourself, and come home crying! What! you won't speak? Well! take the lamp then — no, it's moonlight, and you don't need a lamp — but go to bed, and don't stay here to cry, and make other people uncomfortable."

Never was Cecilia more ready to obey one of her aunt's orders. She longed to be by herself. And before Mrs. Warner had finished speaking, she had gone.

ED.

(To be continued.)

BESSIE THORNTON.

(Continued.)

[Owing to the editor's absence from the city, a mistake occurred with regard to this story, which prevented its appearance in the September number.]

THE Christmas holidays were drawing near, and Bessie was looking forward with great pleasure to the expected visit of her cousin Charles, the brother of Agnes. Her brother Arthur, also, was coming from his aunt Margaret's, to spend Christmas with her; and she hoped to be allowed to go over to her aunt's with her uncle in the sleigh, and bring her brother back with her.

She was so full of delight, that she could scarcely bring her mind to study; and, on the day before Christmas, Agnes was obliged to cast many reproving glances upon her. At last, with some trouble, all her lessons were finished but the correction of her French exercise.

"*Ma cousine*, — I shall see *mon cousin* to-morrow. How funny for French adjectives to take the gender of the nouns to which they belong! They never do in English."

As Bessie went rambling on in this way, sometimes stopping for five minutes together, absorbed in the pleasant anticipations of her afternoon's ride, she heard a voice below, and started up, exclaiming, "That must be cousin Charles." She was just about to run down stairs to see him, when she remembered that she ought to finish her exercise before dinner. She looked at the clock. It was just twelve, and there certainly was suffi-

cient time for her to see Charles a minute, and finish her exercise too; so, springing down stairs, she was soon in her cousin's arms.

Charles was delighted to see her, and they talked and laughed a long while; but at last Bessie started up, exclaiming, "I must go; my French exercise must be corrected before dinner." But still Charles detained her, talking and playing with her until the dinner-bell rang. Bessie comforted herself by thinking that she should certainly have time to finish it before she went for Arthur.

At the dinner-table, the plan of the ride was changed a little; and it was decided that Charles should go instead of his father, immediately after dinner, and drive Agnes and Bessie in the sleigh.

"Oh dear!" said Bessie, "my exercise is not done;" and, as she met Agnes's reproving look, she answered, "I heard Charles's voice in the parlor, and went down to see him for a few minutes, and really meant to go back and finish. But I will go now, and perhaps I shall have time before you are ready."

And she ran off. But any one who has had French exercises to correct, knows it is not a thing to be done in a hurry, at least by beginners; and Bessie was too conscientious not to do it faithfully. She had not half-finished when Charles called her. She looked up wistfully at Agnes, who was standing by her side.

"You may do as you think best, Bessie," said her cousin.

"Come, Agnes, Bessie, where are you?" called Charles again. "Be quick! Girls always take so long to dress, don't they, mother?" and without stopping for an an-

swer, he ran up to his sister's room. "What! not begun yet? Come, *ma petite*, fly. But how's this? Our sun-beam is shadowed, it seems."

"My exercise isn't done, Charles," answered Bessie, sadly.

"Oh, nonsense! Agnes, let her off to-day; you ought; or else you ought to punish me for detaining her this morning. It was not her fault. Come, I'll do the exercise while you get ready."

"Bessie can do as she likes," replied Agnes, laughing at her brother's eagerness.

"Oh, well, then; away with books, pet, and come. I'll finish the exercise."

Bessie laughed now. "That wouldn't be my doing it, Charles. Besides, it *was* my fault; I ought not to have gone down until it was finished. I believe I'll stay at home, Agnes; but I don't want you should. That would be worse still."

"What would? to have Agnes with you?"

"No, indeed; but to have her give up her ride. Do go, Agnes. I know you will enjoy it."

Agnes kissed the child silently, and, putting on her bonnet and cloak, accompanied her brother to the sleigh. Bessie looked from the window as they departed, and then sat down to her work with a deep sigh. She looked not off once until the exercise was done, and then went to find her aunt, who was very busy, and glad of her help. When Charles returned, Bessie was standing on the piazza, looking for them, and ready to greet Arthur with a kiss. Charles helped Agnes from the sleigh, and, coming in, bade Bessie hold her apron, into which he poured an abundance of nuts and confectionary. "There's

a Christmas gift for you, Bessie, that St. Nicholas sent beforehand," he said, laughing at her look of surprise. To tell the truth, Charles was quite as much disappointed as his little cousin, in not having her company in the ride, and, after scolding very amusingly all the way to his aunt's, had consoled himself by filling his pockets with "goodies," as he called them, to give her on his return.

"Why did not you come, Bessie?" asked Arthur, as he was helping her fill sundry little baskets and bags with the nuts and sugar-plums. "Charles said Agnes gave you leave."

"So she did, Arthur; but I did wrong to leave my lessons this morning, and so I would stay at home to make myself remember next time."

It would take too long to relate all Bessie's efforts and trials during the six or eight months of her parents' absence. It is sufficient to say, that, under Agnes's careful and affectionate guidance, her careless, inattentive habits gradually disappeared, without her losing any of her vivacity and joyousness; and when the letter came, fixing the probable date of Mr. Thornton's return, her uncle declared he could not part with her, and aunt Mary said she should be glad to keep her always. One bright day in June, as Bessie sat in the back porch playing with the kittens, Agnes called her. She ran instantly to the library, and found there not Agnes alone, but her father. Her cry of delight, as she sprang into his arms, reached her aunt in the other part of the house, who soon came to see what caused it; and she found Bessie sitting on her father's knee, almost too happy for words, while he stroked her bright curls, and kissed her coral lips, and could not sufficiently caress his darling. But, after some

time, he requested Agnes to accompany himself and Bessie to the city for a few days ; and promised, not only to bring them back, but his wife also.

"So you will not lose your pupil, my dear Agnes," he said ; "for I believe Mrs. Thornton intends to spend the entire summer here."

"But you have not told us," — began Mrs. Endicott. But Mr. Thornton laid his finger on his lip, and looked at his little girl, and the sentence remained unfinished.

"Bessie," said her father, as they drove towards home, "do you remember asking me to bring you a present from Europe ? I have complied with your request ; and it is pretty enough, I think, to satisfy any little girl."

"O papa ! what is it ?" cried Bessie, eagerly. "Not that I should have cared if you had not brought me any thing, I am so glad to see you and mamma. But do tell me what it is."

"Mamma has it in safe keeping, my love ; you will see it in a few minutes."

Bessie's greeting of her mother was no less joyous, though somewhat more quiet in its outward demonstrations, than had been her reception of her father ; and so pleased was she to nestle once more in her arms, and clasp her hand, that she entirely forgot the gift of which her father had spoken, till he recalled it to her mind. "Ellen," said he to his wife, "will you not show Bessie what we have brought her from France ?"

Her mother smiled, and, bidding Bessie follow, led the way to the next room ; and there, in a neat little crib, lay a sleeping infant, of perhaps three months old. Bessie stood in perfect silence, gazing with flushed cheeks at the little sleeper, and scarcely daring to breathe lest she should wake it.

"Well, little daughter," said Mr. Thornton, "how do like our selection of a gift? Shall you love this little French girl well enough to call her sister?"

"Sister! is she my sister, really? Mine to play with, and lead, and carry about? Mine for always? O papa! I am *too* happy!"

"Yours for always, darling," answered her mother. "Your own little sister, whom you will love, I know, very much indeed. See! she is waking; will you kiss her?"

"Mamma, dear," said Bessie, pressing her lips to the infant's cheek as softly as if she feared the light touch would break so frail a thing, "may I help take care of her? may I make some of her clothes? She is better than all the dolls and birds and kittens in the world. I thank you and papa very much for bringing me a sister."

Her father and mother smiled; and Agnes, who had known the grand secret for some time, seemed almost as much pleased as Bessie; and though, in the course of the next few days, many beautiful and valuable things were displayed, and Bessie had the pleasure of distributing them to the friends for whom they were intended, she and Agnes agreed in thinking that nothing among them was so beautiful or valuable as the dear little Antoinette.

It was astonishing what an influence Bessie's affection for this child had upon her. Her step, usually light, was softer than ever when she approached the little one; her voice, pleasant as it always was, took a gentler tone in speaking to the babe; she applied herself with redoubled diligence to her studies, because "she must be ready to teach Netty;" sewing, which she never had

loved very well, became delightful, because she could help to make baby's dresses; and her parents saw with pleasure, that, so far from her new playthings withdrawing her attention from her duties, it excited her to greater effort. And the little one was not slow to return all Bessie's demonstrations of affection. She soon learned to recognize her, and would almost spring from her mother's arms when she approached; and she preferred to be hushed to sleep by Bessie's songs, and to have Bessie draw her little carriage.

Mr. Thornton stood looking at the little girl one day, as she was rocking the infant, and singing, her fingers meanwhile employed on some tiny article of dress. "Love is the fulfilling of the law, Ellen," he said to his wife.

She smiled. "You are right," she said, "though I never had thought of the passage in exactly that light before. What our little daughter's residence with cousin Agnes has begun, her love for her baby-sister will complete; and her faults are melting away before this sweet influence, like the snow in the April sunbeams."

A. A.

PUZZLES.

A MISTAKE occurred in the puzzle in the August number of the Magazine. The fifth word in the puzzle should have read "4, 15, 9, 1, 12, 11, 14," instead of "15, 9, 1, 12, 11, 14."

We have had two answers to the puzzle and charade by W. H. D., Bath, Me., and "Bessy Bell." Answer to the puzzle, "The Crystal Palace;" to the charade, "Fire-fly."

We defer our answers to the charades in the September number, as that for October goes to press so early.

"Bessy Bell" has sent us a puzzle, which we gladly publish, and wish our little readers would follow her example.

PUZZLE.

I AM a word of fourteen letters.

My 2, 3, 2, 10, was Juno's messenger.

My 7, 12, 4, 8, 9, is a fortress.

My 11, 5, 1, 14, 6, 8, is a noble building.

My 11, 12, 6, 13, is a gay young animal.

My 9, 5, 2, 6, signifies to scoff.

My 10, 2, 1, 14, 8, 3, is a near relation.

My whole was a celebrated author.

BESSY BELL.

A RIDDLE.

I'm never at war, and hence always at peace ;

In Poland I dwell, but was never in Greece.

Being always in plenty, I'm never in need ;

I join in no race, though distinguished in speed.

I'm always in prayer ; and, though it seem strange to you,

Though never in church, I am seen in each pew.

I am always in pain, yet never in bed ;

I live in surprise, but was never in dread.

I'm always in poverty, but not in distress ;

I'm quite in-dependent, I freely confess.

I live in a palace, instead of a hut ;

I go with a sweep, but know nothing of soot.

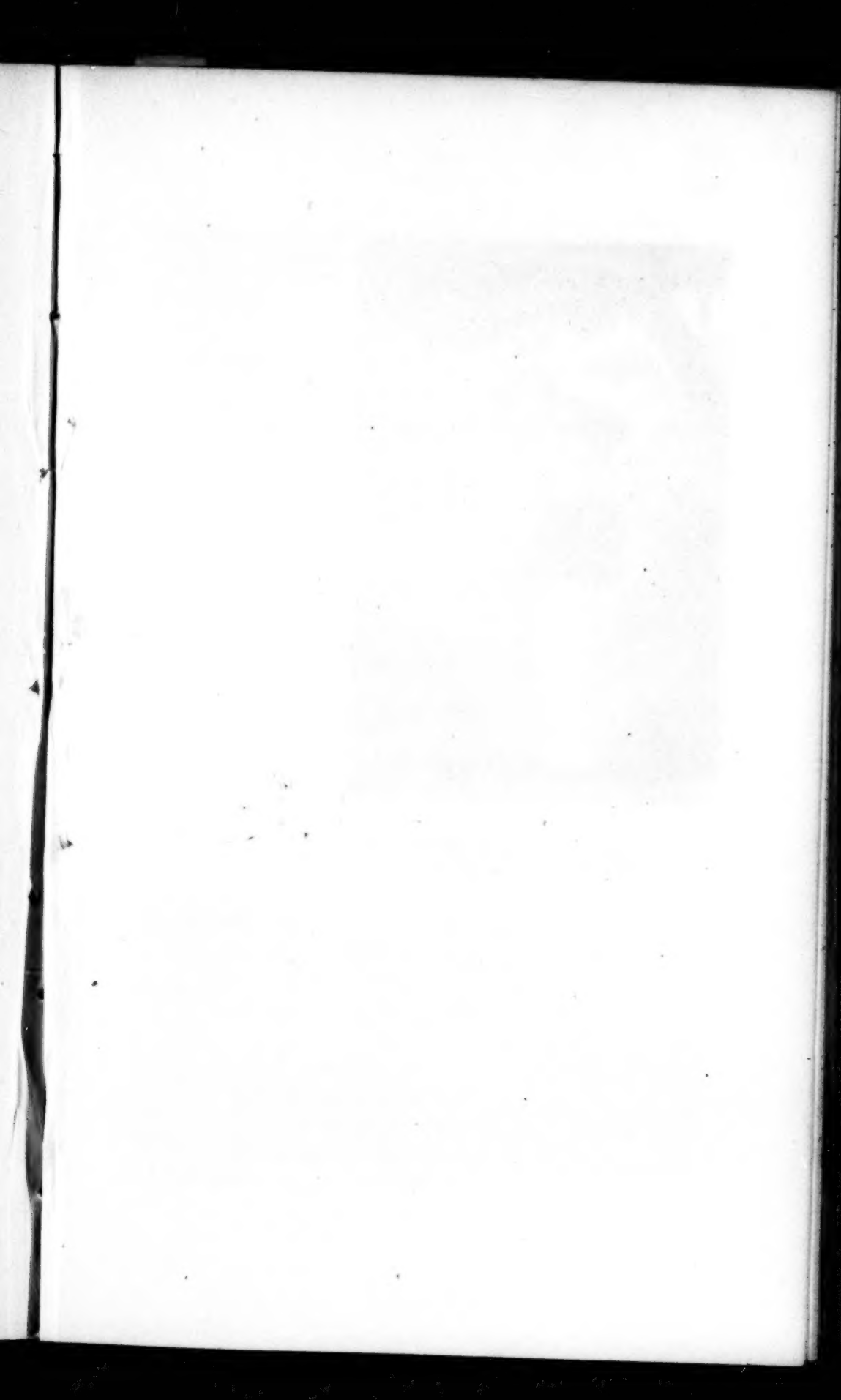
I was ne'er in a book ; and, though strange, 'tis the case,

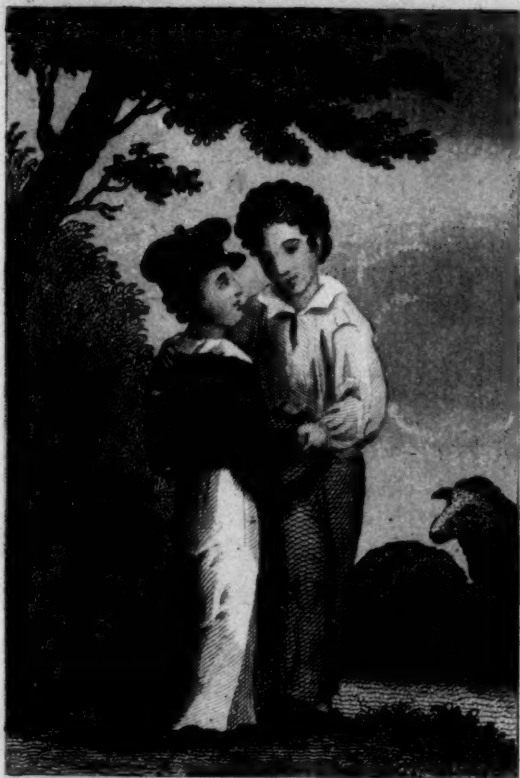
No author without me e'er wrote a preface.

I live with the printer, belong to the press.

Perhaps, little reader, my name you can guess.

Schoolfellow.





THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

(See Frontispiece.)

Oh ! mine is not a lonely life,
 Nor mine a dreary lot ;
 For love and peace with me abide,
 And beautify each spot.

When with my flock, at early dawn,
 I seek the wild, blue hills,
 My heart, with praise to Him who made
 Earth's slopes and uplands, fills.

And when I see the evening star
 Shine in the yellow west,
 And fold me in my mantle warm,
 And lay me down to rest, —

I think of those who watched their flocks
 By Jordan's sacred stream ;
 And oft the blest words, "Peace on earth,"
 Are whispered in my dream.

Our blessed Saviour calls himself
 The "Shepherd of his sheep,"
 And in the fold of faith and love
 His earthly flock will keep.

So when I sit in holy calm
 Beneath the summer sky,
 I think I see the glorious plains, —
 The mansions of the sky.

And when my feet no more can rove,
No more can tend my sheep,
A heavenly Guide my steps will lead
In valleys green and deep.

ED.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."

"So that is your text for the week, is it?" said Mrs. Lincoln to her daughter Anna, who had just returned from Sunday-school, and laid in her mother's hand a slip of paper, on which her teacher had written the above words.

"Yes, mamma; and now I want you to talk to me about it," said Anna, drawing up her little chair, in which it was her custom to sit by her mother's side, to hear her weekly texts explained.

"It is a little singular," said her mother, "that I should this afternoon have been reading that very passage, and having my own thoughts about it. Let us see how much yours will be like mine. What do you understand by a 'peacemaker'? and how do you suppose you can become one?"

"Why, it is somebody, is it not," said Anna, "who makes up a quarrel between other people? But I am sure I shouldn't know how to do that, and I don't think I should like it very well, either."

Mrs. Lincoln smiled.

"Is that the only meaning, Anna, do you think?"

"I don't know; I suppose so; because when Lucy Ellis and Fanny May had that great quarrel at school,

and wouldn't speak to each other for more than a week, and Laura Davis went and talked to them both, and got them to say they were willing to make it up, Miss Gordon praised her, and called her a 'peacemaker.' But it didn't seem to do much good, after all; for they never did like each other, and I don't believe they ever will; and it was not long before they had another disagreement; and then, when Laura tried to settle it again, they were both angry with her, and called her meddlesome, and said she always set herself up to dictate to other people."

"And so you would not like to undertake the office of a peacemaker?"

"Why, no, not in that way," said Anna; "for I think it *does* seem like meddling with other people's affairs, and as if one thought one's self so much better than the rest."

"It is rather dangerous to meddle with a fire after it is fairly burning," said her mother; "but what if you could prevent it being kindled?"

Anna laughed.

"I know very well who *might* have done *that*," said she. "The last quarrel was about a Latin dictionary of Fanny's, that Lucy had borrowed and forgot to bring to school the next day. But she went home for it in recess, and Fanny would have had time to learn her lesson before one o'clock; but Laura Davis, without finding out whether she was ready or not, asked Miss Gordon to let the class recite a quarter of an hour sooner; and so Fanny lost her place, and Lucy went above her, and that was enough to 'set them at swords' points,' as the girls say, for the rest of the week."

"This illustrates very well what I wished to say," said her mother. "If Laura had consulted the comfort and convenience of others in preference to her own, she might have prevented the disagreement, which is often a far easier thing to do than to 'make it up,' after it has once taken place. But tell me, Anna, if you were asked to point out a *peaceful* family, should you select one in which a great quarrel and disturbance had just been settled, or one in which a harmonious spirit *habitually* prevailed, and things almost always went smoothly?"

"O mother! the one where things always went smoothly, to be sure."

"Well, it is this *keeping* things smooth, rather than the attempt to make them so, after they have been ruffled, which constitutes, it seems to me, the office of a 'peacemaker.' It is the ready doing of those thousand little acts in daily life, which tend to promote the comfort of others, and save them from little annoyances, and so preserve the harmony of their spirits, which is the best kind of peacemaking. What is *peace* but comfort, repose of mind? Secure or promote that for one member of a family in the beginning of the day, and you may have secured it for all for the whole twenty-four hours. A selfish act, a harsh reply, does more mischief than the author of it has the power to trace. And so a quiet act of kindness, done just when it was needed, or a pleasant word spoken in season, does good, not only for the moment, but, by producing in another a similar spirit, may be the cause of good long after the first act or word has been forgotten.

"But even this is not the full meaning of your text,

Anna," continued Mrs. Lincoln. "Freedom from troubles of temper is not all that is expressed by the beautiful word, peace. Neither is the diverting of *ill* feeling all that a true peacemaker, one of those who deserve to be called 'the children of God,' can do. God not only protects us from evil: he is constantly doing us good. We may not only free life from many annoyances: we may give it many a charm, which, but for us, it would not have had. There are anxieties we can relieve or prevent; wearinesses that we can save; little things we can do, that will be great helps and comforts to those for whom we do them. We cannot be too thoughtful, too watchful, of such opportunities; for we shall have to account for each one of them at last to Him who came to bring peace and good-will on earth, and has entrusted a part of his great work to each one of his disciples. How shall we bear to hear our Saviour say to us, as we look back upon our lives, in the light of his love and purity, 'This pain you might have prevented, and did not. This sorrow was prolonged by your neglect of the opportunity that was given you to cheer it. This life was wasted, when your example might have saved it, and led it to better things. And all this was *my* work, which you have failed to do for me!' Will we not rather try to live and act, so that we may deserve his approving welcome? — 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these for my sake, ye have done it unto me.'"

A. D. T. W.

BIOGRAPHY OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

ROGER WILLIAMS arrived in New England in the year 1631. It is supposed that he was born in Wales, about 1599: this would make him thirty-two years of age at the time of his landing on our shores. He was distinguished for his bold and fearless avowal of the principle, that all persons should be allowed to enjoy their religious opinions without hindrance or restraint. Being a minister of the gospel, he was immediately called to assist the pastor of the church at Salem. He soon made known his views on different religious questions, particularly that of liberty of conscience. As these were new, and opposed to the opinions generally received among the Puritans, a considerable excitement was raised in the town and colony, so that he was obliged to remove to Plymouth in the following summer. There he lived about two years, still performing pastoral duties. During that time, he had frequent interviews with the Indians, who became strongly attached to him. He visited them often, in order to learn their language and customs, and succeeded so well as to be able to take a part in their conversations and debates. He says, in one of his letters, "My soul's desire was to do the natives good." After this, he again returned to Salem, and, upon the decease of the pastor, was appointed to take his place. But the opposition to him grew more powerful; and Roger Williams was sentenced to be banished from the colony of Massachusetts, in the month of November, 1635, with permission to remain six weeks. He left Salem about the middle of January, 1636; and,

after wandering through the forests for fourteen weeks, not knowing what it was to have bread to eat, or a bed to sleep upon, and depending entirely upon the Indians for the means of supporting life, he began to build a house at Seekonk. Here he was joined by several of his old friends, who had become attached to him while at Salem. Being informed, however, by a letter from Gov. Winslow, that Seekonk was within the territory of Massachusetts, and also advised by him to settle on the other side of Seekonk River, somewhere near Narragansett Bay, he immediately removed toward the latter place with his friends, and there fixed his settlement. In remembrance of God's merciful goodness to him in his distress, he named the little town Providence, which is now the capital of Rhode Island. He purchased the land of the Indians, and divided it equally among his companions. Religious toleration was proclaimed; and, while the neighboring colonists were anticipating anarchy and misrule in the new colony, they saw with astonishment that harmony and peace prevailed. About this time the troubles commenced with the Pequod tribe of Indians. Two white persons having been killed, the murderers fled to that tribe for protection. Other murders were committed, and the guilty persons escaped in the same manner. The colonial authorities of Massachusetts demanded from the Pequods a surrender of the murderers, and, upon their refusal, sent a body of armed men to obtain satisfaction for these continued outrages. It was only partially successful, however, and rather tended to exasperate the Indians. The Pequods exerted themselves to unite all the neighboring tribes in an exterminating war against the whites. Roger Williams heard

of it, and, unmindful of the wrongs so lately inflicted upon him, apprised the authorities of Massachusetts of the threatened danger. They in turn solicited his mediation with the Narragansetts, a powerful tribe, whom the Pequods had strongly urged to join in the league. He immediately set out on this perilous expedition, and found the treacherous Pequods in the wigwams of the Narragansetts. For three days he was exposed to the knives and tomahawks of the blood-thirsty Indians, but finally succeeded in preventing the union of the two tribes. Notwithstanding this defeat, the Pequods immediately commenced the war, which terminated in their total destruction.

The population of Providence colony rapidly increased, by reason of the number of persons, who, flying from England to escape persecution, sought a place of residence where they might freely enjoy their religious opinions. Many of them settled on the island, which gave its name to the State. A charter was granted to the colony in 1643, at the earnest solicitation of its founder, who visited England for that purpose. He again visited his native land in 1652, but was obliged to return on account of troubles in the colony. On the 8th of July, 1633, another charter was obtained from King Charles II., which continues to the present day as the fundamental law of the State. After living to see his colony firmly established on the glorious principle which he was one of the first to proclaim, he died at the advanced age of eighty-four, having been fifty-two years in America. Thus were the principles of civil and religious liberty planted in the New World. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

(Continued.)

ON the next Wednesday, Cecilia stole off after tea to Mr. Jacobs's woods. She thought, as she went, what she should tell Mr. Peterson. "I have tried," she said to herself, "to be gentle and patient; but I cannot feel so. I have not answered aunt or Mary Ann angrily, but I have *felt* very angry with them. I am afraid I have not tried hard enough." She found Mr. Peterson waiting for her. He brought her a note from Fanny Murray, and told her that Fanny went home the day before, and wished so much that she could have seen her before she went; but the rain had prevented her from coming to bid her good-bye.

"Tell me all," he said, as she seated herself beside him. And Cecilia told him all; told him that when the hasty word or the unkind deed was repressed, still in her heart were the angry thoughts; that still she wondered why she had no pleasant home, no friendly voices around her, no one to help her when she tried to do well.

"Then it seems there is something beside merely taking up the cross, Cecilia. It must be taken up cheerfully. It must be borne patiently, without a thought of repining. When Christ bore his cross up the steep ascent of Calvary, he was not thinking of its weight; but he turned to those who followed him, and bade them weep for themselves and their children, rather than for him."

"You must not think how hard it is for you to bear cross words and looks. You must pity the defects of

temper in others which cause them. You must give the soft answer, because it turns away the wrath of others, as well as because it is right for yourself. Do you understand me, Cecilia?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

"You must have the spirit of Christ to do this, — his patient, generous, self-denying spirit. Let us ask our heavenly Father to give you this spirit."

The words of the prayer, the simple words of faith and love, fell on Cecilia's heart like the dew, and strength seemed to come with them. Mr. Peterson took her hand after a moment of silence, and said, "You will try again;" and she answered him with as much certainty as if she had been about to make the endeavor for the first time.

"It's unaccountable," Aunt Warner was saying, as Cecilia reached home; "it's really unaccountable what makes me feel so stiff. I b'lieve I've got the rheumatiz. I had it three or four years ago, but that was in the winter. It may be nothin' but a sudden cold, and I guess it will go off to-morrow."

The morrow, however, found Mrs. Warner so lame, that she could but just crawl from her bed to the corner of the kitchen fire, where she sat watching the domestic operations, and groaning and scolding at both Mary Ann and Cecilia. Nothing went right.

"That tea-kettle dont bile, Mary Ann. How many times have I told you that tea ain't worth a cent unless it's made with biling water?" Mary Ann had a cross answer ready, and Mrs. Warner a retort; and Cecilia slipped out of the room to get a few chips to put under the kettle, to make it boil more quickly.

"There! if I ever!" as Cecilia thrust under the pieces of wood; "if some of them ain't the very pine kindlings I told you I wouldn't have used."

"But I thought you wanted your tea quickly, aunt, to make you feel better."

"I might have it without pine kindlings, if you knew how to make the fire properly."

So it went on throughout the livelong day. Cecilia did not rub the knives enough, and put too much soap into the dish-water. Mary Ann peeled too many potatoes for dinner, and did not make fire enough to boil them. It was a weary day. Mary Ann scolded as hard as her mother, and Cecilia said as little as possible, and really pitied her aunt for the pain she suffered, and wondered Mary Ann could not bear with her better.

On the next day, Mrs. Warner was so ill as to require the attendance of a doctor, who pronounced her disease rheumatic fever; and now began a harder time than ever for our poor Cecilia. Mrs. Warner had repelled all attempts of the neighbors to make her acquaintance, and she resolutely refused to employ a nurse; so that the whole care of the household, in addition to nursing Mrs. Warner, fell upon the two girls. Mary Ann was entirely competent to take the charge of the domestic affairs, and she was unwilling to do any thing for her mother.

Mrs. Warner was so difficult to suit, so ready to find fault, that, from the first day of her sickness, Mary Ann left the care of her entirely to Cecilia. Cecilia found it very hard, after having tried her best to arrange the pillows nicely, to be accused of taking no pains at all to make her aunt comfortable; and she was continually obliged to recall Mr. Peterson's words, "You must pity

the defects of temper in others," to enable her to "bear her cross;" and many a time she cried over the hasty words which her aunt's complaints wrung from her almost in spite of herself.

Cecilia could not go on Wednesday to see Mr. Peterson; but he had heard of Mrs. Warner's sickness, and came up to her house. He had no opportunity of speaking to his little friend; but he gave her a glance, which bade her, as plainly as words could, to remember what he had said to her.

As Mrs. Warner grew better, matters did not mend for Cecilia. Her aunt was more exacting than ever; and, when she became able to sit up, she had so much fault to find with the way affairs had been managed during her absence, that Mary Ann heartily wished her ill enough to keep her bed again. Cecilia, worn out with her unusual fatigue, was in that peculiarly nervous state of body which renders the mind irritable; and she hailed Wednesday morning with delight, because she thought she might be spared, after tea, to meet Mr. Peterson. This hope supported her all day; but at night, when she put on her bonnet to go out, her aunt called angrily after her, to know what she meant by going off when she was ill. Cecilia answered quietly that she thought she might be spared; but her aunt told her to take off her bonnet, and keep herself quiet at home. She hung her bonnet on its nail in the little back entry, and, stealing out of the back door, sat down on the step, and began to cry. Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder, and, looking up, saw her friend standing close beside her. He talked to her a few moments, calmed and soothed her, and heard the history of

her whole trying fortnight, and whispered encouraging words to the heart that so nearly despaired. Then he went into the house.

When the fields were dressed in their gay autumn suit, Cecilia's face began to wear a brighter, happier expression; and the cross was already lighter.

We must now leap over several years in Cecilia's history, and resume our story when four or five years had elapsed, and our little friend Cecilia had become almost a woman. At fifteen she was very tall of her age; and, though still delicate in her personal appearance, she had lost much of the sickliness which had characterized her childhood. She still lived with Mrs. Warner, but no longer at the top of Holmes's Hill. Mrs. Warner had long ago fancied that exposed situation was unfavorable to her rheumatic complaints, and had removed to a house at the end of the village, but yet not free from its noise and bustle; a change which Cecilia regretted extremely.

Mary Ann had married, a year before, against her mother's wishes, and indeed her express commands. Her husband, one of those "rolling-stones," denominated in our Yankee phrase, *shiftless*, had fancied he should "get along" better if he removed to the West; and Mary Ann had exchanged with him the neatness and economy of a New England home, for the inconveniences and trials of a log-hut in the wilds of Iowa. As neither herself nor her husband were much addicted to letter-writing, Mrs. Warner had only heard from them twice during their absence.

Cecilia, as she approached womanhood, had become sensible how much her education had been neglected;

and she had, by much entreaty, prevailed upon her aunt to let her go to school both in the summer and winter terms. She was obliged, in return for this favor, to redouble her diligence in the hours she spent at home, and often left the house on a cold Monday morning, at half-past eight, leaving the week's washing entirely completed, and the articles hung out to dry. She had foreseen that she would be mortified by her ignorance, and had prepared herself in some measure for it; and so great was her application, that she very soon surpassed the girls of her own age.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson were very much interested in her progress, and Mrs. Peterson had offered to teach her French. But here Mrs. Warner took a decided stand, and declared, that if she "spared Cecilia to learn to read, write, spell, and cipher, it was enough; she shouldn't learn any outlandish lingos;" and Cecilia, grateful for being able to learn at all, relinquished the hope she had had of increasing her acquirements.

Her home-education, faulty as it had been in some respects, had yet made her a thorough and a careful housekeeper, and neat and orderly in all her habits. But we must let our readers see for themselves something of her position at home.

Mrs. Warner's naturally sour disposition had not been sweetened by the waywardness of her only child. She could not bear the least allusion to her; and even the mention of the "West," particularly of Iowa, was the signal for an outburst of passion.

"Where's John Staples gone?" she asked one day, as Cecilia came in from school. "I saw the stage go by with him on the driver's seat, and two monstrous great trunks, with J. S. on them."

"Hannah said John was going away," returned Cecilia; "and she stayed at home this afternoon to bid him good-bye."

"Didn't she say where he was going to?" asked Mrs. Warner. Cecilia dreaded the coming storm; but she was forced to answer, "He is going to the West."

"The West! more fool he! I can't imagine, for my part, why people can't stay contented where they are. What'll he do out there, I wonder? But folks never know when they are well off."

And then Mrs. Warner sat talking half to herself by the fire, scarcely heeding Cecilia's preparations for tea, until she was summoned to the table. Then the tea was pronounced weak as dish-water, the toast was smoky, and the pumpkin-pie not half baked. Cecilia put fresh tea into the teapot, and toasted a fresh slice of bread; but nothing suited. Most sincerely did she pity her aunt, thus disappointed in her fondest hopes; and she indeed bore the cross of her repining most cheerfully, for never did any thought but compassion for her enter her head.

A dreary winter went by. Mrs. Warner suffered much with the rheumatism, and often required Cecilia's constant care. And when she was not ill, she sat by the fire, evening after evening, sighing, murmuring to herself, and not addressing a single word to her only companion. Then how much did Cecilia bless her books! Often her lessons occupied her; and, while engaged with her sewing, she would place the book before her, and look upon the page occasionally, to learn and repeat over and over to herself what she wished to impress upon her memory. Mr. Peterson lent her useful books,

and these she would have liked to read aloud to her aunt; but Mrs. Warner said "she never could bear to hear reading out;" and so Cecilia was forced to enjoy the books by herself.

One chilly spring evening, as Cecilia was kindling some refractory sticks of wood into a blaze, and was about to make some gruel for Mrs. Warner, who had been unusually ill all day, she heard the stage stop, as she thought, at their door; but, instantly remembering how very improbable such a thing was, she went on with her work; but her surmises were almost instantly confirmed by a loud knock at the door. She hastened to open it, and beheld a stooping, thinly-clad figure, which she did not at all recognize, till a well-known voice said, "Cecilia."

"You! Mary Ann!" was Cecilia's surprised exclamation.

"Pay the driver, Cecilia, and I'll tell you all." And Mary Ann took a little bundle from the hand of the driver; while he, as Cecilia had gone to get the money for Mary Ann's passage, went back to the stage, and took off her small trunk. Cecilia paid the coachman, shut the door, and then, leading Mary Ann to the fire, began to take off her shawl. The poor girl sunk into a chair by the fire, and the wrapping falling from the bundle disclosed an infant about three months old, sound asleep. Mary Ann's features were pale and sharpened by sickness; and she had that peculiarly *miserable* appearance which the fever and ague always gives. She had one of her chills upon her, too; for she shivered like an aspen leaf, and could scarcely tell Cecilia how it happened that she was there.

"Your mother is sick," said Cecilia; "and she has grown so nervous, that I must prepare her to see you, or the shock will be too great for her."

Cecilia went away, but returned, saying that Mrs. Warner slept; and she immediately busied herself in getting a substantial supper for her cousin, kindly and considerately forbearing to ask any questions until she was somewhat refreshed.

"O Cecilia!" sighed she at length; "such a time as I have had to get here! My money did not last me half the way, and I was obliged to sell my warm shawl and many of my dresses, in order to get home.

"But your husband?" said Cecilia.

With a burst of tears, Mary Ann told Cecilia that he had died about six weeks since, and had been carried off by a bilious fever that had prevailed in the settlement; that she had had it herself, and it had left her with the fever and ague, from which she was then suffering. "When we first went out there," she said, "it wasn't like home; but still we thought we could get along there. I used to think mother made me work pretty hard at home; but it was mere play to the work in Iowa; and when the housework was done, then I helped my husband in the fields. He had got quite a clearing, and was beginning to plant, when the baby was born; and that took up all my time; and then, when she was three weeks old, he was taken down with the fever. Nobody could come and help us; for, in almost every house, some one was sick, and oftener two or three. So I had to tend the baby, and nurse him; and I was not very strong myself, for I had had the fever and ague not long before. But I did not have him to take care of long:

he was sick but a fortnight; and the very day he was buried, I was taken with the fever. No one of the neighbors could come and take care of me; so they moved me into one of the nearest houses, where the woman, who had one of her own children sick, tended me. As soon as I could sit up, I said I must go home. All said it was madness in me to think of it, weak and sick as I still was, and with my little baby. But I got the neighbors to buy what little furniture we had, and to give me something for the clearing, and started off. I've been a month getting here; for I was often so sick that I was obliged to stop two or three days at a time."

Cecilia's tears had flowed more than once at this tale of sorrow and sickness, disappointment and bereavement. She rose to arrange a bed to put the baby in, when Mrs. Warner's voice was heard from up-stairs, calling her. Cecilia went.

"Who's that down stairs, Cecilia?"

"A stranger, aunt."

"A stranger!" (in some parts of New England this word is used in a very broad sense, to imply a person one is not accustomed to see). "Where does she come from?"

"She came from the city last; but she has been travelling."

"Travelling? why does she stop here? where does she come from?" and then, a mother's hopes and fears guessing at once the visitor, she sprang up, exclaiming, "It's Mary Ann," and again sunk down on her pillow.

"Let me see her this minute," she said after a pause.

"But, Aunt Warner, Mary Ann is very tired to-night, and you are sick. You had better wait till morning."

After a great deal of persuasion, Cecilia at last obtained her consent. But when she woke early in the morning, she missed her aunt by her side, and found she had crawled to Mary Ann's bedside, where she was watching her daughter's haggard features, with more of a softened feeling than Cecilia had ever before seen her display.

ED.

(To be concluded.)

GENEROSITY BOXES.

AFTER tea, Mr. Leslie went to his usual seat in the corner of the sofa, and his children drew their chairs around him for a chat before they went to bed. This was the hour to which they looked forward with eagerness every day; for their father devoted it exclusively to them; and sometimes this was the only time they could claim his attention for weeks together.

He always sat upon the same corner of the sofa, opposite their mother, who, in her rocking chair, made and mended their clothes; while the old gray cat curled herself up on the hearth-rug and slept, seeming to enjoy it as much as the children.

Sometimes he told them an interesting story; sometimes gave them an account of what had happened during the day; and sometimes they had something to tell him which they had rather talk about even than

hear a story. "To-night I have no story to tell you, children," said Mr. Leslie; "but I have a plan to propose, and we will consider how we shall like it."

"Good!" said Lucy, a lively little girl, who had drawn her chair very close to her father's knee; while Clara, her twin-sister, and her elder brother, Herbert, contented themselves by looking very much pleased.

"I have noticed, my dears," continued he, "that you are, neither of you, always willing to trouble yourselves to oblige others, or give what you would like to keep to somebody who perhaps may want it more. You all know what selfishness means. I cannot tell you particular cases in which you are selfish; but I am sorry to say that you are not so generous as I should like to see my children. My plan is, that you should each provide yourselves with a box, and, every time you do a generous action, write an account of it on a slip of paper, and drop it in. At the end of a month, we will open the box, and count the slips. But one thing I wish to impress upon your minds: do not try to excel one another, but always wish the other to get as many slips as yourself."

"Well, father," said Lucy, "I like that; and what are you going to give us if we get a great many slips? I suppose you won't offer a prize to the one who gets the most, after what you just said. It will be all the better if you will give something to each of us."

"My dear child," said her father, "do you suppose your doing this is any favor to me? To be sure, it makes me very happy to see you love and prefer each other; but it is for your good that I ask you to do this."

"Oh no!" replied Lucy; "but then it would be so

much easier to remember ; and we shall try a great deal harder if we know we shall get something for it."

"Do you suppose, my dear, that you do any more than you ought, when you try even very hard to be good ? Is it not wrong not to do so always ? You do not mean to sin, when you are selfish ; but you forget that you *ought* to be generous. We should love God so that we shall never forget to do as he wishes us. If you wish for any reward, what one would be so great as to know that your heavenly Father, who always sees all you do, approves of your conduct ? When he thinks that you do right, he always tells you so ; for your conscience, which never fails to speak, is his voice.

"It is too late to talk any more to-night : to-morrow, if you have any thing to say, I will listen to it. Now, if any of you have a hymn to repeat, I shall be glad to hear it : if not, say your prayers, and then go to bed."

Clara had learnt the little hymn, beginning —

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad," &c.

which she repeated, and then the three children kneeled around their father, and with joined hands raised their evening prayer, and, after their good-night kiss, went up stairs.

Lucy and Herbert thought the prayers they had first said sufficient ; but, before gentle Clara closed her eyes, God listened to her earnest petition for help to keep her good resolution.

The rising sun roused Lucy, full of her plans, and eager to earn the first slip for her box. She sprung softly out of bed, so as not to awaken Clara, who still

slept quietly, and, having hastily dressed herself, went down into the garden.

Mr. Leslie had given each of his children a small piece of ground, which they could call their garden; and here they planted what they chose. They had all worked industriously in them, and were now rewarded by seeing them full of beautiful flowers. Lucy's made the most show; for in the centre of it stood a very rare and beautiful plant, which had been given her as a reward for finding the purse of a lady who lived in the village. The plant was now in full bloom, and its scarlet fragrant blossoms attracted much attention. Now, Lucy's plan was to pick a bunch of these flowers, which she could never before make up her mind to part with, and place them beside her mother's plate at breakfast, and so be able to put the first slip into her box. She broke off three; but it was too great a sacrifice to pick any more, and she turned to carry them into the house. The bunch, however, seemed so mean, that she could hardly persuade herself, after all, that it was being generous to give it; so she picked a few other flowers, and made the whole into a bouquet, which she thought would do. This she placed carefully in a glass beside her mother's plate, and, as nobody had yet come down to breakfast, went up stairs to tell Clara what she had done. She found her but half-dressed, sewing a rip in Herbert's tunic; and her quiet, happy smile, as she had her sister good-morning, made Lucy feel a little uncomfortable, though she did not know why.

"Not dressed yet? Why, I have been up ever so long," said she. "Yes, I know it," replied Clara; "I woke up just as you were ready to leave the room, and

was going to ask you to tell me what time it was; but you seemed in such a hurry that I thought you would not like to stop; so I did not speak, and you thought me asleep."

"I shall be the first one to put a slip in the boxes," continued Lucy, hardly noticing what Clara had said. "I was determined I would; so I got up early, and gathered mother a bunch of flowers out of my garden."

Clara looked pleased at her sister's pleasure, little dreaming that she had earned the first one, by her self-denial in the morning.

Had Lucy been truly generous, she would have offered, while she stood there boasting, to have sewed for Herbert while Clara dressed herself; but she never thought of it. Herbert noticed it, however, though he said nothing; for he was a kind-hearted boy; but he said to himself, "I know who will *deserve* the most slips, even if Lucy *gets* them."

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie were in the breakfast room when the children went down; and Lucy asked eagerly, as soon as she got into the room, how her mother liked her flowers.

"Thank you, my love," was the reply: "they are very pretty." But, though she said this as usual, her kind smile did not make Lucy feel as happy as she expected.

"Well, children, how does the plan of the boxes suit this morning?" inquired their father, after they were seated.

"Oh! we like it just as well as we did last night," said Lucy, speaking without reference to either of the

others; "and, father, haven't I earned the first slip by giving those flowers to mother?"

"You must each judge for yourself about them; I cannot tell so well as you when you conquer your selfishness. I do not know when you do any thing you like, and when any thing that is disagreeable. The merit lies in the sacrifice you make."

"I think it will be hard for us to tell, ourselves, sometimes," said Clara, gently.

"So it will, my love; and for that reason I want you to exercise your own judgment."

"Herbert," said Mr. Leslie, "I should like to have a letter carried to the post-office before you go to school."

"Yes, sir! and if I carry it, may I put a slip in my box? You know I dislike so much to do any thing for you, father," added he, laughing.

"Certainly, if you think you ought to," replied he, pushing back his cup, and taking up a newspaper; a sign that they must not disturb him any more, except with something of importance, for half an hour at least.

After breakfast, while Herbert marched off with his letter to the post-office, the girls took their books to look over their lessons before school. One would think that in that simple act no particular generosity could be shown; but the most careless observer, who had seen the slight movement by which Clara contrived to give her sister the largest share of the atlas, would have discerned the difference between their characters; and still the same thing was shown in the manner in which Clara yielded to Lucy in every thing as they prepared for school. Her whole life seemed one of quiet self-

sacrifice, though few noticed it, she was so retiring; and the thought never once occurred to her that she was doing more than others. She had not yet, in her own opinion, earned one slip for her box.

On their way to school, the two girls saw a sight which moved the compassion of both, — a poor little beggar-girl, whose look confirmed the sad tale she told of her hunger. Lucy's compassion, however, would have contented itself with words; but Clara proposed to give her their luncheon, which they carried in a basket.

"We cannot possibly, Clara," said Lucy: "you know how hungry we always are when we go without it."

"Well, even if we are, we can bear it till dinner-time, only a few hours. It is better that we should feel hungry for a little while than that this poor child should suffer."

"But, Clara, it is not fit for her to eat. It is cake; and you know mother says we ought not to give cake to beggars: it gives them a taste for what they cannot get."

"I know it would be better to give her bread; and, if I had any money here, I would buy her a loaf instead: but cake is the only thing we *can* give her now, and she's *so* hungry. Do, Lucy, give your share with mine; one is so little alone. Beside," added she, as if a new thought struck her, "you can put another slip in your box, if you will."

"Well, I will," said Lucy, brightening at the idea of benefiting herself. "Here, little girl," cried she, running after the child, who had walked slowly on to some distance, "here is something for you to eat;" and she gave her both shares, and received all the

athinks; while Clara stood at a distance, enjoying the child's pleasure, without thinking that she got none of the credit. And see what she thought on her way to school: "Lucy has earned a slip by doing what she did not want to; but I don't really think I ought to put one into *my* box, because I liked to do it: it would have been harder for me not to do it."

Well, little reader, perhaps you will say now, "When is Clara *ever* to put in a slip?" We shall see; for even generous persons sometimes find it hard to do generous deeds. E.

(To be continued.)

VOLCANIC ISLANDS.

A GREAT many islands have been thrown up in the broad ocean by volcanoes. Some of the most beautiful islands on the globe were once buried under water.

A few years ago on the coast of Sicily, an island, formed by volcanic action, sprung up in the presence of many spectators. The crews of various vessels, who witnessed the phenomenon, hastened, with good-humored rivalry, to plant their national flag upon the new-fledged bantam; but, almost at the moment of reaching it, or, at all events, shortly afterwards, their contentions as to priority of occupation were disposed of by the island quietly sinking down once more into the deep.

There is an extraordinary group of islands in the Grecian Archipelago, called Santorini. There are three of them, the highest of which is about three hundred and

fifty-one feet above the level of the sea. The date of the birth of the first island is doubtful; but that it is the offspring of the ocean-crater seems certain. "Between Thera and Therasia," says the ancient geographer, Strabo, "flames rose out of the waves for four days, so that the whole sea boiled and blazed; and they gradually threw up an island, just as if it were raised by mechanical means, composed of liquid masses." This island appears to have received additions from volcanic agency at two distinct times, namely, A.D. 726 and 1457. It is called Paleo Kaimeni, or Old Burnt Island.

A century rolled away after the last addition of Paleo Kaimeni, and the inhabitants of Santorini had settled down. Their troubles were apparently at an end. As the succeeding generations were listening, however, to the wondrous story of an island born in a day, they were admonished, by the trembling of the earth beneath their feet, the discolored waves, and the subterranean thunder, that the war of elements had again begun. A second island showed its head above the surface of the ocean-bed; and its birth was attended by all those terrific circumstances of which they had been told by their fathers. The waters smoked; flames of fire were seen; clouds of ashes floated over the sea; rocks and stones were raised to the top of the waters, and remained there, forming themselves into a solid mass. They burned for a whole year. When their fires had subsided, the people examined the island; and, finding that it was not so large as its predecessor, they called it "Mikro Kaimeni," Little Burnt Island.

The year 1650 arrived, and there were ominous signs of another volcanic eruption. Intense drought and

calms, causing the stopping of the windmills on the island, occurred. As the year advanced, houses rocked to and fro, like ships in a tempest. The sea turned green, announcing the fact that metals were in a state of solution; flames rose up out of the water to a height of eighteen feet, and were visible at a distance of six miles. Shortly afterwards, there appeared a heap of white earth, like snow, and in the form of a bird's nest. At length an eruption took place, with a fearful crash; streams of burning matter flowed down, resembling liquid fire; the sea roared; the earth shook, the air appeared on fire; flames were emitted in torrents from the crater, accompanied with claps of thunder. Large pieces of rock, too, were thrown a distance of six miles, and sometimes farther.

After so terrific an explosion, it might well have been expected that Santorini would have rocked herself to rest. But no: in May, 1707, two slight shocks of an earthquake showed that all was not quiet. The fires which water cannot quench were raging beneath; and the month had not passed away, when there appeared floating on the sea what was supposed to be a wreck. In the hope of plunder, a party of seamen rowed towards it; but, to their utter astonishment, it was a mass of solid rock and white earth! They rowed quickly back, and soon the news was spread abroad. Curiosity prompted many, on the day following, to set out to inspect the island thus thrown up. They discovered oysters, together with sea hedgehogs, attached to the rocks; and as there were no signs of smoke or eruption, the people, apparently with much delight, stepped from rock to rock, gathering the oysters, and examining the white soil,

which cut like bread. But a movement took place, and the new-born island shook beneath their feet, rising up on one side and sinking on the other. The people hastened to their boats. Large pieces of rock were seen to rise and fall in the ocean. The sea was green, then reddish, and then yellow, emitting sulphurous exhalations. The young island continued to increase, but without noise or violence, till from the size of a mole-hill it had risen to the height of seventy or eighty feet. Shortly afterwards the sea appeared like oil, ready to boil over, and continued bubbling and smoking for about a month. Jets of flame, resembling so many large sky-rockets, burst in the air. Thunder rolled, clouds of ashes darkened the atmosphere, and fragments of red-hot rock flew about, composing a dreadful artillery. At intervals, during some months, these terrible phenomena occurred with more or less violence; and it was not until three years had elapsed, that the volcano became entirely tranquil. The new island was then found to have assumed the shape of a cone, perfectly white, and three hundred and fifty-one feet high. It is called New Burnt Island, and forms a useful harbor of refuge. Ships often anchor there in a storm.

You might suppose it almost impossible that a community of inhabitants should flourish on a spot so unfavorably situated. Yet it is estimated that Santorini contains no less than fourteen thousand three hundred and eighty inhabitants. Its towns have a singular appearance, built as they are on the sides of the cliffs, like so many eyries of birds of prey. As the voyager enters some of the harbors of the island, the houses tower above the masts of his vessel; and at night he would hardly be aware of

the presence of a town, were it not for the twinkling of lights along the cliff. The approaches to the towns are by zigzag roads or stairs, cut in the rock, which are dizzy to tread. Those leading from the sea to Thera, it is considered, would take a tolerable pedestrian about twenty minutes in their ascent. The roadways are on the summit of cliffs; and the traveller would little think, as he journeyed, that he was riding over the heads of some hundreds of individuals, were it not for the presence of chimneys, which appear now and then rising up on either side of his path. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away, away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.
Away, away! for the stars are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance, —
Come, let us our comrades rally!

Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice, —

Away, away, we go:

On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet

As the deer o'er Lapland snow.

What though the sharp north winds are out?

The skater heeds them not:

'Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,

Gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasing sight, — that joyous throng
 In the light of the reddening flame ;
 While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
 They wage their riotous game :
 And though the night-air cutteth keen,
 And the white moon shineth coldly,
 Their home hath been on the hills, I ween ;
 They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports
 By the side of the winter's hearth,
 Or at the ball or festival
 Seek for their share of mirth ;
 But as for me, away, away,
 Where the merry skaters be :
 Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth ice glows,
 There is the place for me !

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 10. — THE FAITH OF JESUS.

WHEN we come to touch upon this theme, we almost shrink back from it, because it is so mighty and boundless. How shall we lead you, children, rightly to think about it ?

Our Saviour's whole mission to earth was one of faith. Although he was permitted by the Father to see what the glorious results of his ministry would be, yet he must have had faith to sustain him through its short though painful course. And who shall say how much faith in the Father aided his insight into the future progress of the word he taught ?

But one short verse records for us the history of his

childhood. We know only that John calls the miracle at the feast at Cana of Galilee, "this beginning of miracles." Jesus must have had faith that God had given him this power, — faith of no ordinary kind, and in no common degree, — or he never would have chosen a marriage feast, where multitudes were assembled, to make the first exercise of his power.

And what sustained him through all his trials and disappointments and discouragements but faith? When he suffered the agony in the garden, and prayed that the cup might pass from him, if such was God's will, when the angels came and strengthened him, could any power but that of faith have supported him? Did not that prayer of sorrow and submission rise on the wings of faith to God, and bring down the spirit of peace into his heart, so that with a divine compassion he looked upon his disciples, and said, "Sleep on now, and take your rest"? And this faith was with him to the last, and, soaring above the cry of human agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" enabled him to bow his head, and say, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Children, do you ask how you shall follow this example of Jesus? The heart of the little child is full of faith; but, as it grows older, the bright light dies out among the influences of the world, like a lamp in impure air. How shall children keep alive this faith? What screen, like that of the miner's lamp, shall keep off the noxious damps of the world? There is a screen from worldliness, an aid to faith, which the blessed Master used, and which we need, oh, how much more than he! That screen, that shield, is prayer. Prayer will keep us

near to God, keep us in his presence, make us feel in our inmost hearts that nothing can happen to us except by his permission, and under his control.

A child of faith will bear pain and sickness patiently, knowing that God has sent them because he judged it best, and that he will be pleased at his efforts to be patient and gentle. A child of faith will not murmur at disappointment, and will see that God sends the rain which prevents his intended excursion, to refresh the parched earth.

And there are many such children on earth. We have known them, as well as read of them. Remember the faith of the little boy, of whom most of you have read in your school-books, who prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread;" and think, too, whether you do not know some little sick or helpless child, who cannot join in your active sports, but over whose cheerful face never a shade of murmuring comes against the Father, who, we believe, has chastened him in love.

But, children, if your life is bright and happy now, if you are cheerful and active, still use this screen of prayer to keep your faith alive. You will need it in your after-encounters with the world. The dealings of the Father are often hidden in mystery, and nothing else but faith can pierce the thick clouds. The nearest and dearest will be taken away from you, taken in the flush of their usefulness and youth; your most fondly cherished plans will fail; those you have loved will prove untrue, or choose a widely different path in life from yours: but, amid all these changes, there is one who will never change, and on him must your *faith* fix her eye; and "to him that overcometh," the Lord has promised "a crown of life."

ED.

EVENING HYMN.

THE day is gone, the night is come,
 The night for quiet rest;
 And every little bird has flown
 Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go:
 Upon the leafless bough, —
 He sang his evening hymn to God,
 And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive,
 Shut is the daisy's eye;
 The stars alone are peeping forth,
 From out the darkened sky.

No, not the stars alone; for God
 Has heard what I have said:
 His eye looks on his little child,
 Kneeling beside its bed.

He kindly hears me thank him now,
 For all that He has given, —
 For friends, and books, and clothes, and food,
 But most of all for Heaven;

Where I shall go when I am dead,
 If truly I do right;
 Where I shall meet all those I love,
 As angels pure and bright.

S. S. Gazette.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 18.

Saturday morning. — Grandma did tell us the whole, — a real true story,* she said. I shall write it with a Part First and Part Second, like a book-story.

GRANDMAMA'S CAT.

PART FIRST.

Phinny is a great grey sober puss. He has lived at grandma's house for years, ever since I can remember. Grandma pets and indulges him in every thing, and says he is worth all the cats in the world. Cousin Anne lives there too; and she says that she should like ten cats, even if none of them were so wise and good as Phinny. But Phinny doesn't think so at all. He has never been willing that another cat or kitten should go near the house. He always sits demurely by the side of cousin Anne at the head of the table, and eats crackers or any thing they offer him; but he is an honest cat, and never helps himself to any thing, unless he is invited.

Once cousin Anne had a present of a pretty little Maltese kitten, and Phin was very much vexed about it. Selfish Phin! He wanted to get all the crackers and milk and all the petting for himself; and I am sure he was old enough and big enough to give the petting up. He wouldn't look at the kitten. He was sulky, and sat in corners by himself, and wouldn't eat at all when the little puss was in sight. Then, all of a sudden, he began to be so wonderfully kind to Kitty. He let her eat and drink from his plate, and sleep pretty near him, and for

* It is a true story, dear children.

two or three days he used to call her and make her follow him; but, after that, Kitty was gone, nobody knew where. We children were very sorry, so sorry that cousin Anne promised to get us another, and so she did; but Phinny acted just so with that one: it disappeared very soon, and was never found; though cousin Anne saw one in a man's orchard one day that looked so much like hers, she thought it must be the same. Then old Puss lived alone again for some time, and was very much pleased. He used to let us cut paper ruffs for his neck, and tie ribbons to his ears and tail; then he would walk across the street and into the neighbors' yards, just like a person all dressed up to visit. Oh, it was *so funny*! At last there came a little stray kitten into the yard, — the prettiest little thing, with a white face and four white feet: how Phin could help loving it I don't know. In a week or two he did begin to like her, or he pretended to; for he used to sleep and eat close beside her, and often he would put his head close down to hers, and Kitty would look up just as if he were whispering something to her. Besides that, Kitty used sometimes to steal, and one day grandma caught Phinny doing the very same thing. He watched the kitten for a little while, and then he jumped softly up on the table and helped himself too. That was bad in Phinny: he was an old wise-head, and knew better very well.

Sunday afternoon. — I went to Sunday-school this morning, and was too much disappointed. Miss Everett was away, and another lady was our teacher; but Ella was there and all the girls; and Miss Everett is coming home this week. Martha Shade doesn't look any happier yet. A strange minister preached, and Grace had

gone away with her father; but I saw Mrs. Earniste and Walter. Now I want to finish my Puss-story very much, but I don't know whether it would be remembering "the sabbath-day to keep it holy." That is a beautiful commandment—I should not like to break it. *Doing good* on the sabbath-day: I cannot think of any good I could do to any one with my story. I think I will study my hymn, and read my library-book. Tomorrow comes school, and then mother will forbid the journal again. When *shall* I write, I wonder?

Evening.—Mother has been talking with us about being useful. Oh dear! I don't think I like to do the things they call *useful* very much. She has given to May and me the care of our own room; the bed to make, and things to dust; and we must always leave it in perfect order before we go to school in the morning. May says, "Annie, we shall *admire* it!" Well, *perhaps* we shall; but I know I had rather keep my dolls and baby-house in order."

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—Mother says I may finish my story, but I must not write any more at present: the writing at school, she says, is enough. May has gone to walk with Eddie; so I will write as long as I can while they are away. It is a very little story for two parts, but I like it. It seems as though I were a lady, writing a *grown-up* story.

GRANDMAMMA'S CAT.

PART SECOND.

One day, when I was going to grandmamma's, I met cousin Anne going home from a walk. We were turning the corner of a street, when who should we see but

Phinny, with a ruff around his neck, and a little way off down the street the grey kitten, looking frightened enough. She kept stopping; then Phinny would call "*mew*," and she would follow on. "Don't go, kitty!" said cousin Anne; "you will surely get lost, and I do believe Phin would like that above all things. Come directly home with me, kitty." She took her up, and carried her home. After that, they watched the old cat, and found out that *he* lost all the kittens on purpose. He invited them out to walk, and then ran off and left them in the street. I was so angry with Phin, that he didn't get any of my ribbon-bows upon his ears and tail for a long while. But, since he went to the sea-shore, better thoughts seem to have got into his old sober head. For some time he didn't take kitty out to walk, but slept and talked with her, in his way, very kindly. One day kitty was walking along the edge of the high garden fence, when a big dog frightened her; and she fell off into the garden, and got one of her little white feet very lame. She told Phinny about it, I suppose; for he pitied her and comforted her as well as he could. Very often he washed the little lame foot with his big tongue, until it was quite well; and since then he has never taken her to walk, and he grows kinder to her every day. I think he would be as sorry now to lose her as the rest of us. When I go to see you again, dear Phin, I will dress you up splendidly; you shall wear my silver hair-band round your neck, and flowers on your head, and gilt tassels on your tail; and you shall go to see all the neighbor-cats, only don't take kitty with you.

F. E. H.

"WE ARE MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER."

"PHILIP! cousin Philip! don't!" The speaker was a little girl, scarcely five years old, who was sitting on a stone-step at a farm-house door, watching very intently the motions of a boy four or five years older than herself. And what was Philip Dale doing? Why, he had found a poor little stray kitten, which had wandered into the court-yard, and, boy-like, was driving it hither and thither, shouting, throwing sticks and pebbles at it; while the hunted, terrified little creature ran one way and another, mewing piteously, and every sound went to the heart of the compassionate little child who heard it. At last she could endure it no longer; and running to her cousin, with eyes filled with tears, and a voice which trembled from its very earnestness, she repeated, "Don't, Philip! it is God's kitty."

The boy stopped, and looked in her face in amazement; then, suddenly seizing the fugitive, which had taken refuge in a tree, he laid it gently in the child's arms, and saying "There's your kitten, Clara," he turned and left the yard. Little Clara ran back into the house, showed her treasure to her aunt and her sister Fanny, and asked and obtained permission to keep it. Fanny kindly took upon herself the office of making it clean. She softly washed off the dirt, brushed the fur dry, and brought from the kitchen a saucer of milk to feed it; and in no long time the kitten was lying contentedly in Clara's lap, purring loudly, and quite as happy as the little girl herself.

Nothing was seen of Philip till dinner-time; and

when he came in, he cast a sly glance at Clara's new pet, as if he almost feared it would complain of him. But he was safe from any reproof save that of his own conscience; for the kitten could not tell, Clara would not, and no one else knew any thing of the matter. After dinner he tried to make friends with Clara, by offering the kitten some bits of meat, which she took very gladly, and lapped his hand in gratitude; while Clara looked up with a face so bright and smiling, it was plain she had forgotten the affair of the morning. Philip set off for school, and, seeing a robin, picked up a stone to throw at it, when a sudden thought checked him, and the stone fell from his hand.

"I suppose Clara would say that is God's robin, too," he said, half-aloud; "and the squirrels, and the cows, and every thing else. What a queer little thing she is! won't even kill a fly, because she says she couldn't make it alive again, if she should." And the boy went on pondering the matter. He was not a cruel boy, naturally. He loved his parents and his gentle little cousin dearly; and no one could be kinder to the horse, and the fowls, and his own dog Bruno, than was Philip Dale. But he had learned from his companions the very wicked habit of tormenting animals for sport, without giving a thought to the pain he was inflicting; and though his mother's soft "Don't do so, my son," always stopped him for the time, she was not often present when he was indulging himself in such amusements. Not one word said Philip of the subject which had occupied his thoughts all day, until evening, when Fanny had gone to put Clara to bed, and all was quiet. Then he came to his mother, and laying his head in her lap, and looking up into her

clear, loving eyes, told her of his conduct in the morning, and of Clara's entreaty. And Mrs. Dale, entering with ready sympathy into her boy's thoughts and feelings, conversed with him about the animals, and his duties to them, and so deepened the impression on his mind, that Philip resolved never again to ill-treat any animal; and he kept his resolution, too.

Some months after, when Clara had been for some time at her city home, Mr. Dale asked Philip, one bright morning, if he could go to town for him and do some errands. They lived between two and three miles from the town; and it was by no means a long walk for a healthy, active boy, and Philip joyfully consented to the proposal. He took his basket and went merrily on, whistling the prettiest tunes he knew, and speaking with the numerous acquaintances he met, and in good time reached his destination. As he went forward, he chanced to spy a boy whom he knew, cruelly beating a dog, which howled with pain. Philip crossed the street.

"What is the matter, Jerry?" he asked; "what has Ponto been doing?"

Jerry glanced round at him; but Philip's pleasant face and kind tone disarmed his anger, and he answered rather sullenly, "He stole my breakfast, and I'll punish him for it." And he raised his stick again, but Philip caught his arm.

"I wouldn't beat him, Jerry; he was hungry, poor, fellow, and didn't know he was getting your breakfast. Here's a nice luncheon mother gave me; take it, Jerry, for I had my breakfast long ago; and don't beat Ponto any more. He is one of God's creatures, you know, and we must not abuse them."

Jerry hesitated, took the offered gift, and began to eat; for, as Philip suspected, he was as hungry as the dog; and after a minute he stooped down, and, patting the poor creature, shared his meal with him; while his young friend, pleased to see it, ran merrily on to do his errands in town, without giving a thought to the loss of his luncheon. Philip little knew how much good he had done. While he talked with Jerry, two men passed in different directions; one a ragged-looking man, with a face bearing the marks of intemperance; the other, handsomely dressed, with a pleasant, open countenance, and cheerful smile. This was Frank Howard, a thriving young merchant; the other was Joe Dennis, a poor laborer, who made himself still poorer by wasting his earnings in liquor. Howard glanced at the man, as he passed, with a feeling of disgust and scorn; and Dennis, on his part, looked at the young merchant with a despairing envy. "I might have been as well off as he, perhaps," was his thought; "his father and mine were schoolmates and playfellows once; but it's no use now." It was just as they met and passed each other, at the very spot where the boys were talking, that Philip had said the last words to Jerry.

"One of God's creatures," repeated Howard, involuntarily turning to look after the drunkard. "One of my brethren, then: can I do nothing to save him?" One instant he hesitated, then slowly followed Dennis.

"One of God's creatures," said poor Joe to himself. "Well, I suppose I'm that, only no one seems to think so; and why should they? I'm worse than that brute, for I take the food from my wife and children." He paused; for he was close by a dram-shop, where he had

too often stopped. "No, *I won't*," he said energetically; "I'll try once more to leave off. One of God's creatures? If he takes care of the dumb beast, why shouldn't he of us? I don't know who else will."

Joe marched on with a firmer step, for his resolve to do right had given him courage, and soon reached his wretched home. Mrs. Dennis looked up hastily, and one or two children glanced timidly at their father. "I haven't taken a drop to-day, Martha," said he, "and by God's help I won't again. Here, Joey, take this fourpence, and get a loaf of bread." Mrs. Dennis, too happy to speak, could only throw her arms around her husband's neck and cry. "Don't, Martha, don't," said the poor man. "You've nothing to be so glad about; for that's the last cent I've got in the world, and I don't know where the next will come from. Ah, yes!" answering her broken words, "it's easy for you to say, 'Trust in the Lord,' for you're a good woman; but it isn't so easy for me."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Frank Howard walked in. "Does not Joseph Dennis live here?" he asked. "Are you at liberty to-day, Mr. Dennis, and could you do some jobs at my store? The man I have heretofore employed has left town, and I must get some one to supply his place. Will you come to-day, and try? Perhaps we may make some agreement."

Poor Joe Dennis! he could almost have worshipped Howard as an angel from heaven. He looked one way and another, and finally burst into tears. "I'll come, Mr. Howard, I'll come; it is very good of you, for there isn't many who would employ a drunkard like me;

but I mean to be sober in future. I was just telling Martha that I could get no work, and we'd got to starve, may be; and she, good soul, said the Lord would provide. I believe, Mr. Howard, sir, God sent you to us just now."

"I have no doubt he did," answered Howard gravely, who, having closely followed Dennis, had seen and heard all that passed before he entered. "Mr. Dennis, if you will go to my store, and say to my clerk, Mr. Reid, that I sent you, he will employ you; and I will be there directly myself." And as soon as Dennis had left the house, the young merchant turned to the happy, weeping wife, and, putting five dollars into her hand, bade her regard it as a gift from Heaven, and provide what she most needed; adding, with a smile, "Your husband will return hungry, no doubt: I should advise you to have a good dinner ready."

We need hardly say that this advice was followed, and that Dennis found a smoking dinner on the table when he returned at noon. But it may be necessary to add, that their new friend kept Joe in his employ, and aided his efforts at amendment; until, in a few years, the neat, nice dwelling, and comfortable, happy-looking family, which Dennis eagerly sought, after his day's labors, bore slight resemblance to the cheerless hovel, and pale, starving faces, he had left. Nor was this all: Frank Howard, having once tasted the pleasure of benevolence, could not resign the luxury of being the dispenser of God's bounty to others. And many were the hearts cheered, many the homes preserved, many the characters saved from ruin, by his kindly and unsought assistance. He sought no public notice of his good deeds: he was

pleased to labor in secret. But Philip Dale often wondered why Mr. Howard always spoke so kindly to him, and invited him so frequently to his pleasant house. Philip never suspected that his kind care for a suffering animal had been the means of saving many human beings from worse suffering. And just as little did Clara think, when she played with her kitten Friskie, now grown quite a cat, that her compassionate pleading for Friskie was the first link in a long chain of benevolent actions. Only believe that no good word or deed is ever lost; and, in his own good time, God will make it bring forth rich fruit.

A. A.

THE INDIAN BIRDS.

ONE summer, by some extraordinary chance, a pair of Indian birds came into an English wood. It was a wonderfully fine summer; there had been no rain for two months, excepting such as had fallen in soft showers during the night; the atmosphere was warm and clear; the sun rose in the morning from an opal sky, and silvery mists ascended, like clouds of incense, from the valleys to the hill-tops, as if in his honor; and in the evening he sank beyond the distant sea, in a pomp of gold and crimson and purple, flinging up almost into the mid-sky exquisite tints of gold and green.

It was a wonderful summer; the flowers of the earth were more beautiful and abundant than ever. In the spring there had been such beds of woodruff filling the air with fragrance, and lilies of the valley and wild hyacinths; such crab-blossoms and bird's cherry! And now in the summer there were such honeysuckles and

wild roses, such lychnises and wild pinks and golden money-wort by the little stream that ran singing through the wood; such blue periwinkles and white starworts and creamy meadow-sweet; and later in the year there would be such masses of golden Aaron's rod, and such expanses of crimson heath, that I assure you there could hardly have been found a more beautiful wood in the rich tropical land from which the Indian birds had come.

This wood was full of all kinds of English birds; and so propitious had been this season, that insects of every species abounded; and there was such plenty of food of every variety, that it seemed to the most experienced of the birds as if want and distress were mere nursery tales, — were only myths, imaginations, which had their origin in the dark ages of ignorance and superstition. It was astonishing how completely this fine, abundant season had annihilated all remembrance of sorrow and suffering. Of course the young broods of this season, now growing into big birds, wearing remarkably large and wide feather clothes, could not be expected to know any thing of winter discomfort and starvation, because they were only eggs this last spring; but the recollection of it, I say, seemed even to have passed away from the minds of the older birds. Thus, as it would have been difficult to have found a pleasanter or more affluent wood than this, would it have been equally difficult to have found a more well-to-do, prosperous, self-satisfied, and self-conceited race than its feathered inhabitants. The clamor of their rejoicing rang through the wood from morning till night. The little silent flowers heard it, and were glad; and the little lively rivulet, that ran singing and purling over its gravelly bed, speaking kind words as it

went on, to the little golden saxifrage on its banks, and to the feathery ferns and gracefully bending hart's tongue that bowed over it, lifted up its silvery voice in chorus.

There was, as I said, a world of rejoicing in the wood. The little moles underground, though they were seldom seen, and never heard by any chance, yet were as merry, in their own quiet way, as the day was long; and as to the wood-mice, they lived there by hundreds, and fared sumptuously in autumn on the tawny-shelled chestnuts, and all the rest of the year on the abundant, rich, and tender roots, with which the great treasury of the earth is full. Squirrels, too, lived there, and had many a snug and substantial nest in the forks of the branches or the hollows of the boles, where they dwelt in good fellowship with the ring-dove, the missel-thrush, and the woodpecker.

Well, as I told you, it was in this wood that a pair of green Indian birds found themselves.

"It is a very nice wood," said they one to another, as they looked around them from the topmost branch of a fine old plane-tree, very early on midsummer morning; "a very nice wood, considering where it is—in such a poor country, and among such ignorant creatures. We will certainly settle down here. Look, there's a crane-fly, as I live! and another! and another! Who would have expected to find crane-flies here." Snap! snap!

"What a capital breakfast! And the water is very good below; water appears to be the same in all countries." Snap! snap! snap!

"The crane-flies are of very good quality." Snap! snap! snap!

"Yes, we may as well settle here; for it is a very

nice wood, and plenty of crane-flies in it, and water as clear as that which ran from the Rajah's tank." Snap! snap! "True, many things are different here; but that we must expect; for it is an ignorant country, as we know; they do not even burn widows here, nor have any grand Juggernaut processions; there are no Brahmin temples, nor even golden-striped tigers, nor crimson houdahed elephants; there are no rice-fields, nor beautiful cane-jungles; but then there are crane-flies!" snap! snap! snap! "and beautiful water; so we will certainly settle down here for good."

(To be concluded.)

PUZZLES.

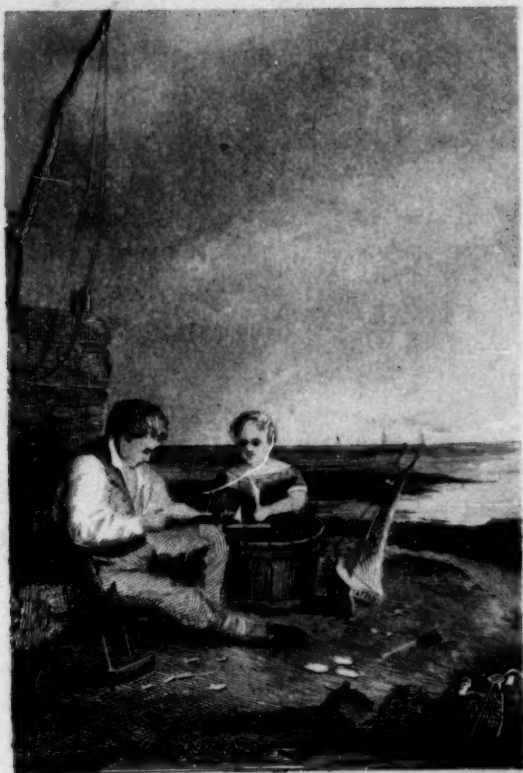
Answer to the Charade in the September number, — *Pupil*.

ANSWER TO THE REBUS.

The *Daisy* England's flower must be;
 Spring's fragile child, *Anemone*;
 The bee the *Honeysuckle* seeks;
 Of purity the *Lily* speaks;
 The rainbow-flower's the *Iris* gay,
 And *Amaranths* last many a day;
 And queenly *Dahlias*, on their stalks,
 In autumn grow by garden walks.

PUZZLE.

First take a word, though small, that's hard to say,
 And to this add the number *five*, we pray;
 Then half a pretty name that ladies claim,
 With three-fifths of a city, known to fame,
 That shows its walls and spires and turrets high,
 Where Alpine mountains tower against the sky.
 Then of the year's twelve children, you'll behold
 One of the rudest, with his frost and cold.



THE LITTLE BOAT BUILDER.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

(Concluded.)

THE fatigue of Mary Ann's long journey, combined with the effects of her previous illness, made her unable to sit up on the morning succeeding her arrival, and added to Cecilia's cares, numerous enough before, the additional care of herself and the baby, who, from travelling at so early an age, was a fretful, uneasy little thing. Aunt Warner made a pretence of sitting up, and tried to tend the baby; but its cries worried her, and its weight proved too great for her rheumatic arm. So she was obliged to give the child up to Cecilia.

Three or four days passed away, with such an excess of business for Cecilia, that she had hardly time to think. Her aunt's unsocial habits prevented the calls of any of the neighbors, who would willingly have aided Cecilia; and thus she toiled on alone. On the fifth morning, as she stood washing up the breakfast dishes in the little kitchen, and feeling very languid and tired, she heard a knock at the door, and, hastening to open it, saw the person whom of all others she would have most wished to see, — Mr. Peterson.

"Where have you been, my dear?" said he, as he shook her warmly by the hand. "You have not been near us for so long, that we feared you were ill; and Mrs. Peterson charged me — not that I needed the charge — to come here as soon as breakfast was over, and inquire. But you certainly are ill," he added, as the flush which Cecilia's pleasure in seeing him had called up, was succeeded by her former paleness.

"Oh, no! only tired," answered Cecilia smiling, as she placed a chair for Mr. Peterson, and resumed her work.

"And why so tired? Is your aunt more than usually ill?"

"Why, have you not heard, — but how should you, since perhaps no one in the village knows it, — that my cousin Mary Ann came home on Monday night? Her husband has been dead about two months; and she herself, hardly recovered from the bilious fever of which he died, took her little baby, and came home. She has suffered very much, both in body and mind, and is wasted to a mere skeleton. She has been unable to leave her bed since her arrival, and Aunt Warner is more nervous from the unusual excitement. She tried to take care of the baby; but she was obliged to give it up."

"And so you are cook, chamber-maid, nursery-maid, and nurse, all in one! This will not do, Cecilia. You are not *quite* so strong as Hercules; and I think his strength might have been insufficient to do the mental labor of four persons, even though that of his body had sufficed. Is there no neighbor who will help you?"

"I dare say there are several who would like to do so; but you know Aunt Warner's repugnance to strangers."

"I will persuade her. She will see me, won't she?"

Cecilia left the room to inquire, and presently returned, saying that her aunt would like very much to see the minister. The truth was, that the unobtrusive kindness of this good man had found its way to Mrs. Warner's heart; and, supposing that he had come expressly to see her, she was very ready to see him.

After Mr. Peterson had inquired about her health,

and spoken of Mary Ann's unexpected arrival, he said, "I think you must understand teaching domestic duties to girls very thoroughly, Mrs. Warner; for Cecilia does the house-work and cooking and nursing admirably for so young a girl." Mrs. Warner, hardly knowing how to answer the compliment, replied that Cecilia had turned out better than ever she thought she would. "I think it is rather too much for her to have the care of the baby too," said Mr. Peterson. "It would be very unfortunate for you, if she should become too tired to attend to you; for there is no one who understands so well as she does how you like to be waited upon."

"That's a fact," returned Mrs. Warner; "and I minded this morning she looked sort o' pale; but then I can't bear to have the neighbors coming into my house, and prying into my housekeeping."

"But you need have no one who will pry into your housekeeping. Susan Dane is as little prying as any person whom I know. Her mother is going away to visit her sister, — going this afternoon, and Susan will be alone in the house. She likes Cecilia, and would, I doubt not, be very happy to come and stay here. Shall I ask her? You know she need only take care of the baby, and do some of the work below stairs."

"Well, I 'spose I might as well have Susan Dane as anybody. She's a quiet sort of a body, and wouldn't make confusion." After saying a few more words, Mr. Peterson went down stairs to report his success to Cecilia, and Susan Dane was installed in Mrs. Warner's house that very afternoon.

Week after week passed slowly by, and the baby grew and thrived, and Mrs. Warner recovered sufficiently to

attend to domestic affairs herself. But Mary Ann grew no better. She suffered but little pain, and complained of nothing but weakness. Cecilia had seen but little sickness; yet she was at last alarmed at her cousin's continued weakness, and suggested to her aunt the propriety of taking medical advice. "The doctor," she said, "will give her something to strengthen her."

Mrs. Warner consented, and the doctor was called in. As he was leaving the house, he met Cecilia in the little entry. "How do you find my cousin?" she asked.

"Very weak; much more so than I expected. I will not conceal from you that she is sinking rapidly, and has but a few more weeks to live. You will, of course, know whether it is best to communicate this to her, or to her mother; or, if you feel that you cannot speak of it to them yourself, I will do it for you." Cecilia told the doctor that she would consider what was best, and tell him on the next day.

In the evening, Mary Ann had fallen into a deep slumber, and Mrs. Warner and Cecilia were sitting by the kitchen fire. "Somehow," said Mrs. Warner, "I thought the doctor seemed to think Mary Ann was pretty sick; but he didn't say any thing to me: did he to you, Cecilia?"

Cecilia's whole course of action was always straightforward; so in reply to her aunt's question she said, —

"Yes, he thought she was very weak."

Mrs. Warner sat a moment in silence. A sudden light seemed to break upon her, and she covered her face with her hands. "Did he say any thing more?" she asked at length. "You need not be afraid to tell me: I suspect the whole."

"O aunt! he said she had but few more weeks to live, and was rapidly sinking away. He thought I should know whether it was best to tell her of it."

"Oh! how *can* she die? She has never thought any thing about death; she is not fit to die," sobbed her mother. "And I, — it is my fault. I brought her up to know the things of this world, but not the things of heaven. But how could I teach what I did not know myself? Oh, how I wish I had made her go to Sunday-school when you did! Perhaps she might have got some good there." And then she moaned and wept afresh.

"You shall go for Mr. Peterson to-morrow," said she, after a long silence. "He is a good man, and will perhaps tell Mary Ann himself that she has not long to live, and that she must prepare to die. But, oh! she was *my* child, and I should have taught her."

Gently did Mr. Peterson make the dying woman sensible of her situation, and pour into her ear the words of hope for the erring. Misfortunes had softened her, and the seeds did not fall into barren soil. She often said to Cecilia, as she bent over her, performing acts of kindness, "How good you are to me, and I have treated you very ill in times past! I used to think that you were mean-spirited, because you were not cross to me. But now I see that the teachings of the Sunday-school and the words of the Bible helped you to return good for evil."

In these last hours of her cousin's life, Cecilia loved more than ever before; and her tears fell fast as she closed at length the soulless eyes, and folded the cold hands over her breast. Mary Ann had left the care

of her child to Cecilia, charging her to bring it up in the fear of the Lord.

"It is a very heavy responsibility," Cecilia remarked to Mr. Peterson. "I feel scarcely able to undertake it."

"This burden, Cecilia, this weight of responsibility, is a part of your cross. It is not a trial, but a burden; and you have taken up the cross. Will you shrink at the burden? 'Come unto *me*, all ye heavy-laden!' You know who has said these words, and you will not strive in your own strength to educate this immortal soul."

It was a beautiful summer evening when the mortal remains of Mary Ann were laid in the grave; and, when the autumn winds swept the dead leaves over the mound, her mother was laid by her side. She had died, blessing Cecilia with her latest breath, and calling down the choicest gifts of Heaven upon her. She had gradually failed from the time of Mary Ann's death; and the disappointment of the hopes of years, joined to an over-taxed frame, had brought her to the grave.

Cecilia was sitting alone, save for the baby, on the morning after her aunt's funeral. She was alone in the house, and a feeling of desolation crept over her, and the tears fell on the face of the child in her lap. She was so young, so inexperienced; she could not live in the house by herself; and what should she do? whither should she turn? She was roused from her reverie by a voice at her side, which said, —

"Is this quite right, Cecilia? is it right to let your melancholy thoughts entirely absorb you?"

"I was thinking, my dear pastor, how alone I am in the world. I know neither what is best to be done, nor

which way to turn. If, as I suppose, I must earn my own livelihood, how is it to be accomplished with this little child, whom I cannot leave?"

"Report says your aunt was a woman of some small property: why not investigate her papers?"

Search was made; and it was found that Mrs. Warner had left a will, properly drawn, bequeathing all her property to Cecilia, and after her death to her grandchild. This placed Cecilia in the possession of a sum of money sufficient for her moderate wants.

"And now for a home," said Mr. Peterson. "Will you accept one in my family. Mrs. Peterson warmly desires it; so do I. She has much ill-health, and will rejoice to have some one who can take care of the household when she is unable to do so. Nay, make no objections. You shall, since you are able, pay us for your board; but, if you had not been able, it need have made no difference. We shall love to feel that we have you with us, and that you have at last found sympathy in your home."

Cecilia's eyes filled with tears. "How shall I ever thank you for all your kindness?" she asked.

"Do not thank me, dear Cecilia, but thank Him whose instrument I have been. Thank Him who laid the cross upon your childhood, only to make your character firmer, more Christian in youth. Thank Him who has scattered and dispelled the clouds round about you, and has sent the sunshine of love — his love, as well as human love — into your heart.

The next week found Cecilia at the parsonage. We need not tell our readers how happy she was there; but we will tell them how, under such good influences, the

baby grew up an honest, upright lad, and repaid fully, in after-years, his cousin's kindness; while she never looked on him but to thank God for the cross which he had blessed to her.

ED.

AN INGENIOUS REBUKE. — A general officer, who was early in life much addicted to profane oaths, dated his reformation from a memorable check he received from a Scotch clergyman. When he was lieutenant, and settled at Newcastle, he got involved in a brawl with some of the lowest class in the public street; and the altercation was carried on by both parties, with abundance of impious language. The clergyman passing by, shocked with the profanity, and stepping into the crowd with his cane uplifted, thus addressed one of the leaders of the rabble: "O John, John! what is this I hear? you, only a poor collier boy, and swearing like any lord in the land! O John! have you no fear of what will become of you? It may do very well for this gallant gentleman (pointing to the lieutenant) to bang and swear as he pleases; but you — you, John, it is not for you, or the like of you, to take in vain the name of Him in whom you live and have your being." Then, turning to the lieutenant, he said, "You'll excuse the poor man, sir; for he is an ignorant body, and kens nae better." The young officer shrunk away in confusion, unable to make any reply. Next day he waited on the minister, and thanked him sincerely for his well-timed reproof, and was ever after an example of correctness of language. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

THE BOAT;

OR, THE YOUNG SAILOR'S SONG.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE fields are green, the woods are grand,
And home is dear to me;
But I would give a year on land
For one month on the sea.

I've made myself a little boat,
Fit for a little boy;
And when I set my craft afloat,
I clap my hands for joy.

But, sister, when I am a man,
And do just as I please,
I'll build a ship, and then I can
Go live upon the seas.

I want to see the white sails sweep,
To see the white waves roll,
And feel that, while the helm I keep,
None can my course control.

I feel as though I was not born
To live upon the shore;
I long and sigh, from night till morn,
To hear the billows roar.

Then come strange sounds into mine ear;
I hear the wild waves dash;
I hear the loud storm howl, nor fear
The sudden thunder crash.

The narrow fields, and close, dark grove,
Will never do for me :
I must have room to breathe and move ;
I must go o'er the sea.

Selected.

BIOGRAPHY OF PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY was born May 29th, 1736, in the county of Hanover, Virginia. When he was ten years old, he had learned to read and write at a school in the neighborhood, and had made some small progress in arithmetic. He was then taken home, and, under the direction of his father, studied the Latin language, and made considerable advancement in mathematics. But he disliked study, and was never better satisfied than when he was free from its confinement, and roaming the fields at his pleasure. At the age of fifteen, he was placed in a store; and, in the next year, his father, having purchased some goods for his two sons, William and Patrick, set them up in trade. Their affairs were badly managed, and the experiment was abandoned in a year. Patrick was engaged two years more in settling up the accounts. He married at eighteen, and engaged in farming. He tired of this employment in two years; and, selling off his property, he entered again into merchandising. He paid but little attention to business, however; not unfrequently shutting up his store to indulge himself with his violin, his flute, and his books. He became very fond of historical works, particularly those of Greece and

Rome, and, aided by a good memory, soon made himself acquainted with their contents. He again failed in business; all his property was taken to pay his debts, and his friends would render him no assistance. He then determined to study law. After a six weeks' preparation, he succeeded in getting a license to practice, being twenty-four years of age, and entirely ignorant of the most simple duties of his profession.

For three years he was without any thing to do, and living in extreme want. At this time he was called to take part in a suit which had grown out of a controversy between the clergy and the people, touching the salaries claimed by the former. On this occasion he first exhibited those powers of eloquence and thought for which he was ever after distinguished. His speech took the people by surprise, and animated them with strong hopes of success, while the expected triumph of the clergy was turned to despair. Although the legal right was on the side of the clergy, the jury brought in a verdict of one penny damages. In 1765 he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, with express reference to an opposition to the British Stamp Act. Near the close of the session, he introduced his celebrated resolutions against that Act, which produced a stormy debate. It was in a speech on this occasion that he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third" — "Treason!" cried the Speaker. "Treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the House. Henry faltered not for an instant; but taking a loftier attitude, and fixing on the Speaker an eye of fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis, — "*may profit by their example.* If this be

treason, make the most of it." From this period Mr. Henry became the idol of the people of his own State, and was everywhere regarded as one of the great champions of colonial liberty. He was one of the number of delegates sent by Virginia to the first general Congress of the Colonies, which assembled in Philadelphia in September, 1774. When the Congress adjourned, he entered the Legislature of Virginia again, determined upon prosecuting the work of national independence. When intelligence was received of the battle of Lexington, in Massachusetts, he raised a company of men, and obliged the Governor of Virginia to consent to the payment of a pecuniary compensation for a quantity of powder, which the latter had caused to be taken from the public magazine at Williamsburg.

He was afterwards elected the colonel of a regiment; but he soon resigned this command, and was then elected a delegate to the Colonial Convention, and shortly after the first Governor of the Commonwealth. His administration was prolonged until 1779, when he retired from the office, and was returned to the Legislature, where he continued to support the great cause of the Revolution until the close of the war, when he was again elected Governor. He resigned the office in the fall of 1786, and resumed the practice of the law. Six years after this, he was a member of the Convention which was to decide the fate of the Federal Constitution of Virginia. He bade a final adieu to public life in the year 1791.

In 1797 his health began to decline, and continued to sink gradually until his death, which took place on the 6th of June. He was nearly six feet high, spare, and what may be called raw-boned, with a slight stoop of the

shoulders; his complexion was dark, sun-burnt, and sallow; his countenance grave, thoughtful, and penetrating; the earnestness of his manner, united with an habitual contraction or knitting of his brows, gave to his countenance at times the appearance of severity. He was a natural orator of the highest order: his name is brilliantly and lastingly connected with the history of his country's emancipation.

After Mr. Henry's death, a paper was found, containing the resolutions of the Virginia Assembly concerning the Stamp Act, on the back of which was endorsed the following, in his own handwriting: —

“The within resolutions passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a Burgess a few days before; was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house, and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised, and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law-book, wrote the within. Upon offering them to the house, violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me, by the party for submission. After a long and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the minis-

terial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war, which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation.

"Reader! whoever thou art, remember this; and, in thy sphere, practise virtue thyself, and encourage it in others. — P. HENRY."

Selected.

THE BEES AND THE FLIES.

"UNCLE JAMES," said Annie Endicott, as he walked up to the spot where she was standing, near a range of bee-hives in his garden, "do look at these troublesome flies! They keep crowding about the hives, and trying to get the honey, and the poor bees have to drive them away every time they go out or in. I wonder they don't get out of patience, and sting them all to death."

"A bee rarely uses its sting, I believe," said her uncle. "Indeed, I have heard it said that it never does so, unless driven to the utmost extremity; for that, so surely as it stings, it dies."

"Itself, uncle?"

"So I have been told. I don't know certainly whether it is true of *bees*; but I have often thought it was of *people*."

"Why, Uncle James, what do you mean? *People* don't sting, do they?"

"You are a very fortunate little girl if you have never felt that they do. *I* have been stung a good many times in my life."

"Oh! I know now what you mean," said Annie, laughing. "But they didn't die of it, did they? I never heard of anybody that did."

"It is the *heart* that dies, Annie, — a far worse death than that of the body. Let me tell you," he added, as he led her slowly along the path, "how our hearts, full of action and living impulses, are like, as it seems to me, the hives of bees you have been watching. We have within us a crowd of thoughts and feelings, going forth continually into life and action; and, according to the purposes with which they go, they come back laden with rich honey to lay up for us, or they wander away idly, and are lost; or, worse than all, we pervert them from a right use, and turn them to the injury of others, like the stinging bees, and then, like the bees, they die. Is it not so, Annie?"

Annie was thoughtful now; and, instead of making her usual quick reply, she only looked up gravely in her uncle's face.

"Every time we indulge a harsh, censorious temper, some gentle affection, some loving thought we might have had instead, dies out within us. For every evil impulse we act out, we lose a good one; till the little honey-gatherers of the heart, one by one, have perished, and leave us at last, empty and desolate. Let us learn wisdom of the bee, Annie, to whom God has given an instinct that tells it, "So surely as it stings, it dies."

A. D. T. W.

THE DYING CHILD.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"DEAR mother, speak to me no more ;
Mute be each earthly tone ;
Sweeter the voices in mine ear,
Than ever fell your own."

Through the long watches of the night,
She held communion sweet,
In words too low, too softly breathed,
The ears of earth to greet.

The spirits told of heavenly gates
That death was opening wide,
And that the arms of strength sustained
Her soul on every side.

They whispered of the pure, white robes
That the redeemed wear,
And of the palms that in their hands
Those sainted spirits bear.

They spoke of Christ the crucified,
Who bade the children come,
And of that Father's boundless love,
Who called her early home.

Thus whispered they throughout the night,
Till morning cold and gray ;
And then, with soft and noiseless wing,
Her spirit bore away.

ED.

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

THE elephant is the largest and most powerful of all living quadrupeds, and may be regarded as a remnant of those gigantic races which were common at an earlier period of the earth's history. Specimens have been found upwards of twelve feet high, from the sole of the foot to the ridge of the shoulder, above five tons in weight, and capable of carrying enormous burdens. In general figure, the animal seems clumsy and awkward; but this is fully compensated by the litheness and agility of his trunk. His legs are necessarily massive, for the support of such a huge body; but, though apparently stiff, they are by no means the unwieldy members which many suppose. He can kneel and rise with facility; can use the fore-feet by way of hand in holding down branches, while he strips off the foliage with his trunk; employ his feet in stamping his enemies to death; and has been known to travel, even with a heavy load, from fifty to seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours. His feet, which are internally divided into toes, are externally gathered into a round, cushioned mass, protected by flattish nails, and are therefore unfitted for walking on roads or rocky ground. Less bulky in the hinder quarters, his strength accumulates in his chest and neck, the latter of which is short, and well adapted for the support of the head and trunk, which are his principal organs of action and defence.

Compared with the bulk of his body, the head appears small; but not so when we take into account the weight

and size of its appendages. These are pendulous ears, a couple of gigantic tusks in the male, and the proboscis or trunk, which, in large specimens, is capable of reaching to a distance of seven or eight feet. In the Indian species, the ears are rather small; but, in the African, they are so large that the Boors and Hottentots make use of them as trucks when dried. The tusks, which correspond to the canine teeth of other quadrupeds, appear only in the upper jaw, fully developed in the male, and only partially so in the female. These he employs as his main weapons of defence, as well as in clearing away obstructions from his path, and in grubbing up succulent roots, of which he is particularly fond. The largest pair in the Paris Museum of Natural History is seven feet in length, and about half a foot in diameter at the base; but specimens of much larger dimensions are mentioned by early authors, whose accounts, however, have the disadvantage of being regarded as somewhat apocryphal. The eye of the elephant is small, but brilliant; and though, from the position in the head, it is incapable of backward and upward vision, yet this defect is remedied in a great degree by the acuteness of his hearing. Indeed, all his senses are peculiarly keen, and concentrated, as it were, around the proboscis, for the purpose of directing more immediately the motions of that indispensable mechanism.

The trunk is of a tapering form, and composed of several thousand minute muscles, which cross and interlace each other, so as to give it the power of stretching and contracting, of turning itself in every direction, and of feeling and grasping with a delicacy and strength which are altogether astonishing. It encloses the nos-

trils, and has the power of inflating itself, of drawing in water, or of ejecting it with violence. It also terminates on the upper side in a sort of fleshy finger, and below in a similar protuberance, which answers to the opposing power of the thumb; and thus it can lift the minutest object. "Endowed," says an eloquent writer, "with exquisite sensibility, nearly eight feet in length, and stout in proportion to the massive size of the whole animal, this organ, at the volition of the elephant, will uproot trees or gather grass, raise a piece of artillery or pick up a comfit, kill a man or brush off a fly. It conveys the food to the mouth, and pumps up the enormous draughts of water, which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat, or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks of the animal."

The skin of the elephant, like that of the horse, is extremely sensitive; and though in domesticated specimens it appears chapped and callous, yet in a state of nature it is smooth, and sufficiently delicate to feel the attack of the tiniest insect; hence his care in syringing it with his trunk, in varnishing it with dust and saliva, and in fanning himself, as he often does, with a leafy bough. It possesses the same muscular peculiarity as the skin of the horse, and can, by its shuddering motion, remove the smallest object from its surface. The color is generally of a dusky black; but individuals are occasionally found of a dull brown, or nearly white. Albinos, or rather cream-whites, are, however, extremely rare, and are treated with divine honors by some of

the eastern nations, as in Siam, Ava, and the Burman empire.

NATURAL HABITS.

In its mode of life the elephant is strictly herbivorous, feeding upon rank grass, young shoots of trees, and succulent roots. His whole conformation is eminently fitted for such subsistence, and points to the tropical valley and fertile river-side as the localities where he can enjoy at all seasons herbage and water in abundance. Though created for the jungle and forest, where heat and moisture are the chief vegetative agents, yet the elephant, by his weight and size, is excluded from the swamp. He bathes in the river and lake only where the bottom is firm and secure, and rolls on the sward or in the forest-glade, and not in the marsh, where he would inevitably sink beyond the means of extrication. Confined to the regions of an almost perpetual summer, he grubs up roots with his tusks, pulls down branches with his trunk to browse on their foliage, or feeds on the luxuriant herbage, enjoying greater ease and security than any other quadruped. His great size and strength place him beyond the dread of other animals; and, like all the herbivora, he is of mild disposition, having no occasion to wage war upon others for the satisfaction of his natural cravings.

In India, the head-quarters of the animal are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the Western Ghauts, but more especially the former. The forests on the Tippera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained;

and there they are still numerous, being found in herds of about a hundred in number. In Africa, they were, till recently, pretty numerous in Cape Colony; but the progress of civilization has driven them inland, and they are now to be met with in droves only in the more fertile plains and along the river margins of Caffraria. During the time of the Carthaginians, the north of Africa appears to have been also numerous stocked with elephants; but this district they have long since abandoned; and even in the western regions, which furnished ivory in abundance during the early settlement of the Portuguese, they have become almost extinct. We know too little of the interior of that great continent to say in what numbers they may exist in the plains drained by the Tchad, Niger, and other tropical rivers; but there, we presume, they still roam in undiminished numbers. Like most vegetable feeders, they are gregarious; and the herd is generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail, and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. By these means, food, friends, and foes appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance.

The éléphant has three distinct notes of intercommunication. The first is rather clear and shrill, — a trumpet note, produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good humor, and all is safe; the second is a growl or groan issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; and the

third, which is loud and long, like the roaring of the lion, is the war-cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. The members of the herd seldom roam far from each other; and even then, the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength, will hardly venture to attack the elephant. Should he do so, the male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him the instant he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy; but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight. In their native forests, therefore, elephants, whether acting singly or in concert, are invincible to all enemies save man. The latter, even in his rudest state, has only to light a fire, and the huge brute flies in the utmost consternation; or he digs a pit and covers it with turf, and the animal falls into it, helpless, and at his mercy; or it may be that he tips his arrow with the vegetable poisons which experience has enabled him to practise, and the fatal substance benumbs and curdles the blood of his victim.

A herd of these gigantic animals, browsing in their native forests, must be an imposing spectacle: here a group stripping the well-foliaged branches; there another twisting the long gross into bundles: here a set listlessly flapping their ears under the shade; there another toying with each other, "making unwieldy merriment." The enjoyment of this primitive scene is, however, somewhat disturbed by the consideration of the ravage and destruction which the herd commit. It is not so much the amount of food which they consume, as the immense quantity they destroy with their feet; hence

the dread of the settler on the confines of the forest they frequent, — the labor of a season being often destroyed in a single night. Having satisfied their hunger, the herd either recline under the shade, or more frequently stand dosing with their sides leaning against the trunk of some stately tree. Thirst, however, soon drives them from their indolent repose; and nothing does the elephant enjoy more than to drink and bathe himself in the running stream.

Provided with a powerful structure, and enjoying abundance of ease and food, the elephant in general attains to a very old age. The ancients ascribed to him a life of three or four hundred years; but, without laying much stress on their opinion, we have undoubted evidence of even domesticated specimens reaching the great age of one hundred and thirty years. The peculiar provision made for the renewal of his teeth — which are unique in the animal creation — shows that nature intended him for a lengthened existence; for, while in a limited number of years the teeth of other animals wear down and fall out, the elephant's are in a continual state of progression, so that they are as powerful at the age of eighty as they were at eighteen. There is a limit, however, to the duration of all organized beings; and in course of years the joints of the elephant become stiff, his skin hard and chapped, his appetite fails, and, being unable to follow the herd, he gradually sinks under the weight of years and infirmity. The young elephant, which at its birth is little larger than an ordinary calf, is of slow growth, arriving at maturity in not less than eight or ten years. It is very playful and harmless; and, though suckled for a considerable time, is said to re-

ceive but a very scanty share of maternal affection. On this head, however, we have few opportunities of judging; we know little of the animal in a truly natural state, and it breeds too seldom in captivity to be observed with accuracy. — *Selected.*

GENEROSITY BOXES.

(Concluded.)

Two or three days after the little scene just described, a lady called upon Mrs. Leslie, and, in the course of the conversation, mentioned a subscription she was raising for the relief of some poor people, who had suffered by a recent fire.

Clara sat quietly in a corner, listening to the account; and her sympathies were much excited at the sad things she heard.

She had saved every cent that had been given her for a long time, to buy a work-box, which she thought would be pretty, as well as useful. She had at last got half a dollar; and, though that would be only a part of the sum it would cost, she felt as if it was a great deal towards it.

Now, when the sufferings of these poor people were presented before her, she could not help feeling as if half a dollar would do a great deal of good, especially as the lady, who was not rich herself, said that any sum would be thankfully received. Still it was almost too hard a struggle for Clara to give up her long-cherished half-dollar, and she hesitated a long time. "If I give it

all," thought she, "I shall have to begin entirely anew for my work-box. Cannot I give part, perhaps half? I know Mrs. Smith will be satisfied if I give but half: she will think even that a great deal for me. But then the quarter of a dollar that is left will always trouble me; I shall always be thinking how much good it might have done, and the work-box will not seem half so pretty or useful, if *that* helped buy it. Perhaps I had better not give any thing. There are plenty of rich people who *ought* to give, and would not miss five dollars half as much as I should a cent; but then, if they are not willing to give, keeping my money will not compel them, and that ought not to be any rule to me; if they choose to give, so much the better, there will be the more." And, after a few moments, Clara's resolve was taken. She went to her little purse, and emptied it into the lady's lap, saying pleasantly, "Will this do you any good, Mrs. Smith? I should like to give it if it will."

The lady looked surprised, and asked if she wished to give it all, kissed her affectionately, and seemed so pleased that Clara felt very glad she had given it. This great sacrifice earned the first slip that Clara put into her box.

But, while we have attended to the two girls, we have left Herbert entirely out of sight. He went off early in the morning, full of his resolution, and with eyes wide open for any opportunity of being generous. To people who really desire to do good, opportunities are not long wanting.

When he reached the school-house, it wanted ten minutes of nine, and the boys were playing on the green in front. He saw, as he came near, a knot of boys in

one corner, who seemed amused at something, and joined them to see what they were doing. They were teasing one of the younger scholars, a little Creole, who had been in the school but a short time, and, unused to being away from home, had been thought too *babyish* to please the great rough boys. They liked to tease him on every opportunity, and now had surrounded him, laughing at his dark skin, and mocking him, as he stood with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"For shame!" cried Herbert, as he joined them, and saw what they were doing; "how cruel in you to plague a poor boy who is not strong enough to defend himself!"

"He's such a baby, we like to play with him. There are no babies at home; I'm the youngest child; and it's an unexpected treat to find one at school," rudely answered one of the boys, trying to be witty.

"Your mother hasn't much of a man for a youngest child," was Herbert's retort; for he was so indignant that he lost his usual gentlemanly manner.

"We shall know whose company we can dispense with at the next game of leap-frog," cried all the boys at once, knowing Herbert's weak point, and hoping to bully him out of his wish to spoil what they called their fun. They chose their threat well; for leap-frog was Herbert's favorite game, and it would have been a sore disappointment for him not to join in it. He hesitated a moment, but only a moment; for he thought to himself, "It is much better that I should be deprived of a few games than that this poor boy should be tormented." So he said, almost immediately, "Well, I am willing to give up leap-frog, if I can only induce you to let this

poor boy alone. Come! do, boys, go and have some better sport. The poor little fellow is away from all his friends, and has nobody to take his part. Plague *me*, if you will; only let him alone."

Herbert had recovered his usual manner; and these words were spoken in such a gentle tone, as to make the boys at once feel the contrast between their conduct and his, and almost all slunk away ashamed.

There was no more difficulty that day; for no one seemed disposed to tease the boy again, especially as he showed his gratitude to Herbert by keeping as close as possible to him. Neither did Herbert lose any thing by his conduct; for, when recess came, he joined in his favorite game, without a word on either side: indeed, the boys would have punished themselves by excluding him; for he was one of the best leapers among them, and his presence gave greater spirit to the game.

Herbert's character was just half-way between Clara's and Lucy's. He neither did any thing for the sake of saying that he was generous, nor was so humble as to think that he did not deserve what he had earned.

We need not follow the three children through all the month. What we have seen of them will give an idea of all they did. Let us look at them now, as they bring their boxes to their father to be examined.

Lucy offers hers first: it is quite full, and each slip contains a minute account of what she had done. Her father reads them all in silence, and returns her box without one word of the praise she had evidently expected.

Clara stands next, but she draws back to let Herbert come forward; but his father says, "Gentlemen always

give way to ladies, Herbert, even if they are older. Clara, let me see yours next."

Clara timidly puts her box into his hand.

"How is this?" said he, on opening it. "How happens it that you have so many less than Lucy? It always seemed to me that you were full as generous as she."

"It was hard for her to do a great many things which I liked to do, papa," replied she; "and so she earned a great many more slips."

"You are half right and half wrong, Clara, in your idea. The merit lies in the sacrifice or endeavor, always. And when we do a good action *which we like to do*, it is not so acceptable in God's sight as when we do one which is disagreeable; but if you have always done right, whether it was hard or not, and by so doing, learn to take pleasure in any thing which is disagreeable still to others, there is just as much merit in it."

Herbert's box, which was examined last, was also returned to him without remark; and their father sat some time with his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his chin in his hand, while the children stood round him, waiting for him to speak.

"Well, children," he said at last, "my plan has half succeeded and half failed. I have succeeded in making one of you, at least, sacrifice what she would not otherwise have done; but I am not so sure that she did it from a purely generous motive. I am very much afraid that it was done rather for the sake of *appearing* than *being* generous. I do not think my plan very good, after all; for I should judge, from some of these papers, that it has made you think more of your own actions than

they deserved. Not entirely, however; for one of you, who needed such an inducement the least, has, I see, put down only great sacrifices, and those with evident reluctance.

"I think, after all, that it is best to keep no such record of our actions. There is an Eye which sees them all; a Memory which never forgets them: let that be sufficient. Try more and more to love God, who constantly watches over you, and you will have greater and greater inducements to sacrifice your own pleasure to others. Or, place it in another light: try more and more to do all the good you can for others, and let your only hope of reward be an enlarged power of loving the Author of all our blessings. I wish you would try to remember this, instead of keeping these boxes. Depend upon it, you will find it much better in your after-life; and remember, too, this one rule, which will prove of great service, if followed faithfully: *Never do any thing with an idea of what others will think of it; but let your motive always be the desire of pleasing God.*"

It would have been curious, that night, to have read the hearts of those two girls, outwardly so nearly alike. Lucy, who really expected, after all, that her father would at least have given her a prize, was dissatisfied and disappointed at the result of her endeavors; while Clara, who had expected nothing, felt pleased with what her father had said, and went to sleep, resolving to follow his advice as far as possible, and asking God to help her.

Clara was like the sandal-wood casket, which, unasked and unrewarded, imparts its fragrance to all within its reach; while Lucy was the gaudy, painted box, too frail

to rise. Clara was like a Bible in a homely binding, containing precious truths, and seeds of everlasting good; while Lucy shone like some useless annual, which carries all its worth upon its cover. Which, young reader, will you resemble? *Now* is the time to choose. E.

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 11. — THE LOVE OF JESUS.

THIS is a subject, dear children, which the pens of the greatest men can only feebly treat of; yet how could we finish our account of the various virtues which shone in our blessed Master, and omit that which was at once the source and the crown of all?

His whole mission was love; and every word and deed was marked by it. "Greater love," he says, "hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And this great love our Saviour showed for us. We are all too apt to feel that our Saviour lived a long while ago; that what he did was done for those who were then living, and to forget that he is our Saviour now; that he as truly died for us, as for the world which lay then in heathen darkness; that darkness, over almost all the wide earth, is changed into light; and, as fast as religion has spread over the world, the love of order, the blessings of government, of civilization, of education, have followed in its train. The comforts we daily enjoy, the affection and peace of our homes, we owe to his coming. How great cause have we, then, to bless his name!

But these are only the effects of his love on the outer world. We cannot count the inward workings of that love. We may not know how many sinners it has brought, after long years of vice, to kneel at the throne of God, and to say, with the prodigal son, "I have sinned against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." We know not to how many suffering the pangs of disease, the love of Christ has brought thoughts of his suffering for our sakes, and how many have prayed in the words of the Master in the garden, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt;" — and to what countless thousands have the accents of Christ's compassion at the grave of Lazarus, come with holy consolation; upon how many dry and parched hearts have the tears that Jesus shed fallen, and brought forth fruit; and how many have heard whispered in their inmost souls, as really as the voice of old struck the ear of Martha of Bethany, "Thy brother shall rise again!"

Christ has commanded us to love one another, as he has loved us: "Continue ye in my love." How shall we show the love of Christ towards one another? We must forsake every selfish thought. The happiness, the welfare, the convenience of others, must be preferred to our own. This is Christ's commandment. Every one of us has in his heart more or less selfishness; and now that snows of winter are falling around us, and the old year is closing, and we are looking back on the past before we enter on the future, let our most earnest endeavor be to free ourselves from selfishness. Not in our own strength can we do it, but in the strength of one who is mighty to aid us. Christ, we must remember, came to

show us the Father's love. His love was only the sign to us on earth, of a love more mighty than we can imagine. This love has preserved us through this year; and can we better show our sense of gratitude to him, than by manifesting love to our fellow-creatures? No words of thankfulness that we can utter, will so well express our acknowledgment of his goodness, as the firm resolve to follow the example of his blessed Son.

We have endeavored to show you how you may imitate his virtues, and may make yourselves indeed his disciples; and we hope that deeds of truthfulness, of moral courage, of meekness, patience, obedience, faith, and love, will show, in the new year, that some of our instructions have fallen into good soil, and will yield, "some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty."

ED.

THE LITTLE WOOD-GATHERERS.

ONE cold day in the month of December, 1829, two poor children, thin and pale, half clad in rags, issued from a cottage situated on the verge of the forest of Sancy. The ground was covered with snow; the trees were all stripped of their leaves; the wind blew with fury. It was only seven in the morning, scarcely day-break.

Nicholas and Frank, the two poor little wood-gatherers, walked rapidly toward the centre of the forest. Their feet were ill-protected by the old shoes they wore. Coarse linen trousers, a blouse, and a bonnet of rabbit-skin, completed their attire.

When they had walked a considerable distance, they

stopped at a place where several roads met. "Stop, Frank," said Nicholas; "take this rope, and bind up in it as much dead wood as you can gather together."

"Yes, brother."

"When you have gathered enough, you can meet me at the entrance to the forest."

The two brothers then separated, and took different roads. They had soon gathered sticks enough to make a heavy load apiece. Bending under their several burdens, they shortly after met at the place appointed.

"Come on, Nicholas," said Frank; "let us make haste; for, while we loiter here, mother is suffering from the cold."

"Oh, yes! the wind blows from all sides of the hut, and the snow falls on the straw where we slept last night."

"Ah! little robbers! I have caught you again!" suddenly shouted a rough voice close at hand.

The two boys, frightened, let their loads fall from off their backs, and threw themselves at the feet of a man who now presented himself. He was a stiff, gruff-looking fellow, of repulsive voice and manner; and he fixed his eyes on the two trembling boys, with a fierce expression. He was dressed as a game-keeper, and carried a gun under his arm.

"Little good-for-nothings!" said he; "isn't this the second time I have caught you?"

"Pardon, pardon, Mr. Sylvester," cried the two boys, weeping.

"Ah! do you suppose you are to be allowed to rob the marquis of his wood in this way? But we shall see — we shall see!"

"But it is dead wood; and, when it isn't gathered, it

only rots upon the ground, and it is of no use to anybody."

"Come, come, Mr. Logician, take up your plunder, and follow me."

"Follow you? and — where?"

"To prison, little miscreants!"

"To prison? O good sir! in pity spare us!"

"No, I tell you."

"But our mother may die of cold. She has only us in the world to help her; and, if you put us in prison, what will she do?"

"It's all the same to me."

"Oh! you have neither heart nor soul in you," said one of the boys, almost desperate; "well may they call you *Sylvester the Wolf*."

"Good! good! I perform my duty, and don't bother myself about any thing else."

"Listen, Mr. Sylvester," said Nicholas; "I am bigger and stronger than my brother, and I gathered more of the dead wood than he did; I am, therefore, more guilty: well, punish me as you will; punish me for both of us, but send my brother back to the cottage."

"Nay, listen to me, good sir," cried Frank; "it is I whom you must put in prison. Nicholas is stronger than me, and his labor is more useful to our mother."

"Come, no more talking," said Sylvester; you needn't be jealous — you must both go."

"My poor mother," said Frank, sobbing.

The two boys took up their burdens, and followed the heartless game-keeper. As they passed before the chateau of the marquis, Nicholas said to Sylvester, "Before going to prison, I wish to see the marquis himself."

"In good time," said Sylvester; "here he comes."

In fact, the Marquis de Sancy was advancing to meet them. He was a man of about sixty, of good figure, a noble-looking gentleman. His white hairs fell about his cheeks; and his blue eyes, full of sweetness and kindly expression, inspired confidence in those who looked him in the face.

"Well, Sylvester," said the marquis; "what are you going to do with these children?"

"My lord, they are little robbers, whom I have caught for the second time stealing wood."

The two brothers stood crying bitterly.

"You know this wood does not belong to you," said the marquis.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Then you are very blamable indeed; for, when you had been already forbidden to take it, you ought not to have done so."

"We must then have lain down and died of cold," said Nicholas, sadly.

"How, child! what do you say?" asked the marquis, with seeming interest.

"Yes, sir, I shall tell you the truth, and you can judge whether we deserve to be punished or not. Our father was a woodman: kept down by hard work and poverty, he could scarcely provide food for his family. One day they brought him home dying. He had been crushed by the fall of a tree which he had felled. After many months of cruel suffering, he died; and we were left alone, my brother and I, with our dear mother, who is old and infirm. A poor hut, built on the sod, covered with bark; a little potato field; such is all that

we possess. In summer, Frank and I split wood in the forest, or we help their peasants with their work: we can thus earn a little money, which helps our mother to live. But in winter, sir, ah! *then* we are very miserable, indeed. The snow covers the ground; the wind shakes our mean little dwelling; the rain penetrates it everywhere, and freezes on our very clothes. We who are young can bear all that; but our mother, sir! our poor mother! oh! when we see her pale, cold, almost perished, trying in vain to keep warm her frozen limbs, our heart is torn and tears run from our eyes. Then we sally forth to hide our grief: the forest is before us; the earth is strewn with branches which the wind has blown down: a few of these useless remnants would warm our mother. Are we to leave her to die, when we can so easily save her? There, marquis, is the whole truth; and now say if we are guilty."

"Yes, my little fellows," replied the marquis, "inasmuch as you have taken what did not belong to you. But you are good and dutiful children, and it would be a very cruel act indeed to punish you. Go; I forgive you. When you are cold, go into the forest, and gather what sticks you want: I permit you. You hear, Sylvester?" addressing the game-keeper.

"Yes, sir," replied he, touching his cap.

"And now, since these children must be tired with the long walk you have given them, take a cart, and carry the wood to the cabin of their mother."

"Oh! thanks, thanks, good, kind sir! May Heaven protect you for your pity to the unfortunate!" cried the two children, taking leave of their benefactor, with tears in their eyes. . . .

The winter of 1829-30 was terrible. The cold reached to an extraordinary degree, and was exceedingly long continued. The most rapid rivers were covered with ice; and carriages, no matter what their weight, could pass over them as on a highway. Horses and beasts were frozen to death in their stalls; men fell lifeless on the hard earth; wild beasts issued from their lairs, and came into the villages, into the stables, and even into the houses themselves, to allay the hunger and thirst which tortured them. In short, misery and distress had reached their height. Thanks to the kindness of the Marquis de Sancy, his *protégés* of the forest were enabled to support the rigors of the season. A little house, solidly constructed of stone, replaced the little cabin in which they had before dwelt. The marquis gave them some few articles of furniture, added a bit to their field, and thus gave them comparative ease and comfort, in place of misery and despair.

Winter continued; but the little wood-gatherers bore it without complaint. Their mother, seated beside a good fire, could turn her wheel, and spin for the good marquis. In the day-time the boys worked at making hedge, wherewith to enclose their little field; and in the evening they worked willow baskets, and made cages, which they went to sell on the day following in the neighboring town. Sometimes they returned home late; and they often trembled with fear at hearing the howling of wolves in the forest.

One night, when they were on their way home from the town where they had been selling their little wares, as they passed along one of the by-paths of the forest, a cry of distress reached their ear.

"It is the voice of the marquis!" exclaimed Frank.

"Let us run this way," cried Nicholas.

They hastened toward the place from whence they had thought proceeded the voice of their benefactor. They carried in their hands a little sharp hatchet, with which they were wont to cut wood. They always carried it with them on those nights when they were likely to be late in reaching home.

In a few minutes, they reached a man struggling with a wolf of enormous size. It was indeed their friend the marquis. The wolf had thrown itself upon him, torn him with its horrid teeth, and, after a terrible struggle with his adversary, the marquis was on the point of falling its victim. Nicholas rushed at the ferocious brute, and, fetching a blow with his axe, cut off one of his paws. The wolf, furious at his new enemy, turned upon him to avenge his wound. He leaped upon Nicholas. Frank threw himself on the wolf's back, and bound his arms tight about its neck to strangle it. The wolf fell to the ground, Nicholas under him: his hatchet fell from his hands; but the marquis, snatching it up, watched his opportunity of striking the beast without wounding the children, and by a well-aimed blow cleft the wolf's head.

"Ah! my children," exclaimed the marquis, on recognizing his young defenders; "it is to you, then, that I owe my life!"

"Sir, you have had pity on our misfortunes; you have saved our poor mother's life; we owe every thing to you."

"You see, Sylvester," observed the marquis to the game-keeper, who ran up at this moment, — "you see how those two noble youths have borne themselves in

saving my life. Instead of being harsh and cruel toward the unfortunate, be kind, generous, charitable; and bethink yourself always, that, even though you may not do a kindness out of love of virtue, it is well to do it even out of selfish motives; for we may be indebted for our life and safety to those who are weaker and smaller than ourselves. Even the marquis, you see, may come in the little peasants' way, and owe his life to them, as I do now."

THE INDIAN BIRDS.

(Concluded.)

WHILST the stranger birds were thus regaling themselves, and conversing in their Indian tongue, of which, of course, not a syllable could be understood in the wood, a considerable excitement was going on.

It happened that a squirrel, who lived in a forked branch of a fir-tree hard by, and who, being an early riser, was out betimes to get himself an appetite for his breakfast, leaped up to the topmost branch of his tree to look about him, and from this point beheld what he at first took to be two extraordinary flowers at the top of the plane-tree; but as the plane-tree, according to his knowledge, never bore such flowers, he leaped forward a tree or two, to take a nearer survey, and then ascertained that certainly they were birds!

Down came he, therefore, very silently, but with the utmost speed, to communicate the tidings to his wife

and children, who were yet in bed : on his way, however, he met the woodpecker, who, like himself, was an early riser.

"Come along with me," says the squirrel, glad to meet his neighbor, for they lived in the same tree ; "come along with me ; I'll show you something worth looking at !"

With that they both sprang again to the tree-top, and beheld the two strangers sitting exactly as the squirrel had before seen them. But the sun, which just at that moment had risen up from the east in unclouded majesty, poured his glorious light upon their beautiful plumage, and brought out all its greens and blues and reds, and all its lustrous gold ; whilst the birds themselves, that belonged to the East where the sun is worshipped as a divinity, bowed their heads and then raised them again, and the breeze played in their graceful head-feathers ; and they made altogether, I assure you, a very lovely spectacle.

But they were strange and outlandish to the eyes of the woodpecker and the jay, who, living on the tree where they stood, had been called up to them.

The woodpecker and the jay, who knew of nothing which existed beyond their own wood, and who immediately suspected evil under all this gorgeousness of plumage and all this bowing to the sun, turned to each other, and exclaimed, "Did you ever !" Then they nodded their heads and sprang away, without a word to the squirrel, to communicate the strange tidings to all their feathered relatives.

In a very short time, therefore, the whole wood was awake ; the strangers had been seen by hundreds, if not

thousands, of eyes; and you might have heard from one end to the other such exclamations as these: "What can they be?" "What are they come here for?" "They are Turk-birds, no doubt!" "They are Jew-birds!" "They are pagan-birds!" "They are shams!" "They are daws dressed up in peacocks' feathers!" "We'll strip their borrowed plumes off!" "We'll drive them out of the wood!" "We want none of them!" and such like.

The woodpecker, the jay, and numbers of their neighbors all round, such as the ring-dove, the missel-thrush, and a quantity of others of very respectable character, met together to discuss this extraordinary event.

"There must be something wrong about them," said the woodpecker, who felt himself a sort of oracle on the subject: "it cannot be right to have feathery crests and green-blue necks! My friend the kingfisher and I myself, it is true, wear those colors; but then he is the *Kingfisher*, and I am the *Woodpecker*: the peacock does the same, and in a much higher degree; but then look what a difference! he has eyes in his tail; and though the robin wears a scarlet waistcoat, yet we are all satisfied that he has a right to do so, being a true redbreast."

Some one of the assembly said something about variety of taste and custom, and about foreign birds; on which the woodpecker remarked, "Varieties there are, no doubt; but there must be some limit even to variety. We know what flowers grow in this wood, and what trees also; but we never see any varieties beyond that: no, certainly, even variety has its limits. And, as to foreign birds, we know that there are such: there is, for

instance, the canary-bird, which is almost English, but it never presumes to come into the wood; and there is the love-bird and the macaw as we have heard, and the parroquet as we know, because the old lady who lives at the end of the wood has one to keep her company; but then *it* lives in a golden cage. The parroquet, it is true, has green feathers, something like these strangers; but then he is a *parroquet*, and has a hooked beak, which makes all the difference. As for these birds, they must be got rid off, — they have not hooked beaks; it would not do to tolerate them; there was no knowing what mischief they might do, — why, they might set the wood on fire!”

“So they might!” chimed in many voices: “let us drive them out at once!” “We’ll make the wood too hot to hold them!” said the magpie, meaning to be witty. “So we will!” echoed a whole mob of little birds, — sparrows, finches, and such like.

In the meantime, the Indian birds, thinking to settle themselves down in the wood, had chosen the place whereon to build their nest. It was in the large old plane-tree where they had first been discovered, and which, standing on a mound, not only commanded a general view of the wood, but insured them the first view of the rising sun, under which emblem they worshipped the Creator.

While the discussion I have mentioned above was going on, the new strangers collected such delicate twigs as best suited their purpose, and, interweaving them very cleverly together, formed a sort of foundation or flooring for their nest. This being completed, they now were beginning to weave together a structure of silvery

lichen and moss, which would form the home proper, in which the eggs would be laid and the young reared; but, long enough before a hundredth part of the work was done, a whole mob of birds assailed them, flying down upon them, striking at them with their bills, and buffeting them with their wings; whilst others pulled to pieces the nicely interwoven twigs, and scattered the moss and lichen to the winds.

"It is difficult to get a settlement in a new place," said the two strangers one to the other; "but we must not be disheartened."

They therefore flew away for a little while, and, when the rabble had dispersed, recommenced their building; but, before they had repaired the damage which had been done, their enemies were again upon them, this time fiercer and more numerous than before: the sparrows and linnets and titmice screamed and chattered, the rooks and daws clamored and scolded; the magpies were there, and the jays, and ravens, and carrion-crows, and gledes, and hawks. There was such a din and discord in the wood as had never been heard before; and I am ashamed to say that even the blackbird, the missel-thrush, the dove, and the nightingale took their part in the assault; the kingfisher came up from the little quiet stream, and the owl, from his ivy tod, in the old ruined abbey in the wood-valley. There was a regular army brought up against these two solitary strangers. How they escaped with their lives is more than I can tell; and so desperate was the battle that was fought, that the ground below the tree was covered with feathers, among which were many green-blue and golden-red ones, and which, being found by the little lad who keeps the sheep in the meadow

beyond the wood, as he was on his way home that evening, were taken to the house of the old lady who kept the parroquet, he thinking that they were the feathers of her bird which had escaped. But the parroquet was safe in his cage; and the little lad, receiving sixpence from the good old lady for his trouble, went home joyfully, and laid the beautiful feathers between the leaves of his little old Bible and prayer-book.

But to return to the birds. It was now getting towards evening; the sun had set, and the Indian birds, disheartened and sady mauled and hurt by the ill-usage they had received, flew from spot to spot in the hope of finding rest; but, wherever they went, their persecutors were after them.

At length, deep night fell down into the wood, and with night came silence and an appearance of peace.

"We have no resting-place in the wood," said the Indian birds one to the other; "every bird is our enemy; let us go, therefore, and ask a night's lodging from the bat. He is not a bird entirely; he is half a mouse; all creatures persecute him; he dares not to come out in the daylight from that cause; he knows what sorrow and persecution are: let us therefore go to him, he will have pity on us.

The bat lived at the back of the ruined abbey, in dark crevices, so that neither the owl nor any thing else could see him; he was flying about his door when the two strangers came up softly, and prayed for a night's lodging. But the heart of the bat had been made hard by the ill-usage which he had received; it had made him very surly: he said that he never met with kindness, and

therefore why should he show any? He shut his door and his window, both of which had been open, and bade them be off, or he would go and fetch the owl, who would soon drive them away.

The two melancholy birds slowly winged their way through the night; far and far they flew, and the little stars, that shone benignly from the deep blue sky, seemed to weep dewy tears of love and pity upon them.

Early the next morning, soon after sunrise, the old nightingale, having sung a hymn in honor of the Great Father, who keeps all his creatures through the night, dropped off into a pleasant doze, when he was woke up again by his old wife.

"Listen," said she, "to something I have to say to you. No sooner had you finished your song than the poet, who lives in the wood, and who comes out so often late and early to hear you sing, spoke aloud a song of his own, — a divine song! He said that God made all creatures, and loves all; the sparrow as the eagle, the owl as the nightingale: he said that black or white, green or gray, all belong to him; that he enfolds all in a vast embrace of love; and that none can rightly praise or serve him who live not in his spirit of love. O my husband! if this is true, and I believe it is, then is even thy song of praise imperfect; for then God also must have made the green Indian birds whom we persecuted yesterday."

"It is so!" said the old nightingale, mournfully; "even *they* were creatures of God; and if He who is all perfection had patience with them, how much more ought not we, who are but the creatures of a day!"

Again the nightingale sung, and the poet listened. "It is a wonderful song," said he to himself; "a song which is fitted for all creation, — a song of adoration, and a cry of repentant sorrow."

TO OUR LITTLE READERS.

THE cold winds are sweeping from the north, and bring with them the snow and the driving sleet. Winter is already here; and December warns us, that, to use the words of Tennyson, "the old year lies a dying."

And suppose, as we sometimes love to imagine, and as poets have fancied, that each year was really a beautiful angel, coming to us in the full bloom of childhood, with blessings and promises. Suppose that the twelve months made the sum of its short existence, and that, old and weary, it only had strength, at their close, to soar to heaven with the record of earth's doings during its life, and then calmly folding its earth-soiled wings to die. What would be the record that it would bear of each one of you? How would it tell the Father that you had treated it?

Would it say thus of any one of you? "This child has wasted the precious gifts I gave her. I gave her hours, bright, sunny hours to improve; and she has not improved them. The leaves of her book, torn and dog-eared, and her needle rusting in her unfinished work, are my witnesses. She has wasted my gifts. They are gone, and can never be hers again."

Could it say this of another? "I whispered in his ear, when I first came to him, that I gave him opportunity, while I was with him, to overcome his sinful and angry passions. He promised me that he would embrace this opportunity, but he has broken his promise. See his toys, defaced in a moment of passion; and the dark bruise on his little brother's forehead, where he struck him in a fit of anger."

Would this be a true record of any one of my readers? "She promised her mother that the new year should see her more generous and self-denying, and I heard and believed her; but thoughts of herself come first. She takes the most comfortable chair and the warmest corner. She picks out the largest apple and the most tempting piece of cake, and the new year to come will find her more selfish than I did."

No actual angel will fold his wings before the Father with any of these records; and yet time is carrying up this or a similar record every year. It is unerring, it is sure. And more than this. Not only such a general record does it bear, but the smallest deeds of every hour. Try to keep this thought before you, children, that your inmost thoughts, your most trifling actions, are known to God.

And now, children, if we ourselves have given you any pleasure during this year, we heartily rejoice at it. We are glad if we have been able to contribute to your amusement. We hope the pages of our little book have not been without instruction also. You will remember, perhaps, that we asked you, at the beginning of the year, to read through every thing that there was in the book. Most of you are able to understand every thing in it;

and our object has been to instruct as well as please you. We fear you have not all done this; but we hope that at least one half of you have attended to our request.

In all our various modes of intercourse with children, none is more pleasant than this; and we often try to fancy in some far-away town the faces of those we have never seen, and may never see, and yet who know us through the pages of this book.

Every smile that greets a new number of the Magazine is dear to us, and still more dear are the one or two assurances we have had that its instructions have not been entirely without reward.

For the new year, we can only say, dear children, that we shall strive more and more to deserve your smiles, and not only yours, but those of your parents and friends.

ED.

PUZZLES.

THE answer to the Puzzle in the October Number is *Sir Walter Scott*; — to the Riddle, the letter *P*.

We give our readers the answer to the Puzzle in the November number, because we do not wish to put it off to the first number of the New Year.

The parts are *No.*; *V*. *Emma* is the lady's name, half of which is *Em*. Three-fifths of the city of Berne, in Switzerland, is *Ber*. The whole is *November*.

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